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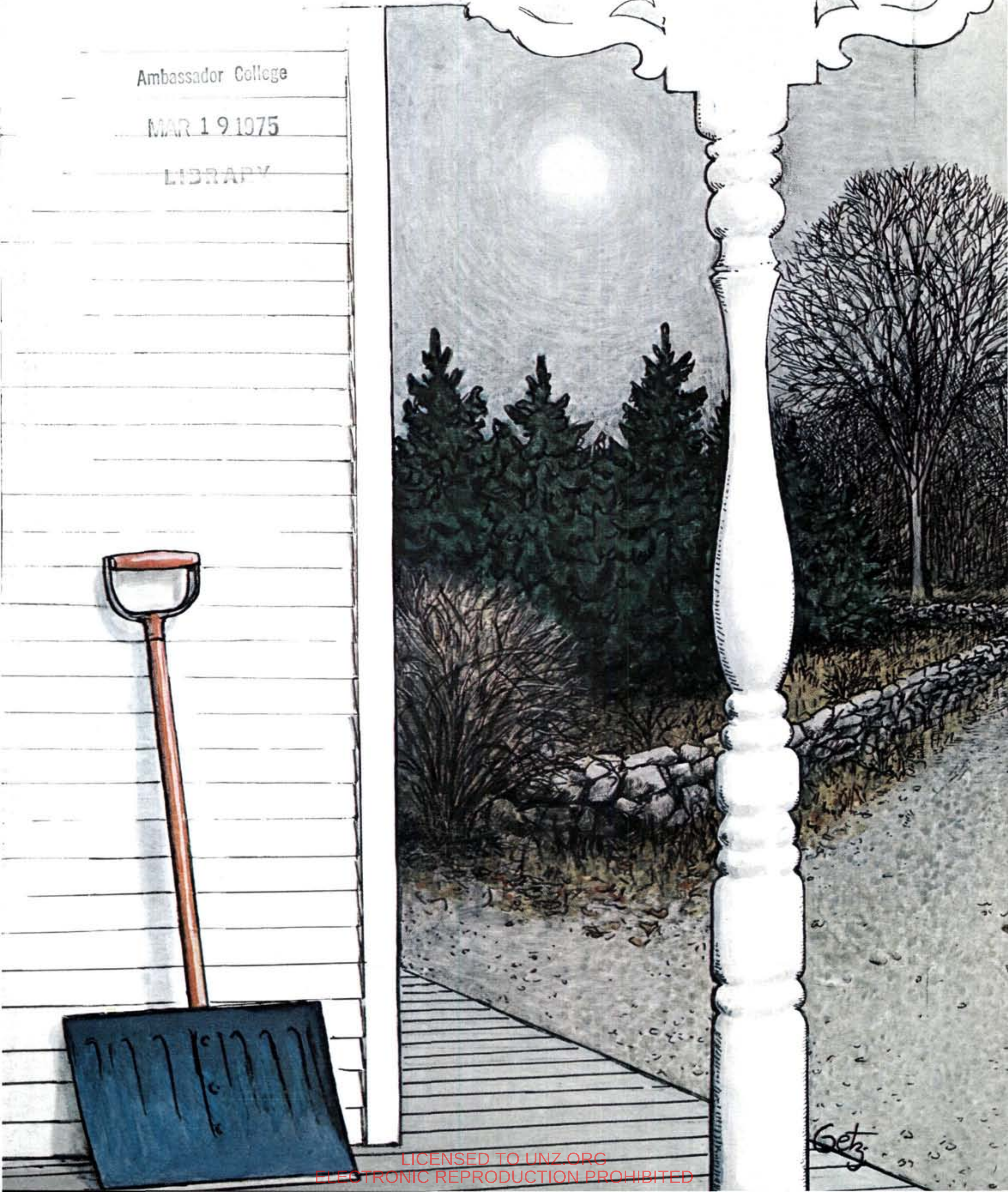

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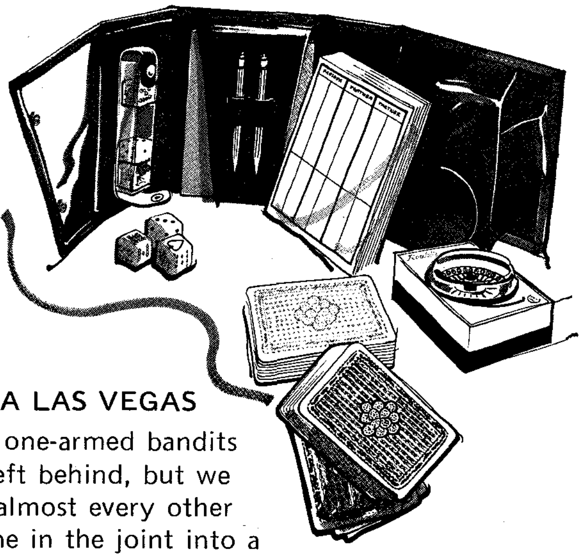

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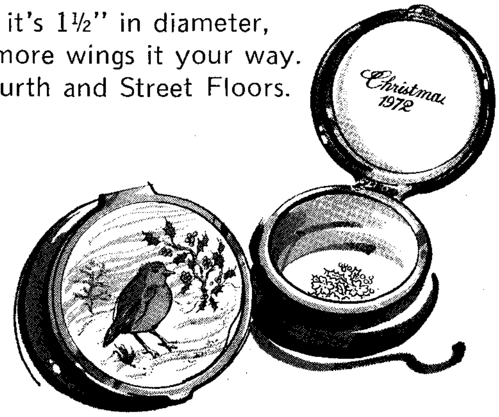

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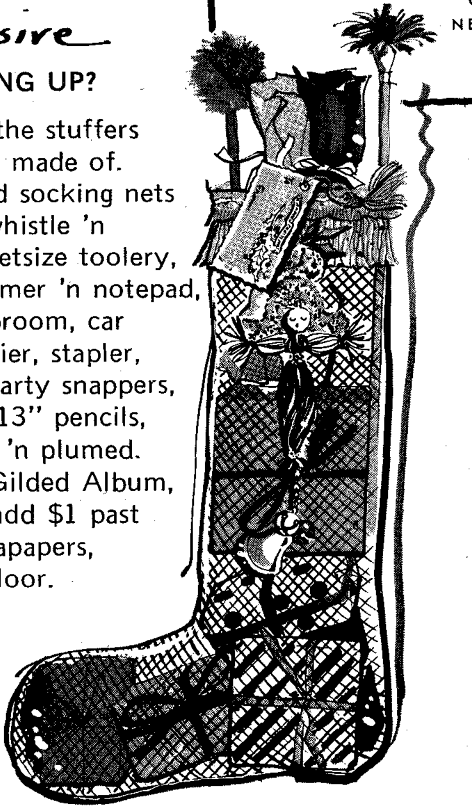

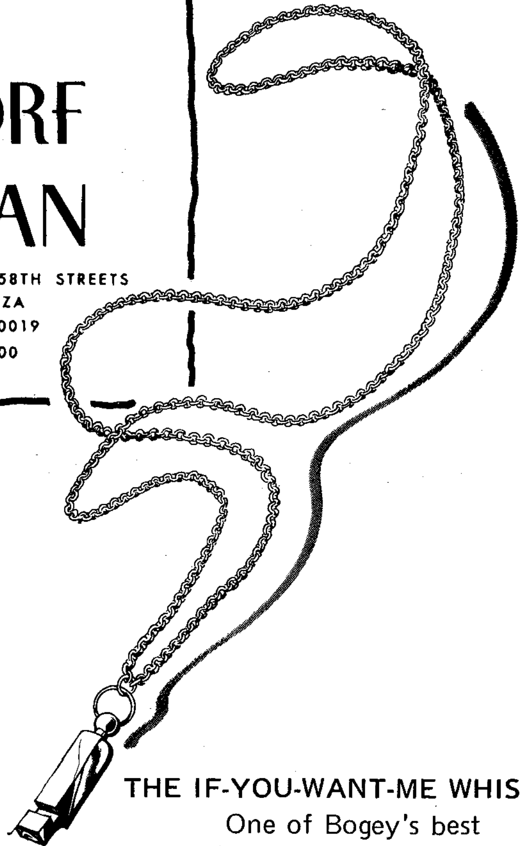

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 23. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AMBASSADOR—Howard Keel and Danielle Darrieux in a musical version of Henry James's "The Ambassadors." The music is by Don Gohman, the lyrics by Hal Hackady, and the book by Don Ettlinger and Anna Marie Barlow. Stone Widney is the director. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 18. Opens officially on Sunday, Nov. 19. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Monday, Nov. 20, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

AMERICAN GOTHICS—Four plays by Donald Kvares. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Closes Sunday, Dec. 3.)

ANNA K.—Eugenie Leontovich, an enchantress if ever there was one, here directs and participates in a free-form studio production of "Anna Karenina." It doesn't quite work, but much of it is charming. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-1980. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA—The beguiling Chelsea Theatre production has crossed the river from Brooklyn. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BERLIN TO BROADWAY WITH KURT WEILL—This chronological arrangement of Weill's glorious songs, as sung and semi-performed by two young men and two young women, is a bit tame for the writings of the Master, but it has its exciting moments all the same. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BUTLEY—Alan Bates in the best role of his career, as a deteriorating don whose self-loathing becomes an all-out and often extremely funny attack on the entire human race. Written by Simon Gray, who knows a thing or two. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

CHILDREN—A new play by Robert Elston and Harvey Keith, directed by Shauneille Perry. (Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. OR 4-1414. Friday through Sunday, Nov. 17-19; Friday, Nov. 24; and Sunday, Nov. 26, all at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays, Nov. 18 and 25, at 3. Free.)

DEAR OSCAR—A musical based on the life of Oscar Wilde, with book and lyrics by Caryl Gabrielle Young and music by Addy O. Fieger, and with Richard Kneeland in the title role. Directed by Hale McKeen. Previews Wednesday, Nov. 15. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 16. (Playhouse, 48th St., W. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 7:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—Frank Loesser's musical **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING**. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 26. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

GREEN JULIA—A two-character play by Paul Ableman, imported from London. Preview Wednesday, Nov. 15. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 16, at 7. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE KID—A play by Robert Coover. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 2.)

LYSISTRATA—Melina Mercouri in Aristophanes' play, adapted and directed by Michael Cacoyannis, with music by Peter Link. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA—The O'Neill play, with Colleen Dewhurst, Pamela Payton-Wright, Donald Davis, Alan Mixon, and Stephen McHattie. Theodore Mann is the director. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 2, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 31. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Mati-

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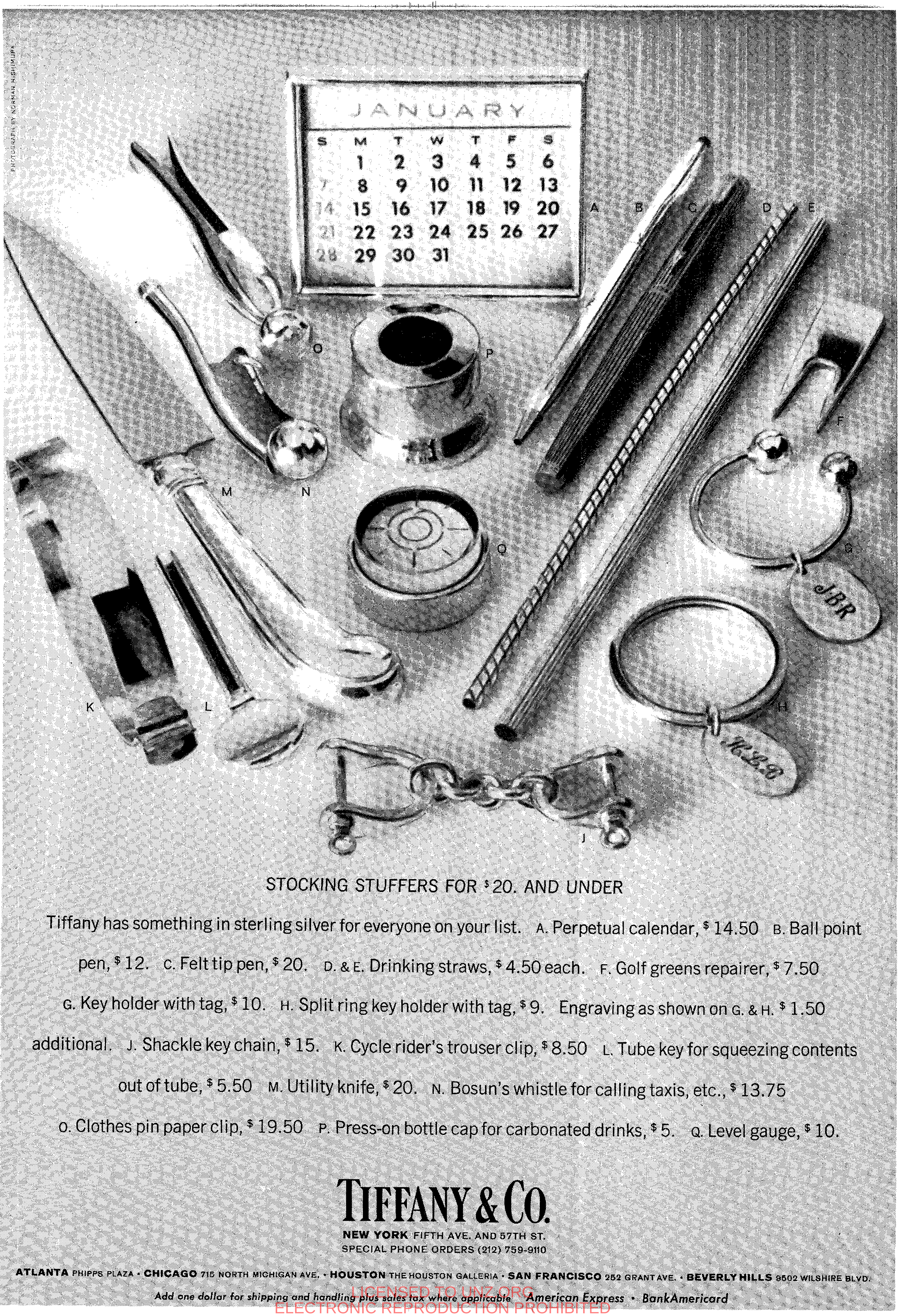
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Much Ado About Nothing—High spirits never soared higher. This Shakespeare Festival version of the old comedy is enchanting from first to last. With, among many others, Kathleen Widdoes and Sam Waterston. Directed by A. J. Antoon. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oh Coward!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Mr. Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Pippin—A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

The Real Inspector Hound and **After Magritte**—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Rebbitzen from Israel—A Yiddish musical. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Maxim Gorky's play **ENEMIES**, in an English version by Jeremy Brooks and Kitty Hunter-Blair, directed by Ellis Rabb. The first in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.). . . ¶ At the Forum, in the same building: A Beckett festival, starring Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn. It will run through Sunday, Dec. 17. **NOT I / KRAPP'S LAST TAPE:** Previews Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 2; Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8; and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 18-19, and Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 2. Opens officially on Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8. Other performances Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 25-26, at 2. . . . **HAPPY DAYS / ACT WITHOUT WORDS I:** Previews Wednesday, Nov. 15, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 17-18, at 8. Opens officially on Monday, Nov. 20, at 7:30. Other performances Tuesday, Nov. 21, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 24-25, at 8.

The Secret Affairs of Mildred Wild—Maureen Stapleton in a comedy by Paul Zindel. Directed by Jeff Bleckner. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Thursday, Nov. 16, at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

6 Rms Riv Vu—A labored little comedy by Bob Randall, saved by the skill and charm of Jane Alexander and Jerry Orbach. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Sugar—A lifeless adaptation, in musical-comedy form, of the great movie "Some Like It Hot." Robert Morse works hard at being funny, and often is. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

That Championship Season—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. Richard A. Dysart is the coach, and Walter McGinn, Michael McGuire, Paul Sorvino, and Charles Durning are the ex-teammates. All of them are perfect, and so is Santo Loquasto's setting. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Via Galactica—A musical with a score by Galt MacDermot, lyrics by Christopher Gore, a book by Mr. Gore and Judith Ross, and a cast headed by Raul Julia and Keene Curtis. Peter Hall is the director. Previews through Monday, Nov. 20. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 21. (The new Uris Theatre, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Wedding Band—The setting for this love story by Alice Childress is the black section of a city in South Carolina in 1918, and the middle-aged lovers are a black seamstress and a white baker. The first act is fine; after that, for one reason or another, things fall slightly apart, but Ruby Dee and James Broderick, in the leading roles, and the actors who support them are so good that they save the evening. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

What If It Had Turned Up Heads—A play by J. E. Gaines. (New Lafayette, Seventh Ave. at 137th St. 862-2460. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 19.)

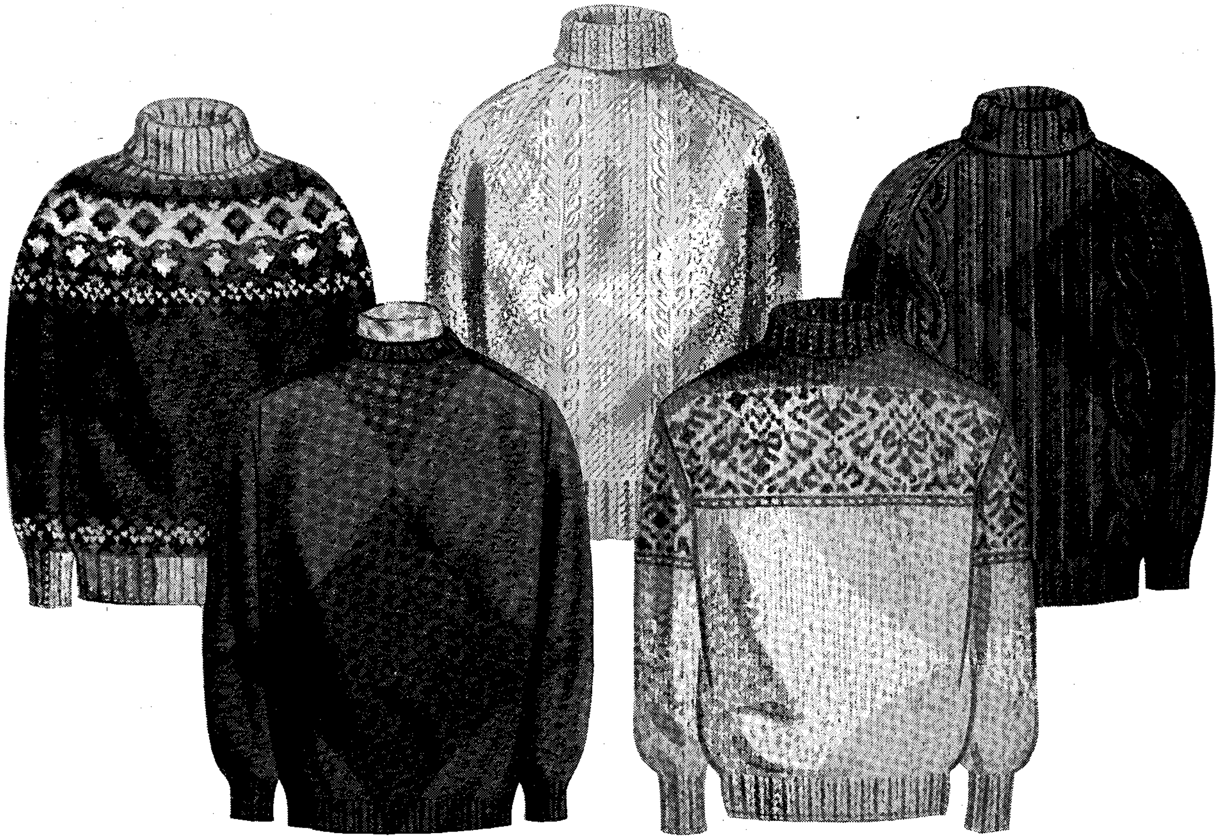
Yoshe Kalb—David Opatoshu and Jacob Ben-Ami in a Yiddish musical (with an English narration) adapted by David Licht from I. J. Singer's novel. The music is by Maurice Rauch. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,222 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Moves on Tuesday, Nov. 21, to the Royale, 45th St., W., 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Nov. 20, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.). . . **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** Agreeable young people singing agreeable songs. The Tom O'Horgan production is crummy-colossal. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NO, NO, NANETTE:** Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash musical. The cast includes Martha Raye, Helen Gallagher, and Bobby Van. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Neil Simon's latest laff riot, directed by Mike Nichols. With Hector Elizondo and Phyllis Newman. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **SLEUTH:** Patrick Macnee and Jordan Christopher in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.). . . **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA:** Lots of good-looking young people dancing and singing and paying mercifully little attention to the original Shakespearean plot. With Carlos Cestero, Clifton Davis, Jonelle Allen, and Diana Davila. John Guare wrote the book with Mel Shapiro, who directed, and the songs are by Mr. Guare (lyrics) and Galt MacDermot (music). (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Irish Fantasy," "Violin Concerto," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Agon," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 17, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 18, at 2: "Scènes de Ballet," "Valse Fantaisie," "Tarantella," "Scherzo à la Russe," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Four Temperaments," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 19, at 1: "Agon" and "The Goldberg Variations." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 19, at 7: "Donizetti Variations," "Episodes," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet," "Duo Concertant," and "Pulcinella." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8: "Swan Lake" and "The Goldberg Variations." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 23, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 24, at 8: "Scènes de Ballet," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Orpheus," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 25, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Irish Fantasy," "Pas de Deux," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "Violin Concerto," and "Orpheus." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre—A three-week engagement—Wednesday matinée, Nov. 15: "Toccata," "Journey," "Icarus," "Blues Suite," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 15: "Toccata," "Journey," "Icarus," "Blues Suite," and "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 16: "Blues Suite," "Kinetic Molpai" (company première), and "Mary Lou's Mass." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 17: "Dance for Six," "Kinetic Molpai," and "Mary Lou's Mass." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 18: "Streams," "Love Songs" (première), "Myth," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 19: "Toccata," "Journey," "Myth," "Dance for Six," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 19: "Dance for Six," "Love Songs," "Icarus," and "Mary Lou's Mass." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 21: "Streams," "Metallics," "Cry," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, Nov. 22: "Blues Suite," "Journey," "Metallics," and "Mary Lou's Mass." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 22: "Toccata," "Love Songs," "Kinetic Molpai," and "Mary Lou's Mass." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 23: "The Lark Ascending," "Love Songs," "Kinetic Molpai," and "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 24: "Streams," "According to Eye" (première), and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 25: "Dance for Six," "Choros," "Nubian Lady" (première), "Metallics," and "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder." (City Center, 131 W.



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55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Dec. 3.)

Whirling Dervishes of Turkey—A company of thirteen dancers and twelve musicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8; Thursday, Nov. 16, at 1 and 8; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 17-18, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 19, at 2 and 7:30.)

Mariano Parra—With his Spanish dance company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 17-18, at 7:30, and Sunday, Nov. 19, at 2:30.)

Dukla Ukrainian Dance Company—A troupe of ninety dancers, singers, and musicians from Czechoslovakia. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, Nov. 24, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 25, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 26, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Moscow Circus—Russia's celebrated one-ring circus, with Popov the clown, cycling bears, Cossack riders, strongmen, jugglers, aerialists, and acrobats. Opens Tuesday, Nov. 21, and will run through Monday, Jan. 1. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and also Thursday and Friday, Nov. 23-24, at 2, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm to this little bar between nine and twelve-thirty every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Johnny Nash, a Texan with a predilection for Jamaican rhythms, will be here, along with singer Billie Paul, through Monday, Nov. 20. Labelle, an old-new group, arrives Wednesday, Nov. 22. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Blue notes and black-eyed peas. Pianist Kenny Barron will be in charge of a trio through Sunday, Nov. 19. Music from nine-thirty to three, except Mondays, when there are jam sessions from eight until midnight.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A dining and drinking establishment with aged-in-the-wood vibrations. Guitarist Jimmy Raney and bassist Mike Moore perform Tuesdays through Saturdays. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy entertains. Nine-thirty to two-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—Leading the way in its part of town, this restaurant has soft lights, a soul-food menu, and a self-confident appearance. But keep the acoustics in mind: For listening, it's best to sit at the bar; in the dining area, you may not hear much. A jazz combo plays Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten until closing.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Ray Bryant is at the Steinway, turning out some fine and funky jazz in coöperation with bassist Wilbur Little. On Sundays, Dick Hyman takes to the keyboard. Music from eight until one. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—This large and casual bar-and-back-room comes up with a mixed bag of performers. Two groups—Future Shock and St. Elmo's Fire—will be here, together with comic Bobby Kosser, through Saturday, Nov. 18. Buzzy Linhart, who has a voice like steel against a whetstone, will come in on Tuesday, Nov. 21. Sounds from nine.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—Dancing is the latest innovation here, to various rock groups every night but Wednesday, when a twenty-nine-piece band called Brownie's Revenge takes the stand. The refreshments range from apricot nectar to coffee.

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Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The time, the place, the musicians have all come together in this little spot and—holy moley!—it's a winner. Ellis Larkins is displaying his long-perfected piano technique six satisfying nights a week. His bassist is Al Hall, and they do magical things from nine-thirty to three. Weekdays, from five-thirty until eight, singer-pianist Tad Bruce does some discreetly swinging stuff. On Sunday, Nov. 19, Mr. Larkins will participate in a jam session from four until closing. Snacks.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Small and shadowy and all that, but important for all that, at least in the jazz-guitar field. At the moment, guitarist Sam Brown is collaborating with bassist Bill Salter. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays. A limited soul-food menu.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—Habitués of the old place may not recognize this new one. It is polished and sleek, with blowups of old Woody Herman arrangements on the walls and a decidedly midtown spirit. Another innovation: there are two jazz groups each night. Through Saturday, Nov. 18, the program will consist of a quartet directed by piano virtuoso Earl Hines (abetted by vocalist Marva Josie) and a quartet led by saxophonist George Coleman. Dizzy Gillespie will arrive with his quintet on Monday, Nov. 20. The singing team of Jackie Paris and Anne Marie Moss will be on the same bill. Music from nine to four. Light Italian dishes. Closed Sundays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Tuesday, when Jimmy Young fills in. Bassist Lyn Christie participates Fridays and Saturdays. Nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. The bandsmen: Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Roy Eldridge. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—Rustic surroundings and one of the largest pairs of antlers in New York. Singers—usually folk—are in evidence most nights. Mondays, from nine-thirty, there is a grab bag of entertainment. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—The upstairs portion of this steak-and-lobster palace is furnished in carpentry-shop contemporary, and the place offers some correspondingly contemporary sounds. Mimi Fariña will be playing and singing her faintly sad but hopeful songs, together with a new partner, Carol McComb, through Sunday, Nov. 19. Singer-composer Denny Brown will also be around. On Wednesday, Nov. 22, two classic country-blues men, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, will arrive. Shows on Fridays and Saturdays from eight-thirty; on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays from nine-thirty. Mondays and Tuesdays (from nine) are devoted to acts by new folksters and rocksters. Drinks and snacks.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Lions and unicorns may be observed here, and so may a certain number of cats, especially on Mondays, from nine to midnight, when actor-author-clarinettist Woody Allen leads a septet in some traditional New Orleans jazz. Tuesdays through Saturdays, between nine and one, Barbara Carroll treats the guests to her full-blown jazz-piano technique. A bassist assists her. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Muggs, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—Mugs (not surprisingly) hang from the ceiling, and a relaxed atmosphere predominates. Patti Wicks, a vital young jazz pianist, plays with bassist Perry Lind Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Onliest Place, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—This is the room that used to house the Half Note—which recently moved to midtown—and, under its new management, it looks and sounds about as it always did. (It's congenial, but be prepared for deserted streets and minimal illumination.) Lee Konitz, that Tristano-influenced alto saxophonist, is currently onstage with a quartet. Music from nine. Closed Mondays.

Rafiki, 181 Bleecker St. (473-8220)—An upper floor with tables and music, and a lower floor with a bar. Bassist Raphael Grinage and pianist Cecil Young are providing some pleasantly swinging jazz between eight and two Tuesdays through Saturdays. The menu has soul.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Small, attractive, and with a pianoforte whose quality does not come up to that of the musicians. Small jazz groups play Fridays and Saturdays from ten until three-thirty. Snacks.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Through Saturday, Nov. 18, Irene Reid will be singing with a bulldozing trio headed by organist Gloria Coleman. On Wednesday, Nov. 22, a trio led by harpist Daphne Hellman will also appear. The rest of the time, an accomplished keyboard man named Bill Rubenstein starts the evening at about nine, and goes on to play between sets by other musicians. Mondays, new talent is auditioned. Limited dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Chick Corea, an advanced jazz pianist, will lead his quartet through Sunday, Nov. 19. Pianist Thelonious Monk, that master of the slurred note, will bring in his quartet on Tuesday, Nov. 21. On Sunday, Nov. 19, from five to eight (before the regular session), there will be a one-shot performance by pianist Kenny Barron, tenor saxophonist Bill Barron, trumpeter Jimmy Owens, bassist Chris White, and drummer Tudi (Kuumba) Heath. Mondays are reserved for the big, power-drive Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with the location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Joanne Brackeen and Herman Wright Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

Hartford's, 130 E. 52nd St. (751-2507)—New and beamish. Upstairs, where there is a bar (backed by a rather uffish mural) and some tables, guitarist Tanden Heyes and pianist Kal Anthony alternate between five and ten except on Saturdays and Sundays. . . . ¶ Downstairs, where the walls are spotted with *fin-de-siècle* posters, there are another bar and lots of tables, and a parquet floor for dancing to discs between ten and closing every night but Monday. Dinner and supper.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Quasi Cairo, with a Continental chef lurking somewhere behind the sphinxes. Dancing to records from five, but three times a night live people do pop songs. The dinner menu is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete menu.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it usually happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—ascends the stand. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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2-1244)—Singer Chris Connor will be onstage through Saturday, Nov. 18. Comedian Sandy Baron and singer Diane Keaton will arrive on Monday, Nov. 20. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—A blend of beer garden and bear garden, but now and then (amid the wits copycatting their betters in night life, and the sopranos ditto ditto) one comes upon a novice humorist being himself, and being very funny about it. It's pot luck for the customers, but then what isn't nowadays? No Sundays.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the Blue Room Cabaret: Various enthusiasms, displayed by a frequently changing roster of eager young singers and instrumentalists. Nine to one are the hours. Cocktails and snacks.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a new miniature revue, is in residence. The hours are nine and eleven. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *brauhaus.* No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **ROYAL BOX,** at dinner and supper, there is a musical revue called "Catch a Rising Star." Dancing to the Charles Peterson orchestra and the Peppi Morreale trio. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The port of entry for many of the most *furioso* acrobats of the Latin world. For the record, the occupants are Los Muchachos de San Juan and their compatriot, soprano Yolandita Monge. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the round, assigned—beginning late and ending late—to a bunch of flamencans, who work things out in a real spur-of-the-moment madrileño fashion. Closed Mondays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Pat Cooper is the stand-up deliverer; Bobby Rydell does the singing. On Thursday, Nov. 23, Frankie Avalon will take over. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, the eastern border of Nevada, there is music from ten o'clock on. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The enchanted woodland known as **LA FORÊT** is in season, and the babes in the wood (gilded youth, mostly) are floating about to the tunes of Mark Monte's orchestra during dinner and to some English, French, and American discs during supper. Only Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the **CAFÉ,** Phil Wayne's dance threesome, whose tunes are gentle on the mind and ear, will be around through Saturday, Nov. 18, seven-thirty until curfew. Herb Winner's trio will prevail Sunday through Saturday, Nov. 19-25.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The **PERSIAN ROOM** has a new format this season. Fledgling singers and musicians (the Troubadors are the current act) are being presented Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **GREEN TULIP,** two musicians entitled Sig and Gary tiptoe through the tulips from five until ten. Discothèque dancing after ten. No music Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play every day from four-thirty to six-thirty and from eight to midnight Mondays through Thursdays and nine to one Fridays and Saturdays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The grand rooftop is presenting, at dinner and supper, comedians Bernie Allen and Steve Rossi and their company. Discothèque music commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Ed McMahon is heading a musical-comedy show—or something of the sort—in the **MAISONETTE** at dinner and supper. The dance bands are Burt Farber's orchestra and Anthony Terini's trio. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE,** the next-door sylvan glade, offers the rustles of eternal spring—the violin of Janì Sarkozi, who shows up for dinner and supper every night but Monday. A Russian menu. . . . ¶ In the **ST. REGIS ROOM,** after nine, Mabel Mercer is chanting her words to the wise, supported by the piano of Jimmy Lyon. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Johnny Mathis ends his dinner and supper sessions of cool, clear song in the **EMPIRE ROOM** on Saturday, Nov. 18. Dancing all evening to the Charles Turecamo orchestra and the Felipe Yanez trio. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave., at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A small world, but a good one of its kind, especially when Bobby Short, fitted out with two sidemen, gets to his piano and his lyrics, which mostly deal with the small world so well exemplified by his locale. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DUNCAN'S,** 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): A brick-walled clubhouse in which Bill Halsey's piano can turn almost any kind of tune into a little show-stopper. In company with bassist Leonard Gaskin, he plays Mondays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival; dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Such a Western World touch as a rock band is not necessary, but it has been added. Until all hours, but no Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner, with another coruscating troupe of musicians (they start at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is very Attic folk-dance. Again, until all hours. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous foursome goes zing! on the podium. Nobody thinks of going home early. Dancing. Sundays are a minus quantity. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Fiddledeedee by the hour, from a collection of avid violinists; and operetta, too, most likely at the next table, from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her most hearty companions; i.e., a lot of good-natured decibels for your money. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Charlie La Torella. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Of I Pagliacci, by I Pagliacci, and for I Pagliacci—waiters and (not infrequently) guests alike. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The forum for Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, is the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—a parlor not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **PAUL REVERE'S TAVERN,** in the Lexington Hotel, Lexington Ave., at 48th St. (PL 1-1776): The old silversmith might flip on finding that his tavern has gone Gaelic. Arnold Elder and Brandon Sheridan are doing Irish ballads on Mondays as well as Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Tuesdays, Paddy Noonan and Martin Flinn do the job, and on Wednesdays and Thursdays they join the other duo. Music from seven to midnight. The menu is in accord with the music.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by the voice and guitar of Gino Toscano. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Down underneath Iperbole is a Roman grotto, just as decorative. Here a threesome makes dance music, seven-thirty to one-thirty, except on Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, one of the last of the truly romantic pianists, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old homestead, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone understudies him. . . . **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A mod home indeed for a mythological beast, and a pleasing home indeed for diners who wish to proceed at a petty pace—a pace that today is itself practically mythological. There is piano by Gene Bradley from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Where do the surviving pianists of the late, late night-life shows now congregate? Well, two of them (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays, and Murray Grand, the five other days) congregate in this aged Village bar; and so do a sprinkling of other reminders of these shows, often to sit in at the upright. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5444): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. It is, furthermore, a vine that offers Bacchian accompaniment to its dinner and supper guests, and piano accompaniment, too, by Norman Rollings, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, justifiable pride of Western Australia, is holidaying in this fetching ancestral hall, where, from four-thirty to ten-thirty, he is serving up his own keyboard specialties. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER,** 72 E. 56th St. (980-3860): Marty Berns maintains an even keel at the keyboard in this diminutive, candle-lit retreat. He plays from seven to two Mondays through Fridays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm. Every night but Sunday and Monday, from five to nine and ten to one, Beau Bergersen knowingly plies the piano. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A refectory way up top in the leisure class. George Feyer, a feudal lord of the Hapsburg Empire, conducts his piano recitations Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one-thirty. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life, garnished, from seven until a late bedtime, by a group of ambulatory musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A movable feast in this old architectural ornament is produced by a Lester Lanin duo that plays during cocktails on the Terrace, from seven to nine in the King's Inn, and from nine to eleven in the Gold Room. Mondays through Fridays is the stint. . . . **LAIR,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (472-0163): An inn on the road to the castle. Larry Oleno, whose baritone softens the night, is at the piano Tuesdays through Saturdays between nine and midnight. . . . **NIRVANA,** penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9097): Gazing out at the Park, one might almost ignore the parti-colored interior—but one should not. Arooj Lazewal plays sitar and Badal Roy drums and tabla every night but Monday from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. The cuisine, like the gentle music, represents Bangladesh.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES

Shusaku Arakawa—Large canvases that incorporate words; starting Saturday, Nov. 18. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Drawings by this leading American colorist; starting Tuesday, Nov. 21. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. Closed Saturdays.)

Peggy Bacon—Mostly watercolors and ink

L'HEURE BLEUE · 1913

MITSOUKO · 1921

SHALIMAR · 1925

VOL de NUIT · 1933

CHAMADE · 1970

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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drawings of New England subjects in a humorous vein; through Dec. 9. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Malcolm Bailey—Enamel-on-Plexiglas paintings of expanses of color with silhouetted portions of the human figure along the borders; through Nov. 30. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Bardazzi—Abstract compositions in acrylic and charcoal; starting Tuesday, Nov. 21. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Margit Beck—Mathematically composed landscapes as seen from the air; through Nov. 30. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fletcher Benton—Kinetic abstract sculptures of steel and plastic; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Albert Bierstadt (1830-1902)—Paintings by this American landscapist; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Lewison, 30 E. 60th St. Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.)

Ronald Bladen—Black plywood models for outdoor sculptures, plus related drawings; through Nov. 29. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Blythe Bohnen / Barbara Zucker—Brushstrokes inserted in a grid format. / Plaster or latex sculptures, including wall, ceiling, and floor pieces. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Starts Saturday, Nov. 18. Closed Mondays.)

Joe Brainard—New drawings that include portraits and Pop images; through Tuesday, Nov. 21. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Herman Braun—Versions of Ingres's "Le Bain Turque;" through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Martin Bressler / Mary Miss—Paintings of a motif based on chicken wire. / Wood and cardboard constructions. (55 Mercer Street. Through Wednesday, Nov. 22. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

James Brooks—Paintings by a prominent Abstract Expressionist; through Dec. 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harold Bruder—Paintings of Jerusalem, landscapes, and symbolic figures; through Nov. 30. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bill Caldwell—Figure compositions by a former student of Hans Hofman; through Friday, Nov. 24. (National Urban League and United Negro College Fund, 55 E. 52nd St. Closed Saturdays.)

Andrea Cascella—Interlocking curved forms in marble and granite; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Minna Citron—Drawings, prints, and constructions, going back to the thirties, on the theme of women in society; through Dec. 5. (Pratt Institute Manhattan Center, 46 Park Ave., at 37th St. Mondays through Fridays, except Nov. 24, from 10 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 4.)

Don David—Drawings, most of them in pencil and wash, which combine natural and geometric forms; through Wednesday, Nov. 22. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Dewasne—Paintings of interlocking forms in strong colors; through Dec. 2. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edwin Dickinson—Canvases and drawings by this dean of American figure painters; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Burgoyne Diller (1906-65)—Paintings and collages by this leading American Constructivist; through Nov. 30. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Dobkin—Graphics from 1932 to the present; through Dec. 2. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Weekdays, 11 to 7.)

Erté—A large selection of works covering the entire range of creations in fashion and theatre done since 1913 by this internationally known designer; through Dec. 2. (Rizzoli, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.)

Herbert Ferber—New sculptures in copper and welded steel; through Nov. 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Dan Flavin—Fluorescent-light compositions; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

A. E. Gallatin (1881-1952)—Abstract paintings and some collages done in the thirties by this early American patron of abstract art; through Dec. 2. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Maud Gatewood—Abstracted landscapes with backgrounds in low relief; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Arshile Gorky (1904-48)—Paintings and drawings; through Dec. 22. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

Adolph Gottlieb—Paintings from 1970 to 1972 by this Abstract Expressionist; through Dec. 2. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Dorothea Greenbaum—Seventy sculptures and reliefs of heads, figures, and animals in various mediums, such as bronze, stone, and hammered lead; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

James Herbert—Six two-panel Expressionist figure paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tom Holland—Abstract paintings with a slight metallic quality; through Nov. 29. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Serge Hollerbach—Paintings of contemporary scenes in New York; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ian Hornak—Realistic landscapes and portraits; through Wednesday, Nov. 22. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Hoyland—Large abstract paintings; starting Saturday, Nov. 18. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Guy Johnson—Paintings of fantasies in a realistic manner; through Dec. 2. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Wolf Kahn—Fifteen landscapes in oil by this well-known New Yorker; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jane Kaufman—Sprayed canvases in atmospheric colors; through Nov. 29. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Leon Kelly—Still-lifes and allegories done from 1955 to 1970; through Dec. 2. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rockwell Kent (1882-1971)—More than two hundred drawings, including illustrations, done from 1900 through the nineteen-sixties; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Betty Klavun—Large abstract sculptures, plus models, in metal, paper, and wood; through Nov. 30. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Joseph Kosuth—A conceptual project; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Kuehn—Constructions for indoors and outdoors of wood, chain, and pipe; through Dec. 7. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Jan Lebenstein—Expressionist compositions of figures, mostly nude, by a Polish artist who resides in Paris; through Dec. 2. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mon Levinson—Abstract wall sculptures in cast acrylic lighted to stress shadow formations; through Dec. 7. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jeffrey Lew—Sculptures in various mediums, such as metal, plastic, and rock; through Nov. 30. (112 Greene Street. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

Stanton Macdonald-Wright—Paintings, woodblock prints, and lithographs produced during the past eight years by this pioneer American abstractionist; through Dec. 1. (Suzuki Graphics, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Heinz Mack—Multimedia constructions, some motorized; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

John L. McNally—Wood sculptures and kinetic- and static-light compositions; starting Thursday, Nov. 16. (West Side Gallery, 250 W. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1:30 to 6.)

Mario Micossi—Etchings of Italy; starting Thursday, Nov. 16. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Willard Midgette—Two works, one consisting of seven painted panels representing the rehearsal of a dance company being painted by the artist, the other comprising two panels depicting family life; starting Saturday, Nov. 18. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Joan Miró—Fifty-eight paintings and pastels emphasizing particular developments in his career over the past fifty years, in a show that is running concurrently with the one at the Guggenheim Museum; through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Amedeo Modigliani (1884-1920)—Six oils, four gouaches, seventeen drawings, and one stone sculpture; through Dec. 16. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louise Nevelson—Complex "box" sculptures in black wood, also paper collages; through Nov. 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ogden Pleissner—Paintings of Europe and New England; through Dec. 2. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

William David Ridenhour—Lyrical abstractions on paper mounted on canvas; through Nov. 30. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Schucker—Abstract paintings that emphasize color; through Dec. 2. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Babe Shapiro—Abstract paintings concerned with a doubled image; through Wednesday, Nov. 22. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Niles Spencer (1893-1952)—Drawings covering the development of this Precisionist painter, plus works from the artist's collection by, for instance, Davis, Kuhn, and Kuniyoshi; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Storrs (1885-1956)—Drawings and prints by this Chicago-born sculptor who studied with Rodin and later worked in Cubist-derived styles; through Nov. 30. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Norman Turner—Realistic figure paintings; first one-man show here. Starts Friday, Nov. 17. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Maurice Utrillo (1883-1955)—Oils, watercolors, gouaches, and drawings dating from 1914 to 1940; through Dec. 2. (Wally F. Galleries, 17 E. 57th St.)

Robert Vickrey—Interiors and landscapes with figures by this Magic Realist; starting Tuesday, Nov. 21. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Neil Welliver—Freely handled landscapes with and without figures; through Dec. 7. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tom Wesselmann—Paintings continuing this artist's studies of the American nude, also still-lifes; through Dec. 1. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Neil Williams—Abstract paintings on chevron-shaped canvases; through Dec. 9. (LoGiudice, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

Group Shows—At **LA BOETIE**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Recent acquisitions of works by Avery, Cornell, Dali, Ernst, Feininger, Klee, Schiele, and others; through Dec. 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FISCHBACH**, 29 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by, among others, Braque, Dubuffet, Gottlieb, Matta, and Pollock; through Nov. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GORDON**, 1063

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Madison Ave., at 80th St.: An educational exhibit comparing original prints, from Goya to Miró, with restrikes and reproductions—the spectator is challenged to choose between the genuine prints and fakes; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Closed Mondays.)... **HUTTON,** 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Masters of German Expressionism, such as Kandinsky, Jawlensky, Marc, Macke, and Kirchner; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **KENNEDY,** 20 E. 56th St.: Twentieth-century Americans (Burchfield, Marin, Hopper, Baskin, and Shahn, for example); through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Closed Mondays.)... **KNOEDLER,** 21 E. 70th St.: Murals and monumental works by Bonnard, Dali, Dufy, Ozenfant, Picasso, Rosenquist, and Stella; through Saturday, Nov. 18.... **LOEB STUDENT CENTER,** Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Paintings and sculptures by about thirty members of The American Abstract Artists, among them Bolotowsky, Pearson, Rabkin, and Alice Adams; through Wednesday, Nov. 22. (Weekdays, 8 A.M. to 10 P.M.)... **NEW SCHOOL,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: A hundred sculptures, paintings, drawings, and prints devoted to humor, satire, and irony by such artists as Bombois, Botero, Red Grooms, William King, Klee, Magritte, Picasso, and Saul Steinberg; through Dec. 19. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, except Nov. 24-25, from 10 to 5.)... **SAIDENBERG,** 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Oils, watercolors, and drawings by Léger, Masson, and Picasso; through Nov. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **SPANISH INSTITUTE,** 684 Park Ave., at 69th St.: Replicas of the prehistoric Spanish cave paintings and drawings; through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **WESTBROADWAY,** 431 West Broadway: Paintings, constructions, and collages by Francis Celentano, Jacqueline Freedman, and Arlene Sklar-Weinstein; through Friday, Nov. 24. (Closed Mondays.) ... **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibit of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist masters, including Manet, Monet, Renoir, Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh, and Bonnard; through Dec. 9.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—Forty works by Whistler—oils, selections from a scrapbook, watercolors, drawings, lithographs, and woodcuts; through Dec. 26. ...¶ Nine paintings done by Hans Hofmann a few years before his death; through Nov. 26. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred and fifty examples of African textiles and body ornaments; through Jan. 31. ...¶ Ninety paintings, collages, and sculptures, done in the first four decades of the twentieth century, from the Louise and Walter Arensberg and Albert Eugene Gallatin collections, now owned by the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Among them are ten sculptures by Brancusi, eleven major Picassos, and works by Léger, Matisse, Duchamp, Miró, Rousseau, and many others. Through Jan. 7....¶ Fifty drawings by Jean Dubuffet, which survey his career as a draftsman from 1944 to 1966; through Jan. 2....¶ A retrospective of the work of Diane Arbus (1923-71), consisting of a hundred and twenty-five photographic portraits; through Jan. 21....¶ Nine abstract paintings with graffiti-like images, which constitute the last works of Gastone Novelli (1925-68), the Italian painter-poet; through Dec. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Approximately sixty paintings by Joan Miró, of the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-sixties, with a less figurative emphasis; through Jan. 21. A complementary exhibit is at the Acquavella Gallery, 18 E. 79th St. (through Saturday)...¶ Works by younger artists from Amsterdam, Paris, and Düsseldorf; through Nov. 26. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Frederick Law Olmsted's New York," a show focussing on the New York creations of the landscape architect who designed Central Park. With slide projections, original plans, maps, and sketches. Through Dec. 3. ...¶ A retrospective exhibit of three hundred and seventy-seven works covering the entire career of the post-Surrealist Lucas Samaras, including sculptures, designs, and mixed-media works; starting Saturday, Nov. 18. ... ¶ Lithographs from 1923 to the present by Louis Lozowick, the well-known New York printmaker; starting Tuesday, Nov. 21.... ¶ Naïve drawings of fantasies based on travels by Joseph Yoakum, an Indian who became an artist at the age of seventy-six; through Nov. 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Never Say Die," an exhibit devoted to the subject of five threatened North American species: the alligator, the peregrine falcon, the timber wolf, the Atlantic salmon, and the black-footed ferret. Through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings by such artists as Benny Andrews, Ann Freilich, Howard Kanovitz, and Herman Rose, eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Dec. 17. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A major exhibition of ninety-eight Siamese bronze and stone sculptures and gold bas-reliefs representing a thousand years of Siamese art, all being shown in the United States for the first time; through Dec. 3. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese landscape paintings from the eleventh century to the eighteenth, devoted to the theme of mountains and rivers, wintry forests, and old trees; through Jan. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 24, from 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Over a hundred small paintings, sculptures, and graphics with a Constructivist tendency, by Gabo, Calder, Bolotovsky, Max Bill, and others; through Nov. 30....¶ A hundred and fourteen drawings done between 1893 and 1946 by Pierre Bonnard (1867-1947); through Dec. 20. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

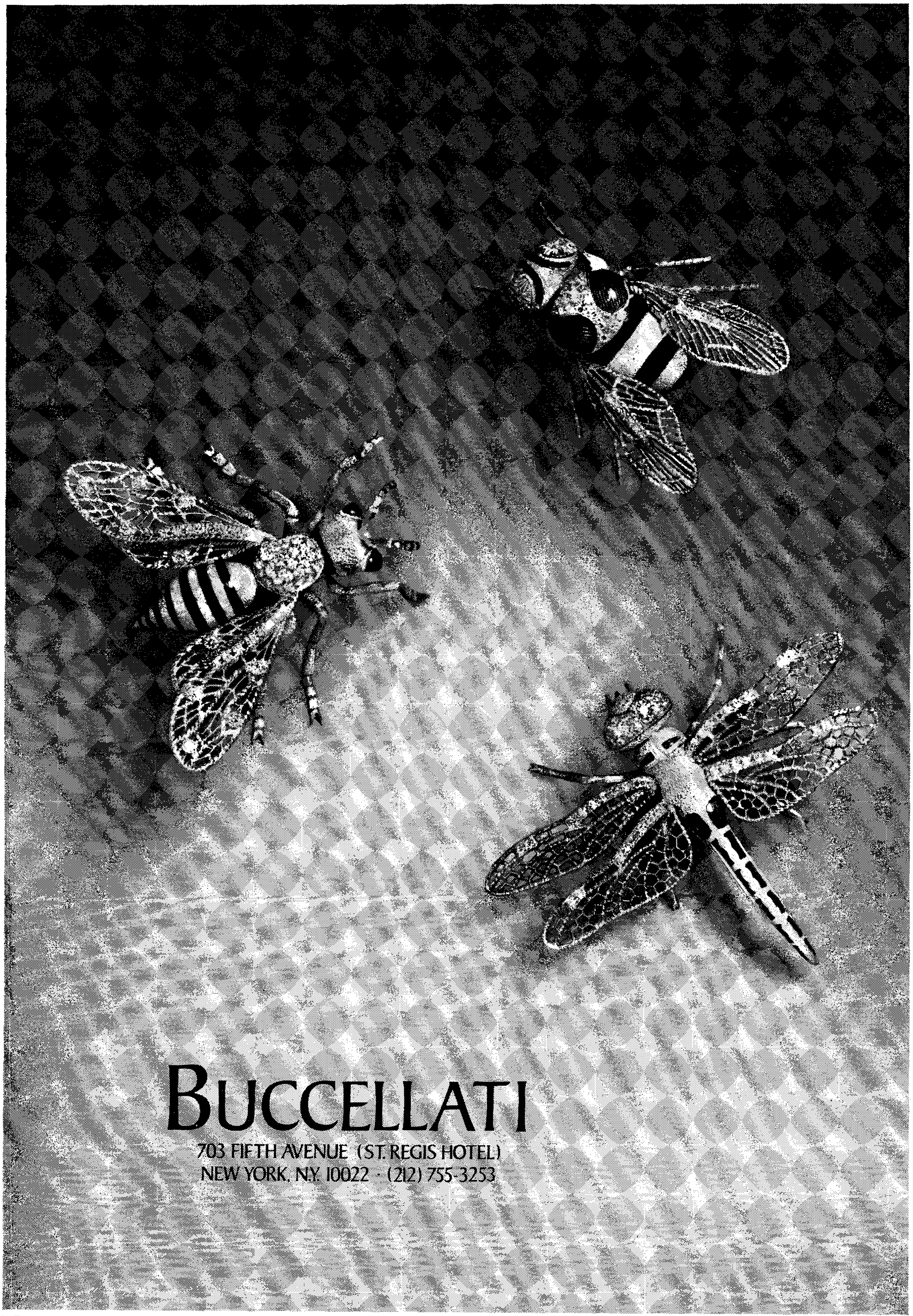
GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—Limited editions of books by poets, most of them French, which are illustrated by Picasso; through Dec. 13. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings and watercolors by Boris Penson, a twenty-six-year-old Soviet Jewish artist now serving a ten-year prison sentence in the Soviet Union; through Nov. 26. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 6; Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—The Heineman Collection of musical manuscripts and letters by major composers (Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and the like) and German and French books, manuscripts, and letters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries by Schiller, Kant, Voltaire, Balzac, and others; through Dec. 30....¶ Autograph letters of an intimate nature by personages in the fields of politics, arts, and literature; through Dec. 30. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Nearly five hundred historical and contemporary objects used in preparing food, from an antique egg separator to a microwave oven. Supplementary slides and films are shown, including the mind-boggling "French Lunch," taken in the kitchen of La Caravel restaurant. Through Jan. 1. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—About sixty paintings, many of them illustrations for "Robinson Crusoe," "Kidnapped,"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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"The Last of the Mohicans," and other books, by N. C. Wyeth (1882-1945), the well-known American illustrator who was the father of Andrew Wyeth; starting Thursday, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ About sixty paintings by thirty-one artists constituting a survey of nineteenth-century Italian painting; starting Thursday, Nov. 16. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A luminous aviary of four hundred and thirty-three Audubon watercolors, the collection acquired by the Society *from his widow in 1863 and now being shown* for the first time in its entirety. (Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8: "La Sonnambula," with Renata Scotto, Betsy Norden, Nicolai Gedda, and Giorgio Tozzi; conducted by Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Edith Mathis, Roger Soyer, Stuart Burrows, Ezio Flagello, Dominic Cossa, and James Morris; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 17, at 7: A new production of Wagner's "Siegfried," with Birgit Nilsson, Judith Blegen, Lili Chookasian, Jess Thomas, Gerhard Stolze, Thomas Stewart, Gustav Neidlinger, and Hans Sotin; Erich Leinsdorf. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.). . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 18, at 2: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Marilyn Horne, Adriana Maliponte, and Colette Boky; Charles Mackerras. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Aida," with Gabriella Tucci, Grace Bumbry, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, Giorgio Tozzi, and James Morris; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Edith Mathis, Roger Soyer, Stuart Burrows, Ezio Flagello, Dominic Cossa, and James Morris; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Marilyn Horne, Adriana Maliponte, and Judith Blegen; Charles Mackerras. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8: "La Bohème," with Renata Scotto, Colette Boky, Nicolai Gedda, Frank Guarrera, Ezio Flagello, Robert Goodloe, Andrij Dobriansky, and Nico Castel; Henry Lewis. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gail Robinson, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, and Paul Plishka; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 24, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Gwyneth Jones, Mignon Dunn, Jon Vickers, Theo Adam, and John Macurdy; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 25, at 2: "La Sonnambula," with Renata Scotto, Betsy Norden, Nicolai Gedda, and Giorgio Tozzi; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Edith Mathis, Edda Moser, George Shirley, Theodor Uppman, Hans Sotin, and Donald Gramm; Peter Maag.

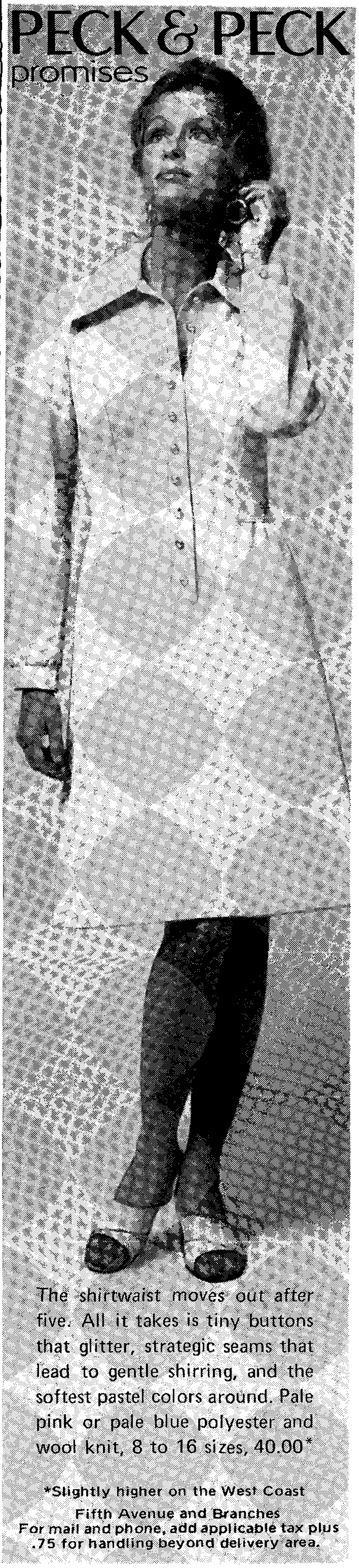
ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Lorin Maazel conducting on Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 17, at 2; and Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30 (all with Malcolm Frager, piano). . . . ¶ Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting on Friday, Nov. 24, at 2, and Saturday, Nov. 25, and Monday, Nov. 27, at 8:30 (all with Natalie Hinderas, piano).

National Symphony Orchestra—Antal Dorati conducting, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin, and Loren Kitt, clarinet. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 3.)

Hungarian State Symphony—János Ferencsik conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 8, with István Lantos, piano; and Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8, with Dénes Kovács, violin.)

National Arts Centre Orchestra of Canada—Mario Bernardi conducting, with Anton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Kuerti, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Gold and Fizdale, pianos; Hugues Cuénod, tenor; and Craig Timberlake, bass. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 19, at 5:30.)

Cappella Coloniensis—Gunther Wich conducting this baroque orchestra from Cologne. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 2:15.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting a program of twentieth-century music, with the Concord String Quartet; Zvi Zeitlin, violin; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Nov. 25, from 6 to 10:30.)

Orpheon Chorale—Dino Anagnost directing a program of choral chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Oratorio Society of New York—T. Charles Lee directing a benefit performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio "Elijah," with William Warfield, bass-baritone, and the St. James Church Choir. (St. James Presbyterian Church, St. Nicholas Ave. at 141st St. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 3. For information about tickets, call 926-4100.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing the second in a series of Haydn-Mozart programs, with soloists. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Friday, Nov. 24, at 7:30. For tickets, call 920-5563.)

RECITALS

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Sylvia Marlowe—Harpsichord, in an all-Purcell concert, with Daniel Collins, countertenor; Gerard R. Schwartz, trumpet; Gerald Tarack and Sherman Goldscheid, violin; and Judith Davidow, viola da gamba. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Käbi Laretei—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Smetana Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Composers' Forum—A program of works by Marcel Goldman and Lauren Levey. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Daniel Barenboim—Piano, in an all-Chopin recital. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 3.)

Samuel Dilworth-Leslie—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 3.)

Arthur MacKenzie—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

David Ensemble—Seven singers and instrumentalists, including Sheila Schonbrun, soprano, and Warren Wilson, piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

Charles Treger—Violin, with an orchestra conducted by Richard Dufallo. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Composers String Quartet—The first in a series of three concerts of modern music, this one with Harvey Phillips, tuba. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Garrett List—Trombone, presenting three new compositions. (Kitchen, Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 475-9865. Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 9. You would do well to verify all this by phone before setting out.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Hiroko Yajima and Charles Treger, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 24, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 26, at 5.)

André Watts—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—Chamber music. (Washing-

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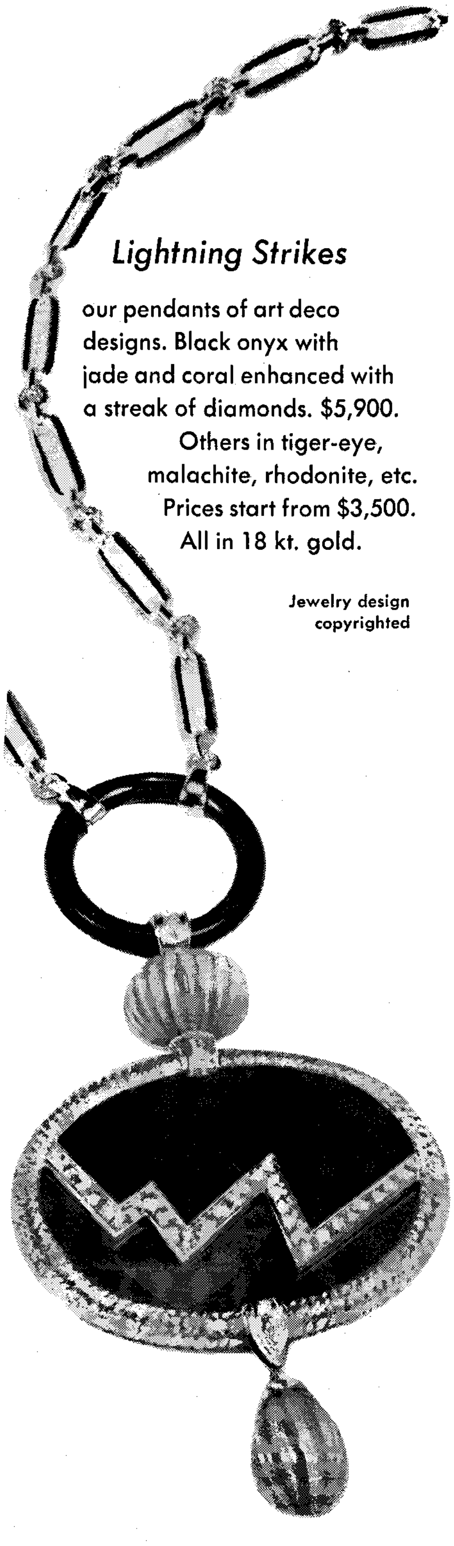

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ton Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

James Kreger and Garrick Ohlsson—Cello and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.)

Note—The New York Chamber Soloists will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 3, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Nov. 20, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Bill Meigs and Claudia Genteel—Singing contemporary romantic classics. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Kinks—With Mom's Apple Pie. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 15-16, at 8.)

The 5th Dimension—With Paul Williams. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 18, at 7:30 and 10:30.)

Tom Rush—With Lindisfarne. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Elton John—Carnegie Hall. Sunday and Monday, Nov. 19-20, at 8.

Mark/Almond—With Tranquility. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Richie Havens—With Jimmy Spheeris. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 22-23, at 8.)

New Riders of the Purple Sage, Jonathan Edwards, and Orphan—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 22-23, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

Beach Boys—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 23, at 8 and 11:30.

Sly and the Family Stone and the Staple Singers—With Bulldog. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 23-24, at 8.)

Gordon Lightfoot—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 24, and Sunday, Nov. 26, at 8.

Savoy Brown and It's a Beautiful Day—Academy of Music. Friday, Nov. 24 (plus Hoodoo Rhythm Devils), and Saturday, Nov. 25 (plus Wild Turkey), at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **nassau coliseum:** Nets vs. Carolina, Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8:15. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Diego, Friday, Nov. 17, at 8:15. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kentucky, Sunday, Nov. 19, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Virginia, Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8:15. . . . **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Houston, Thursday, Nov. 16, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Portland, Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8.

College Football—**saturday, nov. 18** (all games at 1:30): Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst. . . . ¶ Army vs. Holy Cross, at West Point. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Seton Hall, at Fordham. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Morgan State, in a benefit game, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Trinity, at Middletown. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven. . . . **saturday, nov. 25** (all games at 1:30): Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick.

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Quebec, Saturday, Nov. 18, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Philadelphia, Sunday, Nov. 19, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Pittsburgh, Sunday, Nov. 19, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. New England, Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Alberta, Saturday, Nov. 25, at 1:30. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Boston, Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. California, Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 8:05.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Dec. 16. The post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Queens County Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 18, and the Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 25. . . . **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Daily at 12:30; through Saturday, Nov. 18. The New Jersey Futurity, Wednesday, Nov. 15, and the Garden State, Saturday, Nov. 18. . . . **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays; last day Saturday, Dec. 30. Post time will be 1 through Wednesday, Nov. 22; after that, it will be 12:30.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 16.

FOR CHILDREN

Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade—For those not headed over the river and through the wood. Two thousand costumed marchers, ten giant balloons, a dozen floats, and twelve bands. Starts at 9:30 A.M. at Central Park West and 77th Street, moves down Central Park West to Columbus Circle, and thence along Broadway to 34th Street, arriving at Macy's at about 10:10.

Operettas—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"Ruddigore," Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 18-19, at 4. . . . ¶ "Iolanthe," Saturday, Nov. 25, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Stage Shows—By the **bil baird marionettes:** "Winnie-the-Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays, Sundays, and Friday, Nov. 24, at 1 and 3:30, and Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **king's players:** "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 24, at 2.) . . . **meri mini players:** "Alliwishes I. Tickle." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.) . . . **traveling playhouse:** "Robin Hood." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Friday, Nov. 24, at 1. Children under five not admitted.) . . . ¶ "The Wizard of Oz." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday, Nov. 24, at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **lea wallace puppets:** "Puss in Boots." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be accompanied by an adult.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show, "Red Giants and White Dwarfs," explores the phenomena of the stars and scientific milestones spanning the centuries. Starting Tuesday, Nov. 21, there will be a new show, "Stars of Christmas." (Mondays through Fridays, except Nov. 24, at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Friday, Nov. 24, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted. The Planetarium will be closed on Thanksgiving Day.)

Movies—At **brooklyn academy of music:** "Harlem Globetrotters." (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 2:30.) . . . **alice tully hall** (362-1911): "Singin' in the Rain," with Gene Kelly and Debbie Reynolds, Saturday, Nov. 18, at 3. . . . ¶ "Shenandoah," with James Stewart, Friday, Nov. 24, at 3. . . . ¶ "The King and I," with Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr, Saturday, Nov. 25, at 3.

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30, and on Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 24, from 8 to 10.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

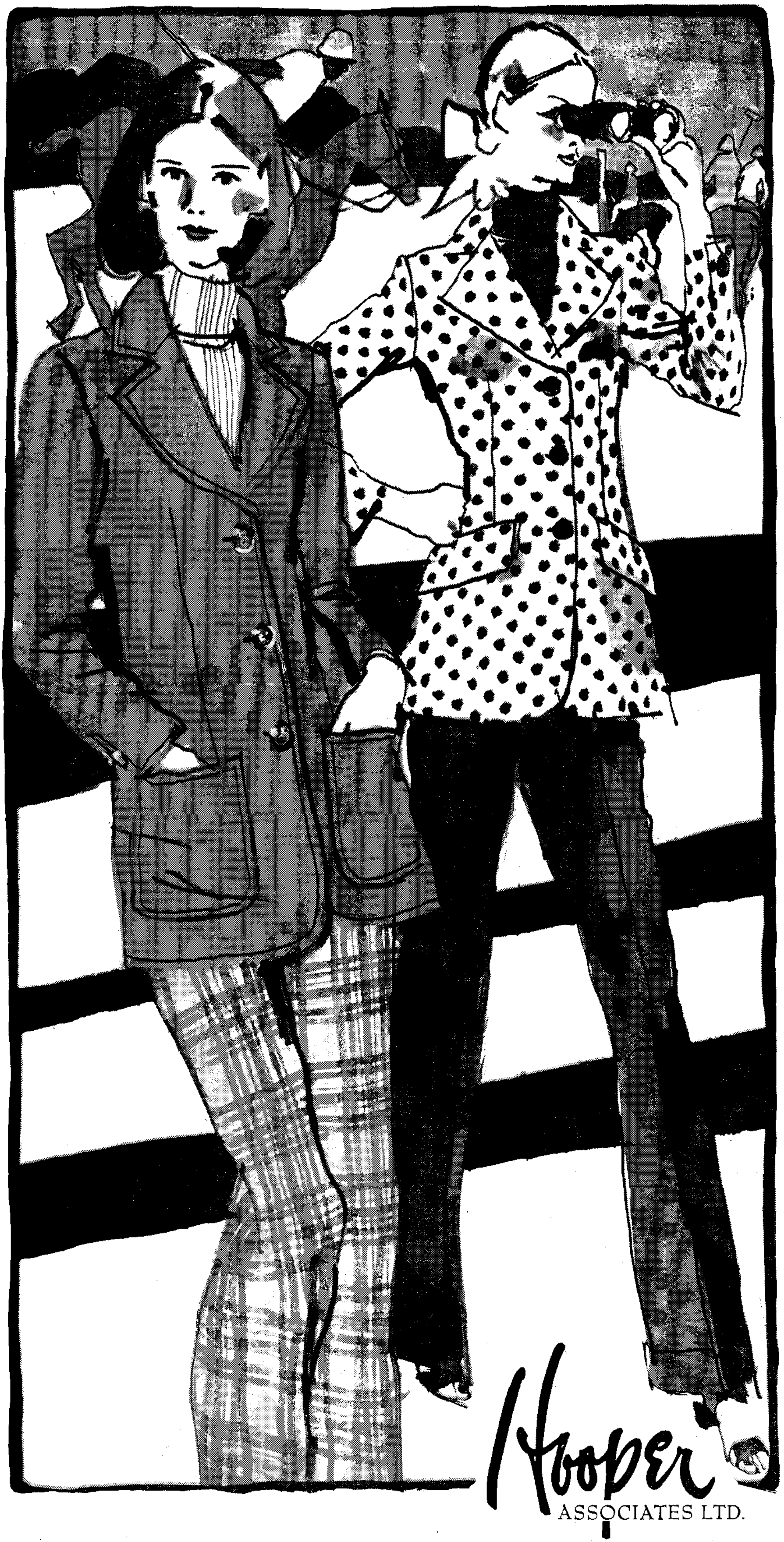
United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Carolyn Kizer and Mark Strand reading from their own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

NATIONAL POSTAGE STAMP SHOW—"Art on Stamps" is the theme of this year's show. Among the examples shown will be the new United Nations "Art at the United Nations" series, composed of four stamps that combine to show a portion of the José-Maria Sert ceiling mural of the Council Hall of the Palais des Nations, in Geneva. (Madison Square Garden Center Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 17-18, from 10 to 9, and Sunday, Nov. 19, from 1:05 to 6.)

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 2: Jewelry, from the estate of Mary Jackson Riker and from other sources. . . . ¶ A three-day auction of Americana, arranged by the American Heritage Society. Thursday, Nov. 16, at 10:15: Indian art and artifacts. . . . Thursday, Nov. 16, at 2: Silver, brass and other lighting devices, and glass. . . . Friday, Nov. 17, at 10:15: Porcelains, including pieces from the Presidential services of Abraham Lincoln, Rutherford B. Hayes, and Benjamin Harrison; pottery; and prints. . . . Friday, Nov. 17, at 2: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture, decorations, and paintings. . . . Saturday, Nov. 18, at 10:15: Lustreware, scrimshaw, decoys, folk art, and toys. . . . Saturday, Nov. 18, at 2: Quilts and coverlets, furniture, and decorations. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 21-22, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century and Old Master prints, from various owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 16.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 15 at 5:30: "Surrender" (1931), directed by William K. Howard, with Warner Baxter. . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 5:30 and 8: "Winter Soldier" (1972), an oral history delivered by veterans of Vietnam. . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 2: "Bad Boys" (1960), in Japanese, directed by Susumu Hani. . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 5:30 and Nov. 18 at noon: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1921), directed by Rex Ingram, with Rudolph Valentino. . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 3: "Life Upside Down" (1964), in French, directed by Alain Jessua, with Charles Denner. . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 5:30: "The Trial of the Catonsville Nine" (1972), directed by Gordon Davidson, with Ed Flanders and Douglass Watson. . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 12:30 and 3: Four Charlie Chaplin shorts, "The Cure" (1917), "The Adventurer" (1917), "The Rink" (1916), and "One A.M." (1916). . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 5:30 and Nov. 20 at 2: "To Be 20 in the Aures" (1972), in French, directed by René Vautier. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 5:30: "Bad Boys" (1960). . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 2: "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" (1931), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Greta Garbo and Clark Gable. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 5:30: "Life Upside Down" (1964). . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 5:30: "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" (1931). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Four programs in a series of films directed by Donald Siegel: Through Nov. 16: "The Killers" (1964), with Lee Marvin and Angie Dickinson. . . . ¶ Nov. 17-18: "Stranger on the Run" (1967), with Henry Fonda and Michael Parks. . . . ¶ Nov. 19 and 22: "Madigan" (1968), with Richard Widmark and Henry Fonda. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 23: "Coogan's Bluff" (1969), with Clint Eastwood. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.). . . **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Bresson, Brakhage, Broughton, Chaplin, Buñuel, Dreyer, Dovzhenko, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and (except Nov. 22) at 10. No Mondays. . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Moonwalk One," directed by Theo Kamecke. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 5:45, 7:30, and 9:15 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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19	20	21	22	23		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 18: "8½" and "Belle de Jour."
Nov. 19-21: "Z" and "La Femme Infidèle."
From Nov. 22: "Four Nights of a Dreamer."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Nov. 18: "That Night in Rio" and "Down Argentine Way."
Nov. 19-21: "Destry Rides Again" and "Rio Rita."
From Nov. 22: "Meet Me in St. Louis" and "Singin' in the Rain."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Nov. 21: "The Trojan Women," "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich," and "The Loves of Isadora."
From Nov. 22: "Performance," "THX 1138," and "Taking Off."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 16: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."
From Nov. 17: "The Mechanic."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Nov. 21: "Reefer Madness" (1936) and "Martian Space Party," with the Firesign Theatre.
From Nov. 22: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Nov. 16: "Pygmalion."
From Nov. 17: "Richard III."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Valachi Papers."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Emigrants."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Red Mantle."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Two English Girls."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Sounder."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bad Company."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Savage Messiah."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Black Girl."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Nov. 16: "Farewell Uncle Tom."
From Nov. 17: "Asylum."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Ruling Class."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"A Separate Peace."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The King of Marvin Gardens."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Young Winston."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Play It As It Lays."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Chloé in the Afternoon."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Deliverance."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 21: "La Salamandre."
From Nov. 22: "Fantasia."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Trouble Man."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 21: "Where Does It Hurt?"
From Nov. 22: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Nov. 16: "You'll Like My Mother" and "Frenzy."
From Nov. 17: "The Mechanic."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Lady Sings the Blues."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Valachi Papers."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Great Waltz."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Black Girl."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)
Through Nov. 16: "Farewell Uncle Tom."
From Nov. 17: "Asylum."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 21: "The Assassination of Trotsky" and "The Touch."
From Nov. 22: "Chloé in the Afternoon."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Wednesday's Child."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Sorrow and the Pity."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Nov. 16: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."
From Nov. 17 (tentative): "The Mechanic."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Nov. 21: "The Green Wall," "Simon of the Desert," "Fantasia," "Klute," "Summer of '42," "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis," and "Friends."
From Nov. 22: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Nov. 21: "Cabaret" and "The Threepenny Opera."
From Nov. 22: "El Topo" and "The Last Movie."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Nov. 21: "Funny Girl."
From Nov. 22: "Last of the Red Hot Lovers" and "The Man."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Dumbo" and "The Legend of Lobo."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"1776."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Fellini's Roma."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Superfly."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Nov. 16: "Lola Montès" and "Rules of the Game."
Nov. 17-18: "Beauty and the Beast" and "Orpheus."
Nov. 19: "Children of Paradise."
Nov. 20-21: "Rouge et Noir" and "Beauty and the Devil."
From Nov. 22: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Chaplin Comedies.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Why."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Godfather."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Twelve Chairs."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Nov. 21: "Funny Girl" and "Summertree."
From Nov. 22: "Chloé in the Afternoon."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Nov. 21: "When the Legends Die" and "Conquest of the Planet of the Apes."
From Nov. 22: "Last of the Red Hot Lovers" and "The Man."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Nov. 21: "School Girls" and "The Love Doctors."
From Nov. 22: "Rage."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 21: "To Have and Have Not" and "A Damsel in Distress."
From Nov. 22: "Rain" and "The Blue Angel."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 21: "Le Boucher" and "The Trojan Women."
From Nov. 22: "The Assassination of Trotsky" and "The Touch."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Nov. 16: "The Virgin and the Gypsy" and "Women in Love."
Nov. 17-19: "8½" and "Breathless."
Nov. 20-21: "Closely Watched Trains" and "Cul-de-Sac."
Nov. 22-23: "Moby Dick" and "Animal Farm."

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through the afternoon of Nov. 21: "Virgin Witch" and "The Minx."
Nov. 21 at 8: Telecast of the Muhammad Ali-Bob Foster fight.
From Nov. 22: "They Only Kill Their Masters."

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
"Ulzana's Raid."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 21: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" and "Stolen Kisses."
From Nov. 22: "The New Centurions" and "$."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Animal Farm (1954)—A British animated version of the Orwell political satire. The animation, unfortunately, is not especially imaginative. (Thalia; Nov. 22-23.)

The Assassination of Trotsky—With Richard Burton as Trotsky and Alain Delon as the assassin; directed by Joseph Losey. (Waverly; through Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Symphony; starting Nov. 22.)

Asylum—With Peter Cushing and Britt Ekland, directed by Roy Ward Baker. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Nov. 17.)

Bad Company—A hip-picaresque comedy set in the Civil War period, with the lively, talented Jeff Bridges as the bumpkin Fagin of a gang of thieving orphans and runaways. There's dazzle in the script by Robert Benton and David Newman, but Benton's direction is tepid, and the yellow-brown autumnal West is getting very tired. The movie is sparked by a caricature of a big-time movie director (Joseph L. Mankiewicz, to be specific) in the character of the cynical robber chief, Big Joe (David Huddleston). (Baronet.)

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length film is perhaps the most imaginative and charming of all fairy-tale movies. Jean Marais (in Christian Bérard's makeup) is a magnificent Beast; he lives in an enchanted landscape that suggests the sensuous elegance and extravagance of Gustave Doré. Josette Day is the delicate Beauty. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Playboy; Nov. 17-18.)

Beauty and the Devil (1949)—The American title is deceptive; it should be "The Beauty of the Devil." Michel Simon, as Mephistopheles, tempts the dashing young Faust of Gérard Philipe. There are no spiritual conflicts; in this René Clair film the dangers of science and of absolute power are the targets, and the fantasy is urbane. The whole elaborate joke gets awfully smug. In French. (Playboy; Nov. 20-21.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Art; through Nov. 18.)

Black Girl—Based on J.E. Franklin's Off Broadway play, directed by Ossie Davis. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 22.)

Le Boucher—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy,

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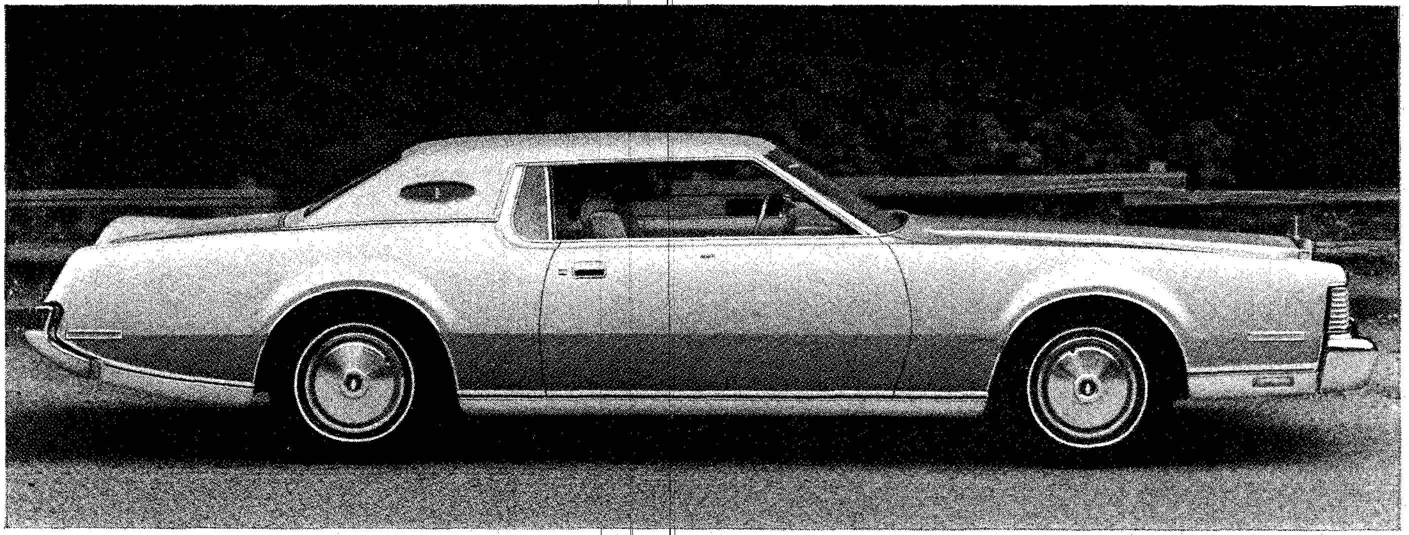

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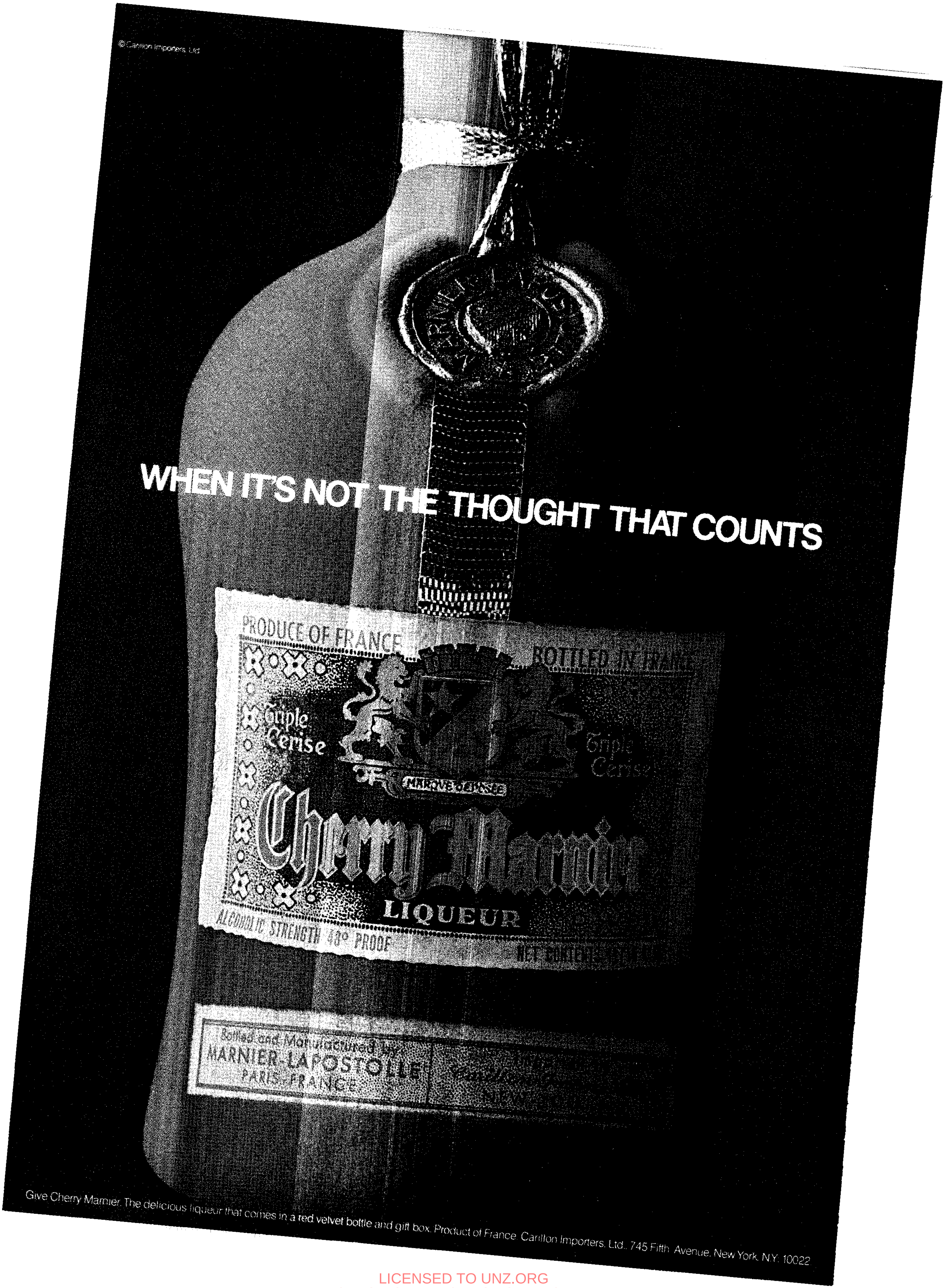
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

frustrated butcher. In French. (Symphony; through Nov. 21.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (Thalia; Nov. 17-19.)

Cabaret—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Elgin; through Nov. 21.)

Chaplin Comedies—All mementos (1918) from the silent past: "Shoulder Arms" and "The Pilgrim," both first-rate, and "A Dog's Life." (Lincoln Art.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Playboy; Nov. 19.)

Chloé in the Afternoon—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a superb lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (68th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Waverly and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 22.)

Closely Watched Trains (1966)—Jiri Menzel's ironic, tragicomic account of how a young man wins an amorous prize and becomes a dead hero. Perhaps because this was Menzel's first film, the sequence in which an assistant stationmaster rubber-stamps a girl telegrapher's buttocks is more easily recalled than the point of the story—which appears to be that the hero is absurdly done in, like his foolish forebears. In Czech. (Thalia; Nov. 20-21.)

Conquest of the Planet of the Apes—The latest and not the greatest in the "Ape" series, with Roddy McDowall, Don Murray, and Natalie Trundy, directed by J. Lee Thompson. (Beacon; through Nov. 21.)

Cul-de-Sac (1966)—A slapstick comedy of horrors about an ugly, bald, whimpering, middle-aged homosexual (Donald Pleasence) whose beautiful young French wife (Françoise Dorléac) dresses him up in her nighties. This strange form of connubial bliss is interrupted by an American gangster (old gravel-voiced Lionel Stander himself). Roman Polanski directed this freak show. (Thalia; Nov. 20-21.)

A Damsel in Distress (1937)—Joan Fontaine is a rich girl loved by Fred Astaire. Set in London. George Gershwin at pretty near his best; debonair songs, dashing stuff, directed by George Stevens. (New Yorker; through Nov. 21.)

Deliverance—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Loews Tower East.)

Destry Rides Again (1939)—Marlene Dietrich's début in horse opera, slyly mocking about Westerns, herself, and what audiences expect of both. With Una Merkel and James Stewart. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 19-21.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (Little Carnegie.)

$—Bank heist in Hamburg, masterminded by Warren Beatty, assisted by Goldie Hawn as a kook hooker. For the first twenty minutes, it's impossible to know what's going on; after that, there are so many camera setups and such noisy, overextended chases that the whole thing becomes hectic and exhausting. Overwritten and overdirected by Richard Brooks. (Olympia; starting Nov. 22.)

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Down Argentine Way (1940)—Twentieth Century-Fox forties-musical camp, so outrageous that it's hard to believe it isn't at least partly intentional—but why would anybody make this picture on purpose? The queen of these excruciating extravaganzas was Alice Faye, but she had become ill, and Betty Grable, a featured player for a decade, got her big chance. Unbelievably, this picture made her a star. With stolid Don Ameche, smiling his pained, hard-working smile, just as he always had for Alice; Charlotte Greenwood, the high-kicker who had seen better days before she started playing chaperones; and Carmen Miranda, the "Brazilian Bombshell," in her manic début. When she stands on her nine-inch heels and sings "Mama Yo Quiero," she is so frenetically irresistible that there's no use trying to fight it, though some people have been hiding under seats for more than thirty years. Irving Cummings directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Nov. 18.)

Dumbo (1941)—A full-length Walt Disney cartoon. Small children react with terror when Dumbo's mother is forcibly separated from him. (Guild.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Art; through Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Thalia; Nov. 17-19.)

The Emigrants—Jan Troell's broad-backed nature epic on the mid-nineteenth-century Swedish emigration to this country. A bursting, resonant film; Troell's achievement is prodigious. With Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow. In Swedish. (Sutton.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Juliet 1 and Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Gramercy and Greenwich; through Nov. 16.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others) and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Quad Cinema 2; through Nov. 21. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse; starting Nov. 22.)

Farewell Uncle Tom—Race relations in the United States in "Mondo Cane" style, by Gualtiero Jacopetti and Franco Prosperi. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Nov. 16.)

Fellini's Roma—We've all been tourists before in Fellini's big-top city, so once again we look at the Fellini whores and fatties and say "Aren't they incredible? So gross, so ugly, so lewd," etc. Fellini is the only star in this ornate sketchbook-movie, with familiar episodes from his youth, and modern episodes in which urban chaos is used as spectacle, sometimes for a semi-abstract effect, sometimes for a psychedelic turn-on. This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Ziegfeld.)

La Femme Infidèle (1969)—Claude Chabrol's quiet and elegant thriller about the hidden violence of overcivilized people. Conventional, but very well made. In French. (Art; Nov. 19-21.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Wednesdays at 8, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Thanksgiving at 8:45. Matinées Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 1:30, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Thanksgiving Day at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Four Nights of a Dreamer—Directed by Robert Bresson. In French. (Art; starting Nov. 22.)

Frenzy—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch on his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt). Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition. (U. A. East; through Nov. 16.)

Friends (1971)—Daft idyll of a youth-worshipping time. It's about a middle-teen-age couple on the loose in France who have a baby without a doctor or midwife. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Quad Cinema 4; through Nov. 21.)

Funny Girl (1968)—A bravura performance by Barbra Streisand. As Fanny Brice, she has the wittiest comic inflections since the comediennes of the thirties; she makes written dialogue sound like inspired improvisation. As the shady gambler Nicky Arnstein, phlegmatic Omar Sharif appears to be some sort of visiting royalty, with a pained professional smile to put the common people at their ease. But Streisand's triumphant talent rides right over the film's weaknesses. William Wyler directed, with musical sequences staged by Herbert Ross. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 21.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Quad Cinema 4 and Olympia; through Nov. 21.)

The Godfather—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Paramount.)

The Great Waltz—With Horst Buchholz playing Johann Strauss. Directed by Andrew L. Stone. (86th St. East. Mondays through Wednesdays at 8:30, Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45, and Sundays and Thanksgiving at 6 and 9. Matinées daily at 2.)

The Green Wall—This would probably be the first Peruvian film you ever saw, and it would even more probably be the last. In Spanish. (Quad Cinema 1; through Nov. 21.)

The King of Marvin Gardens—Indecipherable dark nonsense about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. An unqualified disaster, though Ellen Burstyn tries,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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valiantly, and so does Bruce Dern. Jack Nicholson is dim and ploddingly self-serious. Directed by Bob Rafelson, from a script by Jacob Brackman. (Columbia I.)

Klute (1971)—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Quad Cinema 3; through Nov. 21.)

Lady Sings the Blues—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over from her first comic scenes. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays "Piano Man." (Loews Orpheum.)

The Last Movie (1971)—Dennis Hopper directed this put-on, knockabout tragedy, in which he stars as a stunt man with an American film company in Peru who becomes a Christ figure when the natives imitate filmmaking. The movie grinds to a painful halt right at the start; it is visually beautiful, but the editing is so self-destructive that it's as if Hopper had slashed his own canvases. (Elgin; starting Nov. 22.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—Neil Simon's conventional sex comedy about a fundamentally faithful Jewish husband who suffers from the traditional show-biz-comedy male dither about sex and tries unsuccessfully to seduce three comic prototypes in his mother's purloined apartment before she gets back from work. Febrile stuff with traditional laughs. With Alan Arkin, directed by Gene Saks. Based on the Simon Broadway play. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Beacon; starting Nov. 22.)

The Legend of Lobo (1962)—A full-length Walt Disney film. (Guild.)

The Loves of Isadora (1969)—Isadora Duncan played by Vanessa Redgrave, dancing and acting with dazzling romantic range and a witty dash of bile. Karel Reisz's film is one of the very few movie biographies that possess intelligence about an innovator's great talent, and a structure that is ruled by character-sense instead of clodhopping chronology. It was wonderfully designed by Jocelyn Herbert and horribly cut around by Universal Pictures, which unwisely overrode Reisz's judgment. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 21.)

The Man—James Earl Jones plays a pained-looking black who gets unexpectedly jumped up into the White House when the President and his high-ranking entourage are killed by a crumbling building in Europe and the Vice-President decides to keep to his wheelchair. The James Earl Jones character flounders helplessly as a caretaker President who needs to be needed and who can't get on with these hardhearted politicians. Directed by Joseph Sargent from the Irving Wallace book; story and screenplay, both dire, by Rod Serling. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Beacon; starting Nov. 22.)

The Mechanic—With Charles Bronson and Jan Michael Vincent, directed by Michael Winner. (Gramercy and U. A. East; starting Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Greenwich; starting Nov. 17, tentative.)

Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent musical-comedy adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien as Tootie, whose Halloween adventure is the high point of the movie. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 22.)

Moby Dick (1956)—Gregory Peck—the least demonic of leading men—was a most unfortunate choice for Ahab; Richard Basehart's Ishmael and Orson Welles' Father Mapple provide some compensations. At times, John Huston's direction seems surprisingly perfunctory for a task of such magnitude, but even an erratic version of "Moby Dick" is more exciting than most movies. (Thalia; Nov. 22-23.)

Lola Montès (1955)—Max Orphuls' command of baroque style and of comic detail transforms the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus-trapeze artist—a story fairly trite in itself—into a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carroll, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French, and in its full form. (Playboy; through Nov. 16.)

The New Centurions—The policeman as Dr. Kildare. Directed by Richard Fleischer and written by Stirling Silliphant, and acted better than it deserves by George C. Scott and Stacy Keach. (Olympia; starting Nov. 22.)

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich (1971)—Casper Wrede, a Finn living in England, made this careful depiction of a great text by Solzhenitsyn. Siberian labor camp: the squeak of feet on snow, boiled grass to eat, snatches of talk between intelligent men put to futile jobs. Tom Courtenay plays Ivan, obdurate, skeptical. Like much work from great Russian literature, the film is less about a character than about a state of soul—about a state of surviving by saying no. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 21.)

Orpheus (1949)—Jean Marais as the poet who needs to renew himself, in Jean Cocteau's masterpiece—the most magical of all modern films. With Maria Casarès, François Périer, Marie Déa, Edouard Dermithe, and Juliette Greco. In French. (Playboy; Nov. 17-18.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Nov. 22.)

Play It As It Lays—About empty lives, acute anguish, Hollywood and Hell. Tuesday Weld wanders around numbly, looking like a great pumpkin-headed doll, as Joan Didion's hurting waif-heroine. (She's discovered the nothingness of life.) The movie is bound to be a touchstone, like the book: people have different levels of tolerance for stories celebrating soulless high life, and catatonic alienation has never been more poshly narcissistic than in this one. Frank Perry directed; it's visually handsome but a peculiarly passive viewing experience. With Tony Perkins, Tammy Grimes, Adam Roarke, and Ruth Ford. (Beekman.)

Pygmalion (1938)—First-rate romantic comedy, and certainly the best G.B.S. picture ever done. Wendy Hiller made her triumphant film début as Eliza, and Leslie Howard is in great form as that fatuous snob Higgins. With Wilfrid Lawson as Doolittle, and Marie Lohr as Mrs. Higgins. Shaw supervised, Gabriel Pascal produced, Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard directed, David Lean edited, Arthur Honegger did the score, and Harry Stradling shot it. (Murray Hill; through Nov. 16.)

Rage—Directed by, and with, George C. Scott. (Loews 83rd St.; starting Nov. 22.)

Rain (1932)—You don't have to be a great actress to play Sadie Thompson; you don't even have to be an actress—practically any transvestite could do it. But Joan Crawford took the role *seriously;* she really works at it—eyes flashing, scar-mouth twisting. Every nuance feels like an earthquake. Lewis Milestone is the director; Walter Huston is the Reverend. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 22.)

The Red Mantle (1968)—With Gunnar Björnstrand and Eva Dahlbeck, directed by Gabriel Axel. (Trans-Lux East.)

Richard III (1956)—Laurence Olivier makes Shakespeare's "son of hell" such a magnetic, chilling, amusing monster that the villainy arouses an almost immoral delight. As director and star, Olivier succeeds with the soliloquies as neither he nor anyone else had done on film before; they're intimate, yet brazen. If the film were all malevolent, crookback Richard, it would be a marvel; unfortunately, he was plagued with quantities of associates and relations, and even impersonated by Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Cedric Hardwicke, etc., they're a dull lot. The William Walton score is unimaginative, and the Book-of-Hours camera setups decompose into common calendar art. But none of this matters very much when you can watch Olivier's lewd courtship of Claire Bloom and hear the inflections he gives lines like "I am not in the giving vein today." He must be the wittiest actor who ever lived. (Murray Hill; starting Nov. 17.)

Rio Rita (1942)—For masochists. They get the works in this one: Kathryn Grayson shrilling her songs from that quivering heart-shaped mouth, John Carroll acting virile, and Abbott and Costello acting funny. S. Sylvan Simon directed this pitiful version of a good old musical show. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 19-21.)

Rouge et Noir (1954)—Stendhal's spirit doesn't quite come through; the ironic romanticism lacks dash, despite Claude Autant-Lara's fidelity and taste. Gérard Philipe is the proud opportunist Julien Sorel—analytic and calculating in his priestly cassock. Also with Danielle Darrieux as Madame de Rênal, and Antonella Lualdi as Mathilde de la Mole. The soft, pretty color is more delicate than seems right for Stendhal. In French. (Playboy; Nov. 20-21.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece: a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and masters begin to chase and shoot each other. Perhaps the most influential of all French films and one of the most richly entertaining. In French. (Playboy; through Nov. 16.)

The Ruling Class—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Cinema I.)

La Salamandre—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner from a script that he wrote in collaboration with a dialectically energizing English art critic and novelist named John Berger. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier), a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau), and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). The film is full of intellect and gay clarity. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Nov. 21.)

Savage Messiah—With Dorothy Tutin and Scott Antony, directed by Ken Russell. (Coronet.)

A Separate Peace—John Knowles' prep-school novel hasn't been dramatized; the director, Larry Peerce, seems to think conversations in lyrical places are all that's needed to make a movie. It's all chatter. The nonprofessional cast acts "natural" enough, but there's no depth of character to this kind of acting, and no excitement. John Heyl, who plays Fearless Finny, bears an amusing resemblance to Burt Lancaster. (Cinema II.)

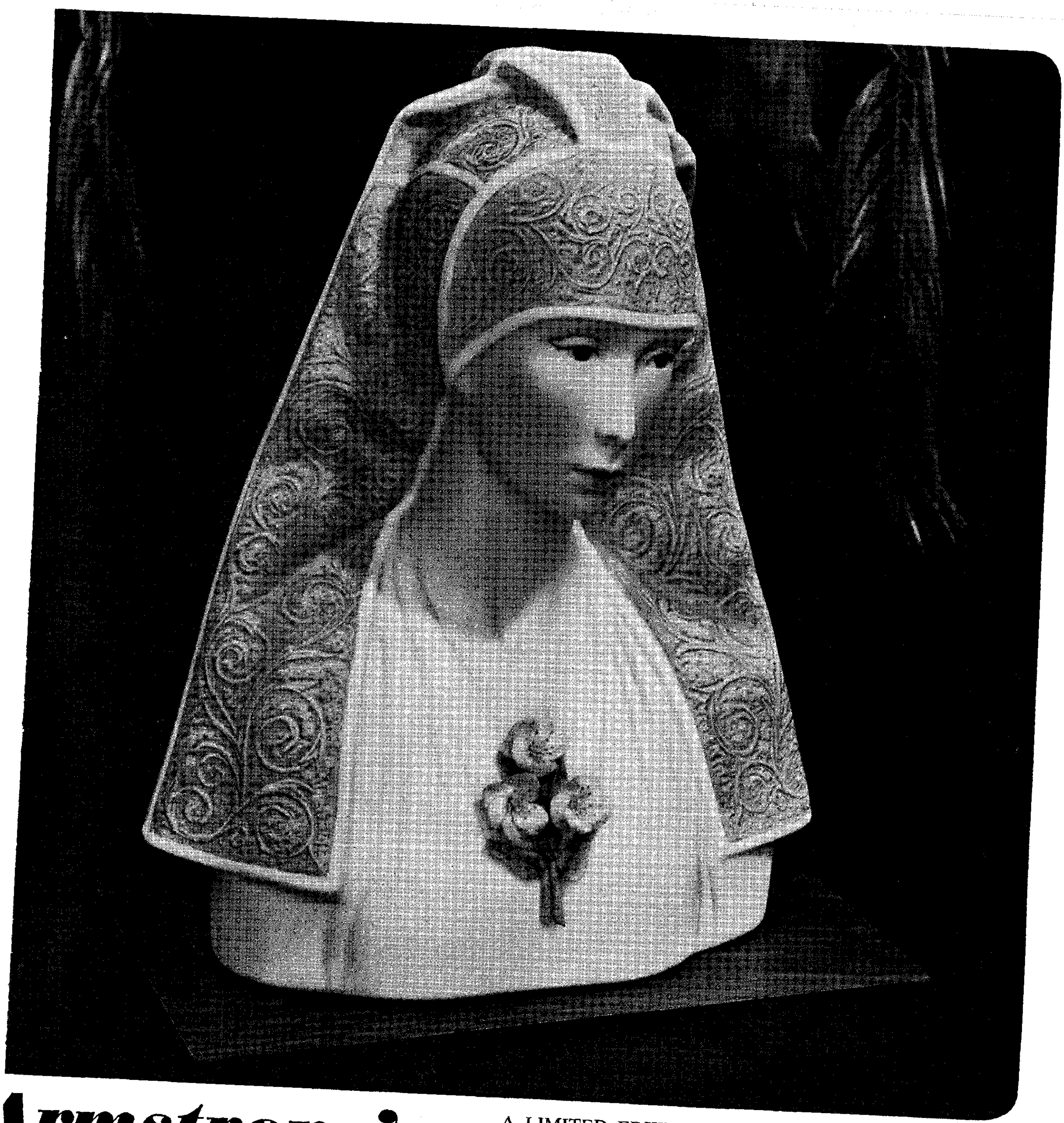
1776—A musical about the signing of the Declaration of Independence, with William Daniels as John Adams, Howard Da Silva as Ben Franklin, and Ken Howard as Thomas Jefferson. Directed by Peter Hunt. (Music Hall.)

Simon of the Desert (1965)—A saint (Claudio Brook) is tempted by the Devil in the guise of a woman (Silvia Pinal); he falls, of course, in Luis Buñuel's short, witty divertissement on the foolishness of saintliness. In Spanish. (Quad Cinema 1; through Nov. 21.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 22.)

The Sorrow and the Pity—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Sounder—Extraordinarily simple, yet deeply,



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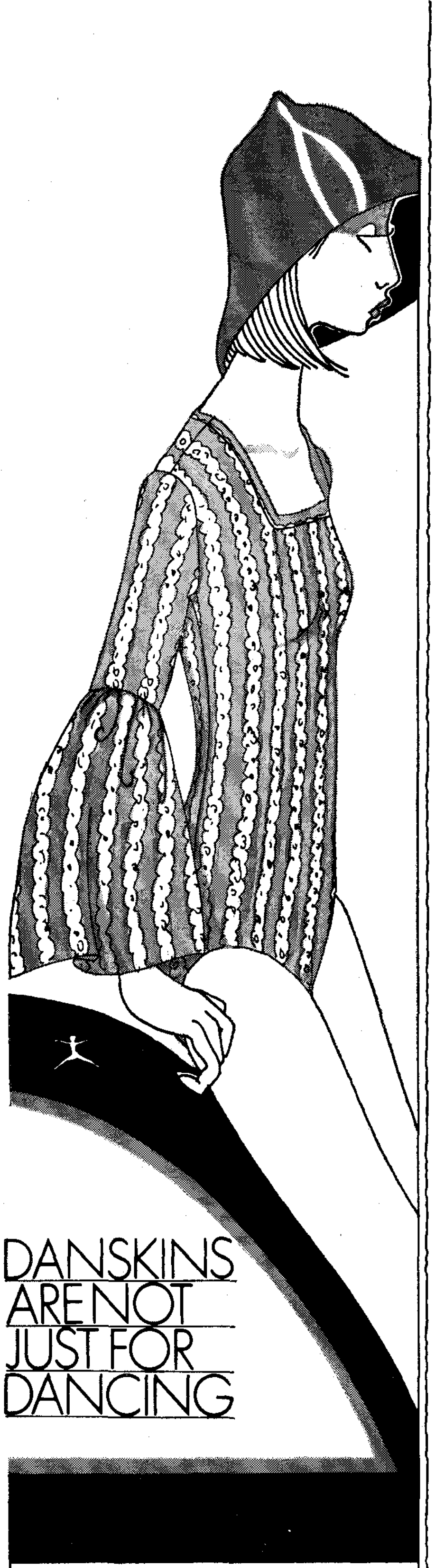

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emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (Plaza.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Olympia; through Nov. 21.)

Summer of '42 (1971)—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Quad Cinema 3; through Nov. 21.)

Summertree (1971)—With Michael Douglas and Jack Warden, directed by Anthony Newley. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 21.)

Superfly—Gaudy black exploitation film with explicit racism and some that's implicit (the hero deals in cocaine, which is supposed to be O.K., since most users here are white). Partly slick, partly amateurish. With Ron O'Neal and Carl Lee, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (Festival.)

Taking Off (1971)—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Fireman's Ball," works for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding that both sides in the generation war are old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors carried out with a hermetic intentness and ardor possible only in a lucky, uninvaded country. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Nov. 22.)

That Night in Rio (1941)—Alice Faye could dance and she had a lush contralto voice (no lover of movie musicals will forget her "This Year's Kisses" in "On the Avenue"), but this low-camp musical is one of her co-starring jobs with Don Ameche, the zero that sings, in a double role. That's twice nothing. Carmen Miranda—it would be a euphemism to describe her as volatile—sings "I Yi Yi Yi Yi Like You Very Much." Irving Cummings directed. The movie was remade ten years later as the Danny Kaye vehicle "On the Riviera;" those with really long memories may recall that it was done for the first time back in 1935 as a Maurice Chevalier-Merle Oberon musical called "Folies-Bergère." Of the three versions, "That Night in Rio" takes the booby prize. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Nov. 18.)

They Only Kill Their Masters—With James Garner and Katharine Ross, directed by James Goldstone. (Riverside; starting Nov. 22.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—G.W. Pabst made this somewhat phlegmatic version of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill opera. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (Elgin; through Nov. 21.)

THX 1138 (1971)—A psychedelic view of the horrors of the computerized twenty-fifth century. The compulsorily drugged characters are shaven-headed, wear white, and are photographed against white; the effect is both gloomy and blinding. Maggie McOmie and anxious-eyed Robert Duvall are the lovers; Donald Pleasence is the nasty, as usual. Some talent but too much "art." Movie addicts may enjoy ticking up the homages or steals—Cocteau's "Orpheus," Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc," and so on. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Nov. 22.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Directed by Howard Hawks, with a general jokey love of honky-tonk. Courtship sparring between Humphrey Bogart at his most proficient and a then newcomer called Lauren Bacall, dusky-voiced and nervy, all mock toughness. Loosely based on Hemingway, about Bogart tangled up in Vichy violence in the West Indies. (New Yorker; through Nov. 21.)

El Topo (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—as head comics. (Elgin; starting Nov. 22.)

The Touch (1971)—A Bergman film from a great period, like "Persona" and "The Passion of Anna." The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple, played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. The film is the best about kinds of love that Bergman has ever made—exact and very touching. (Waverly; through Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Symphony; starting Nov. 22.)

The Trojan Women (1971)—Despite the makeshift style of the film, the great play catches one by the throat, and by the most legitimate of all means—its simplicity. With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (St. Marks Cinema and Symphony; through Nov. 21.)

Trouble Man—With Robert Hooks and Paul Winfield, directed by Ivan Dixon. (Juliet 2.)

The Twelve Chairs—Directed by Leonid Gaidai. In Russian. (Regency.)

Two English Girls—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (Fine Arts.)

Ulzana's Raid—With Burt Lancaster and Bruce Davison, directed by Robert Aldrich. (Riviera.)

The Valachi Papers—With Charles Bronson and Lino Ventura, directed by Terence Young. (34th St. East and Loews Ciné.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy (1970)—Maurice Denham is an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns; he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). Christopher Miles' movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to D. H. Lawrence. (Thalia; through Nov. 16.)

Wednesday's Child—Valuable as an attack on the use of shock treatment and drugs in the care of disturbed people, but somewhat simplistic in its brief for R. D. Laing's methods of treatment. Ken Loach directed this *cinéma-vérité*-style English movie, which centers on a girl (Sandy Ratcliff) crushed by her rigid family and falling apart because of her regimented existence. David Mercer wrote the script. (8th St. Playhouse.)

When the Legends Die—With Richard Widmark, directed by Stuart Millar. (Beacon; through Nov. 21.)

Where Does It Hurt?—With Peter Sellers and Jo Ann Pflug, directed by Rod Amateau. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Nov. 21.)

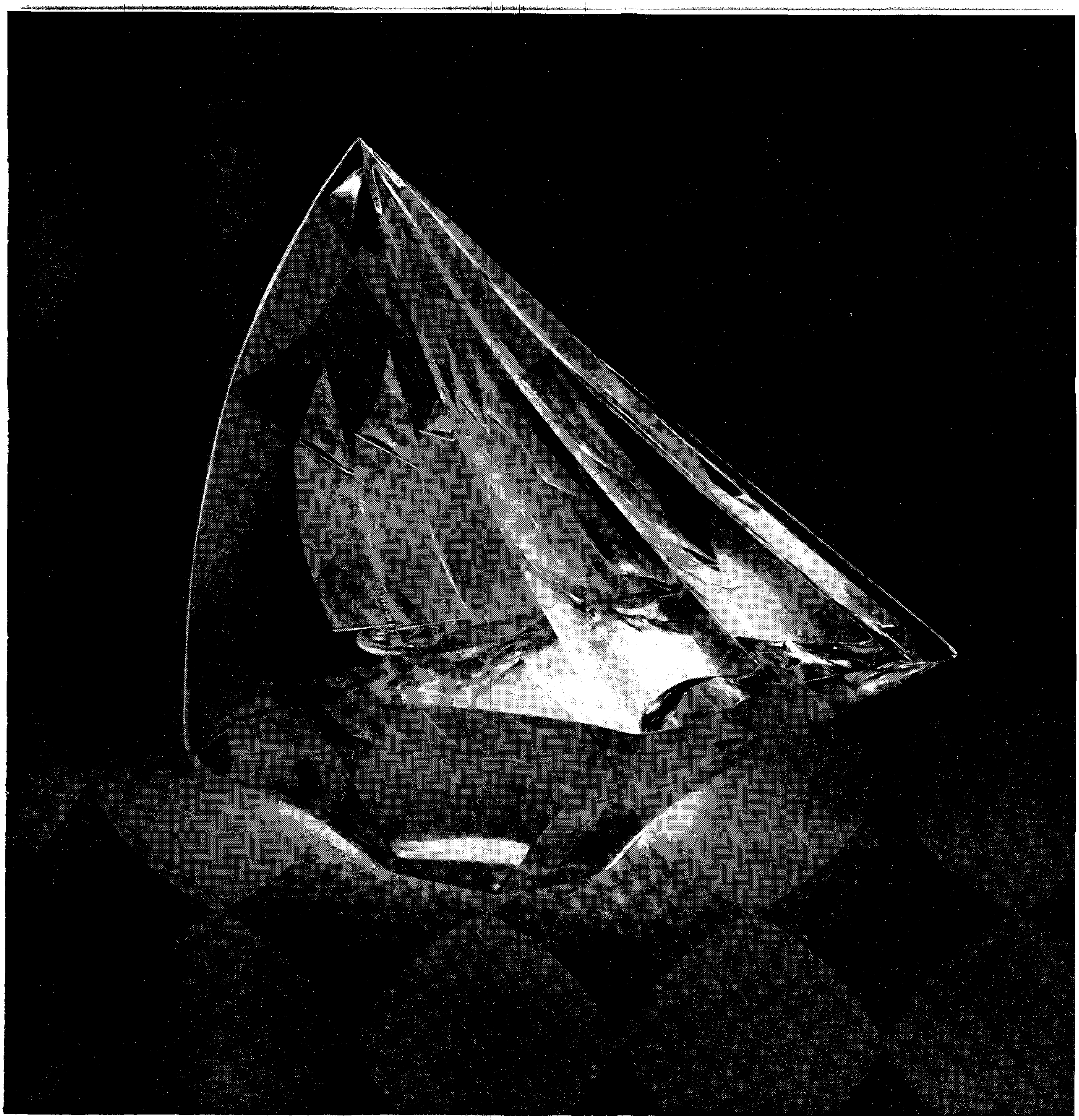
Why—With Alberto Sordi, directed by Nanni Loy. In Italian. (Paris.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Thalia; through Nov. 16.)

You'll Like My Mother—With Patty Duke, Richard Thomas, and Rosemary Murphy, directed by Lamont Johnson. (U. A. East; through Nov. 16.)

Young Winston—Enjoyable junk: a few parts pop psychiatry, a few parts adventure, a few parts politics, and a dash of family scandal. Simon Ward is fine-boned and beautiful, and his intelligent impersonation of Churchill from ages seventeen to twenty-six is fun to watch; Anne Bancroft's eye-popping, haughty Jennie Jerome is the stuff of parody. Richard Attenborough directed, from Carl Foreman's adaptation of Churchill's "My Early Life." (Columbia II. Weekdays at 2:30, 7:30, and 10:30, and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Z (1969)—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras's extraordinary thriller is based on recent Greek history. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Art; Nov. 19-21.)



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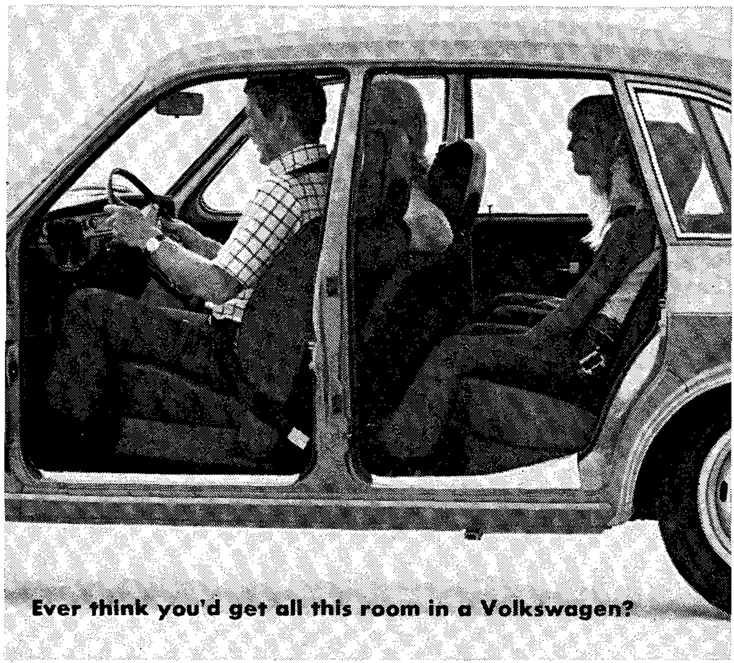
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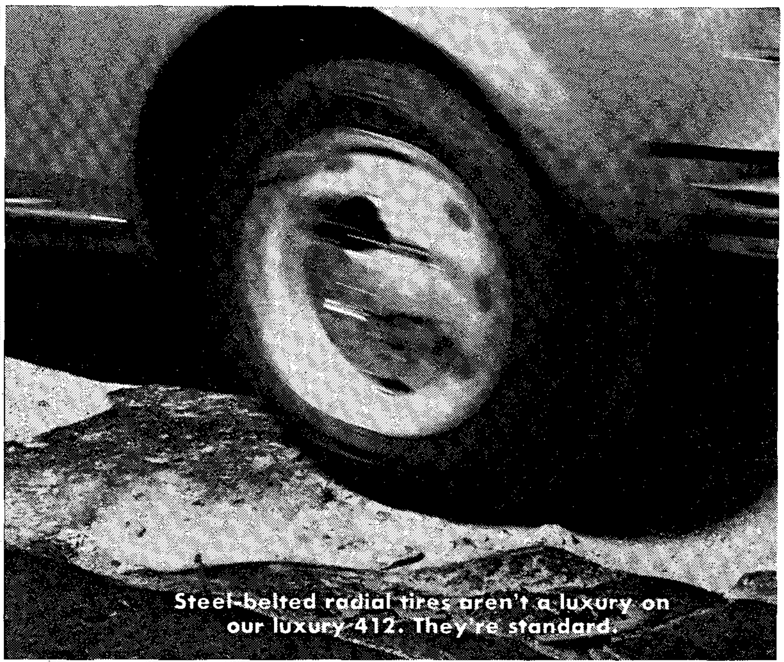
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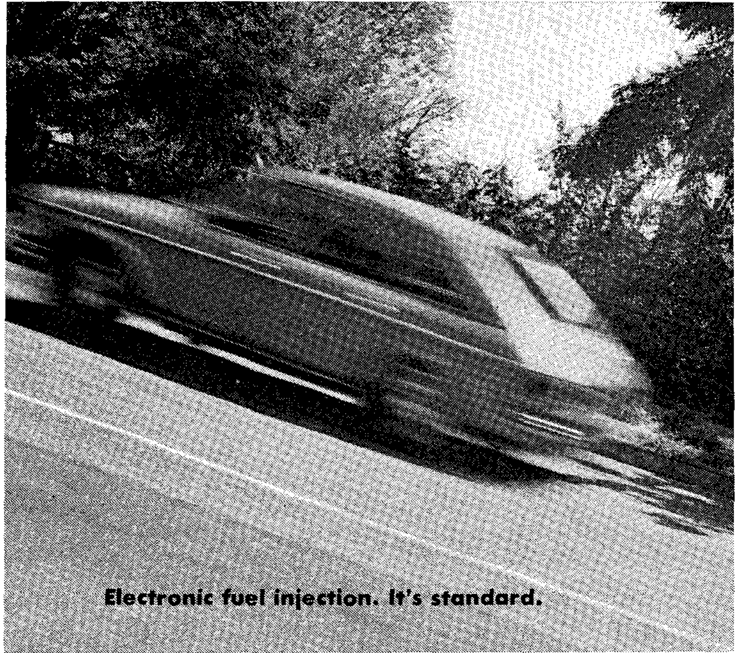
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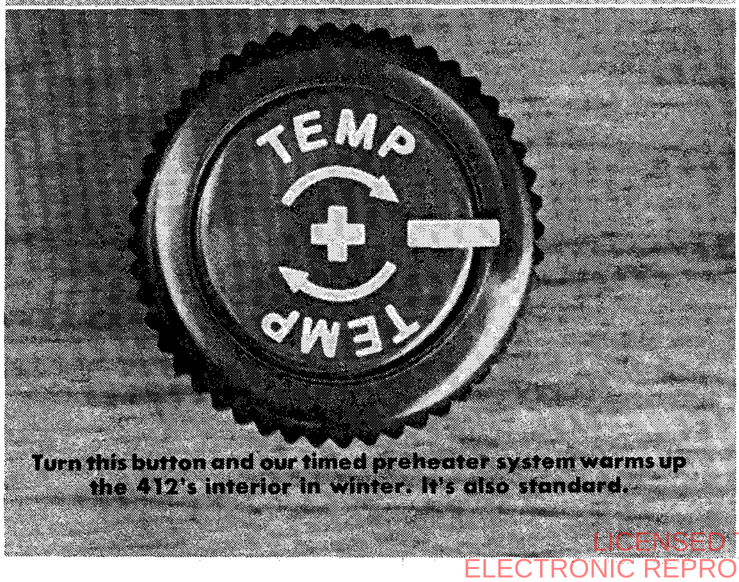

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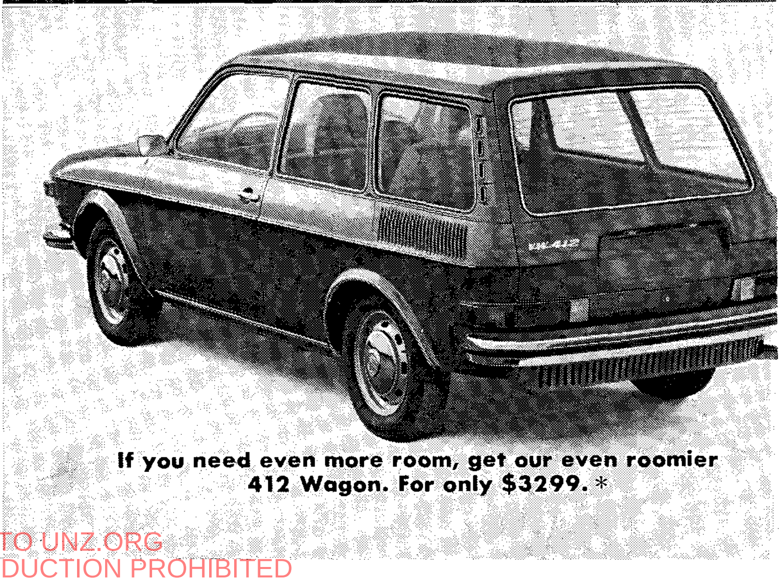

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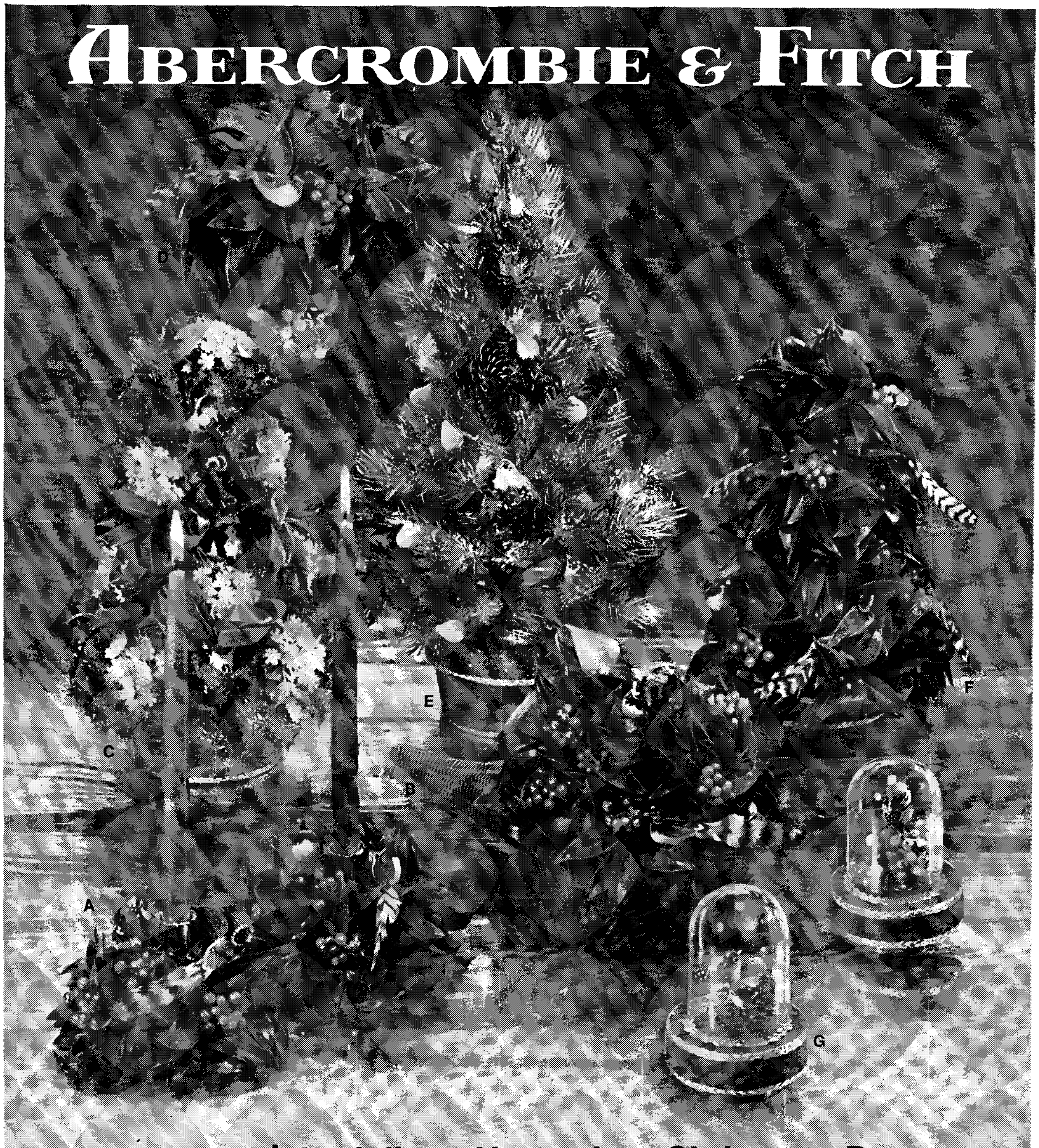

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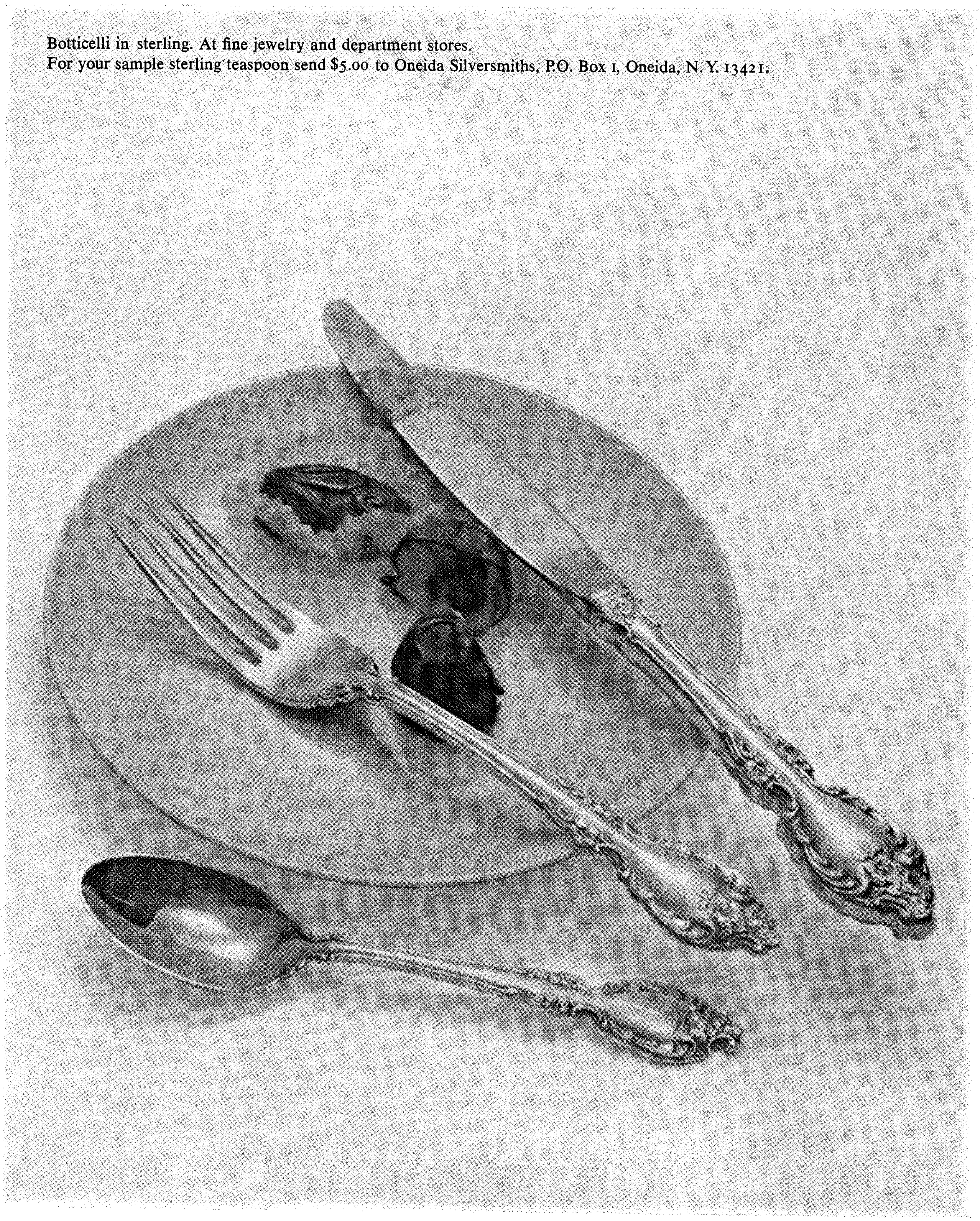

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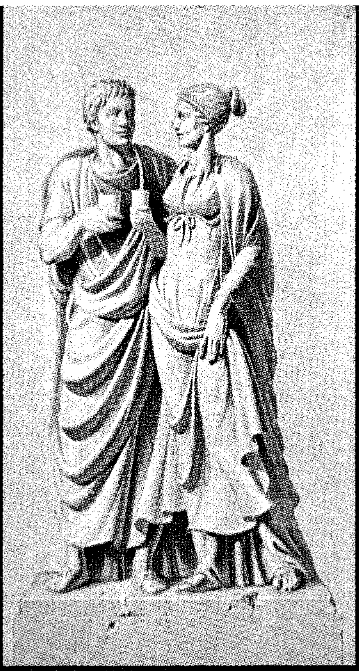

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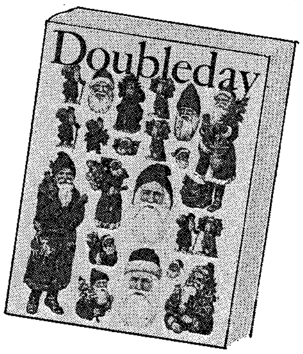

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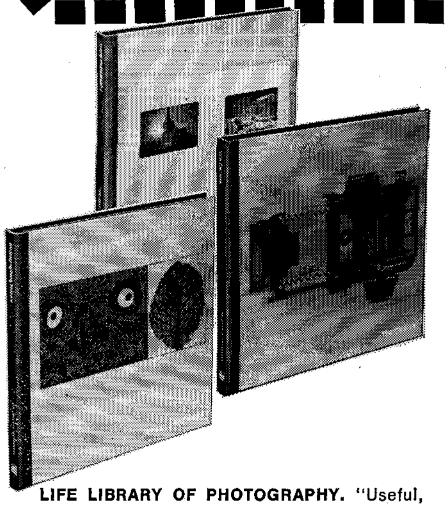

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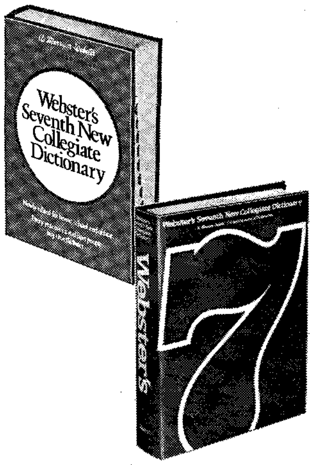
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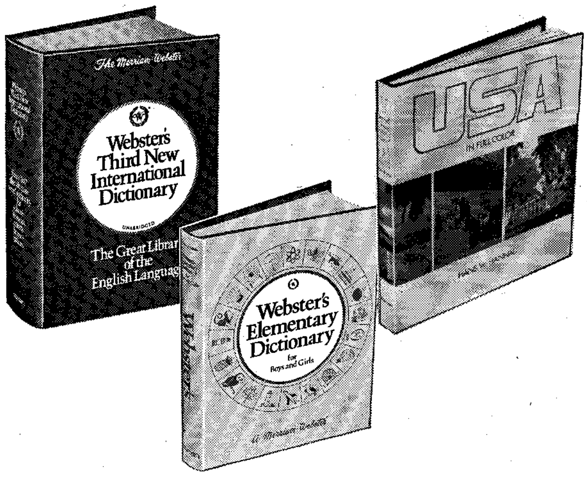
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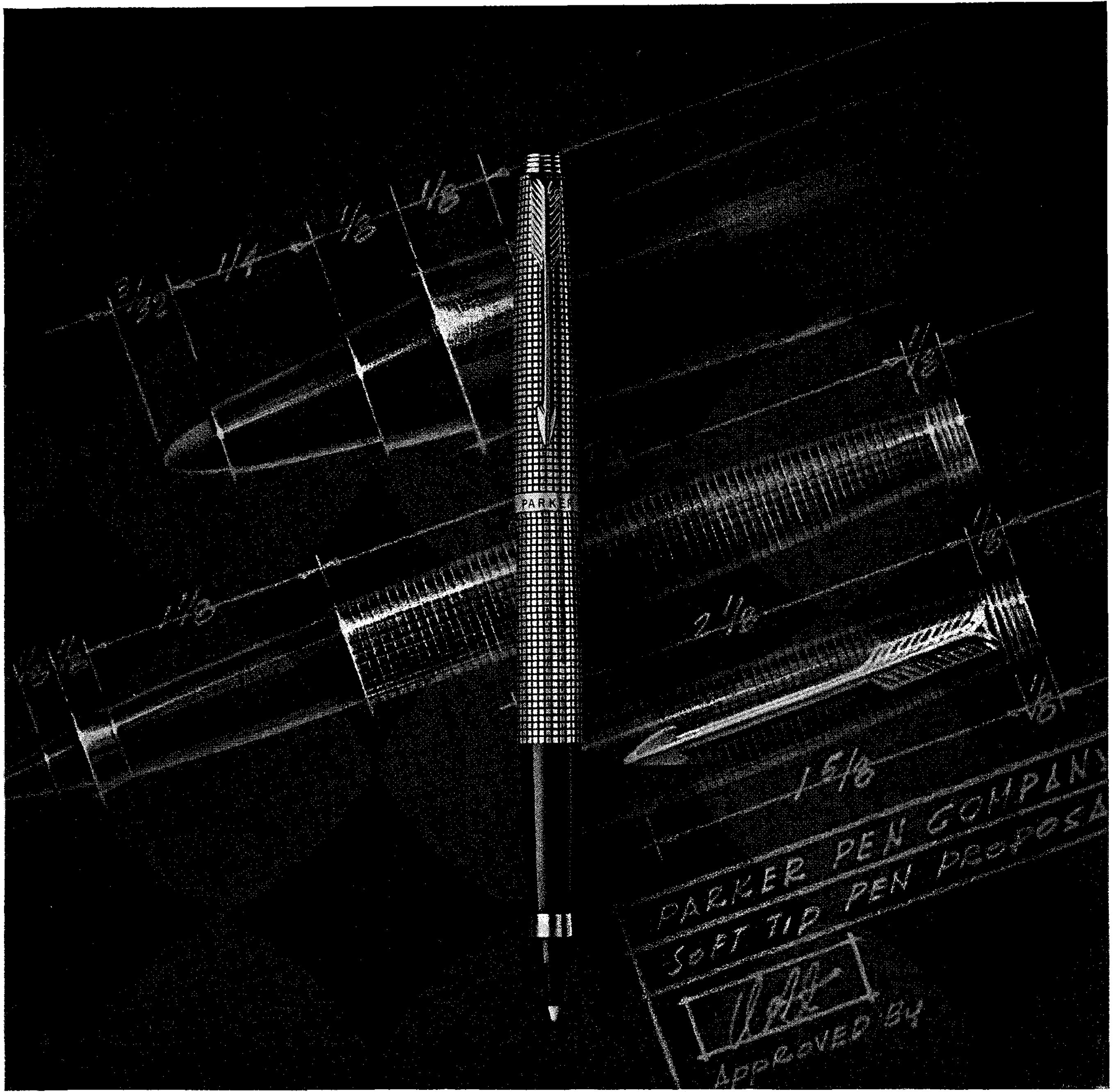

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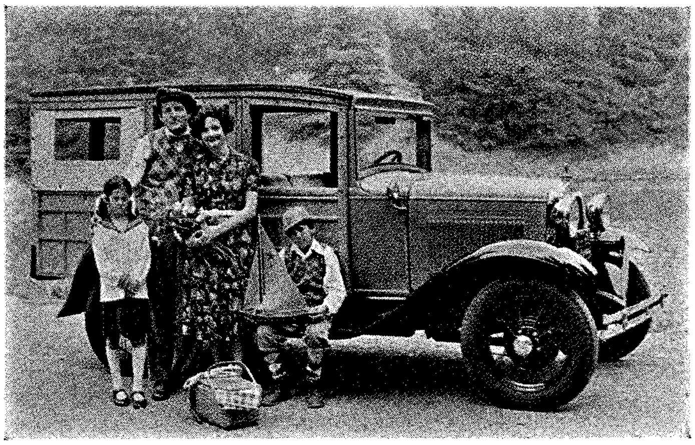

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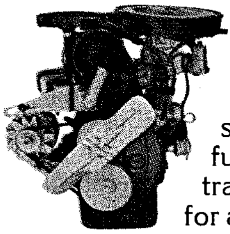

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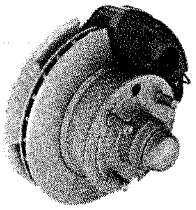

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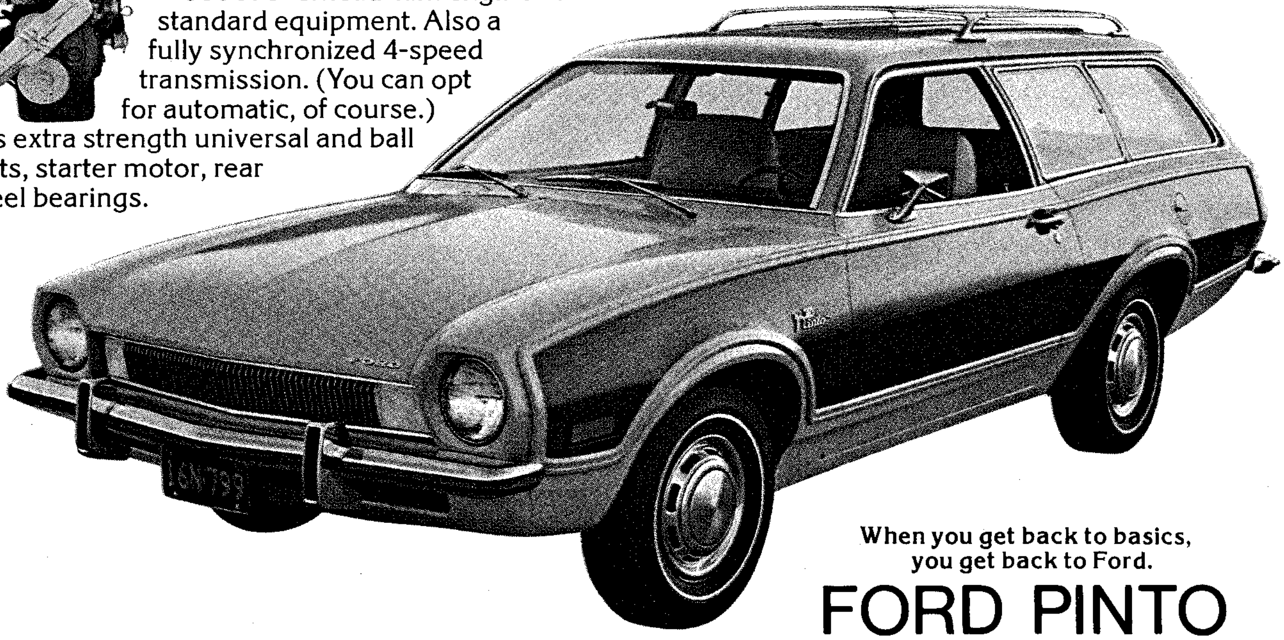

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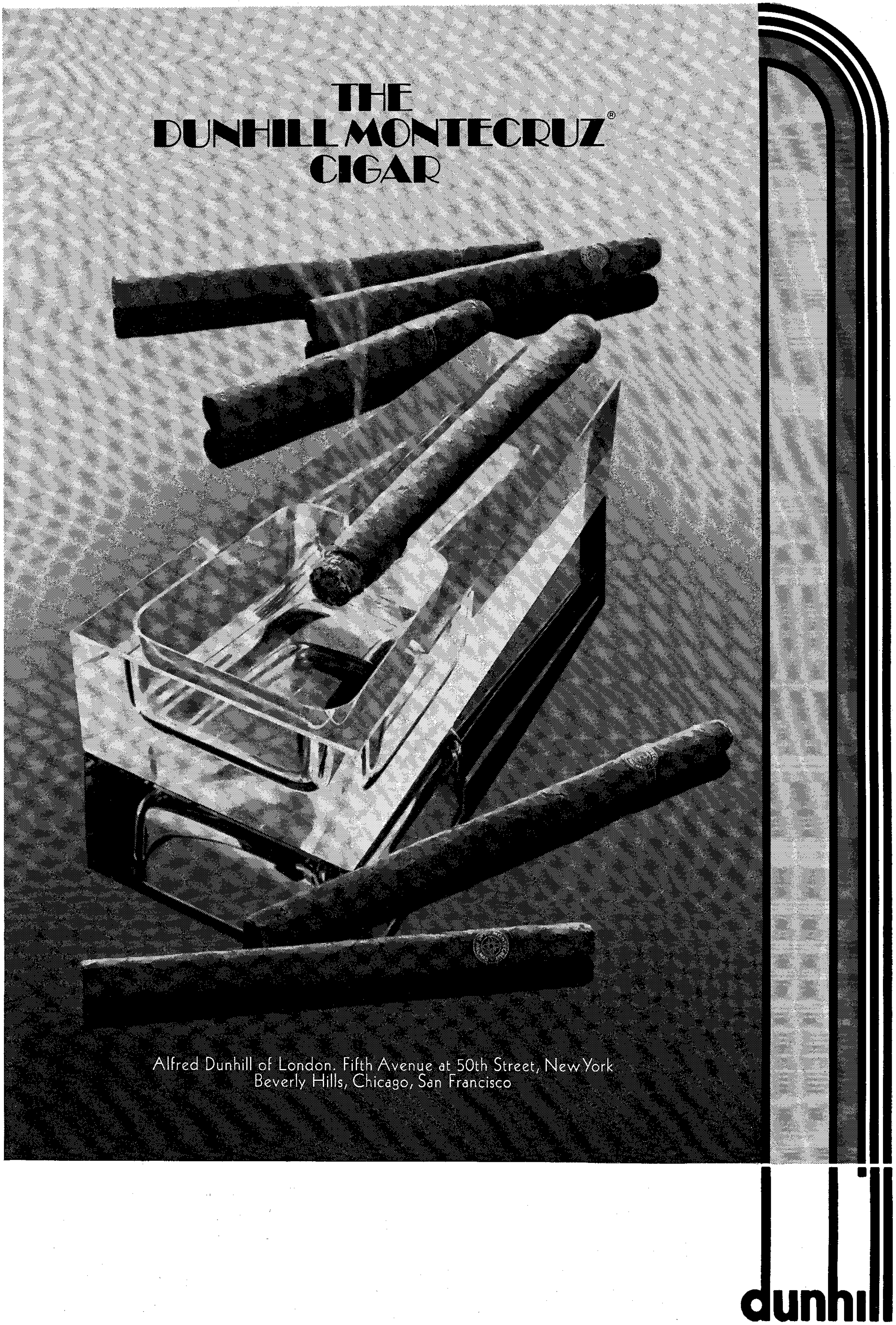
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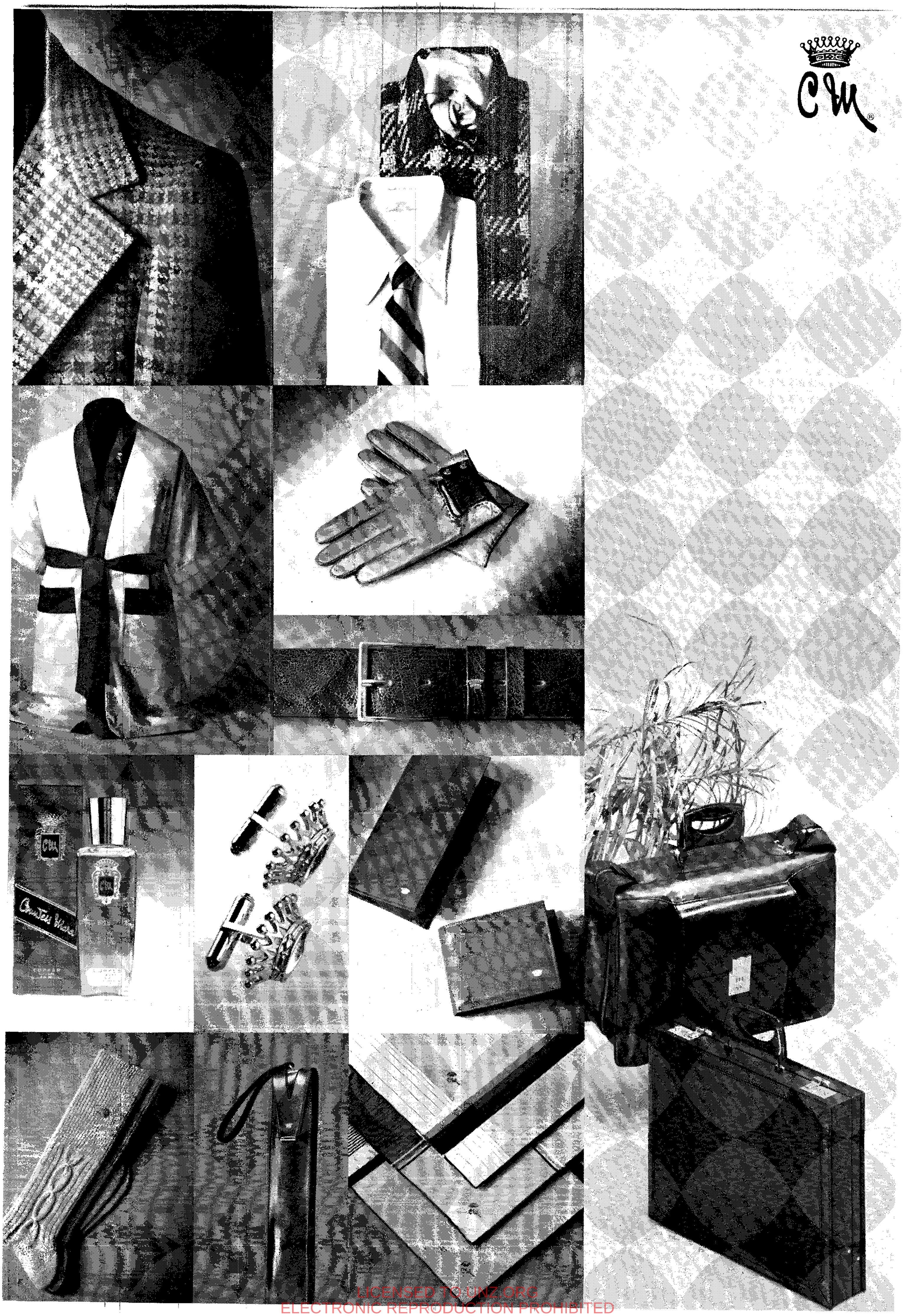
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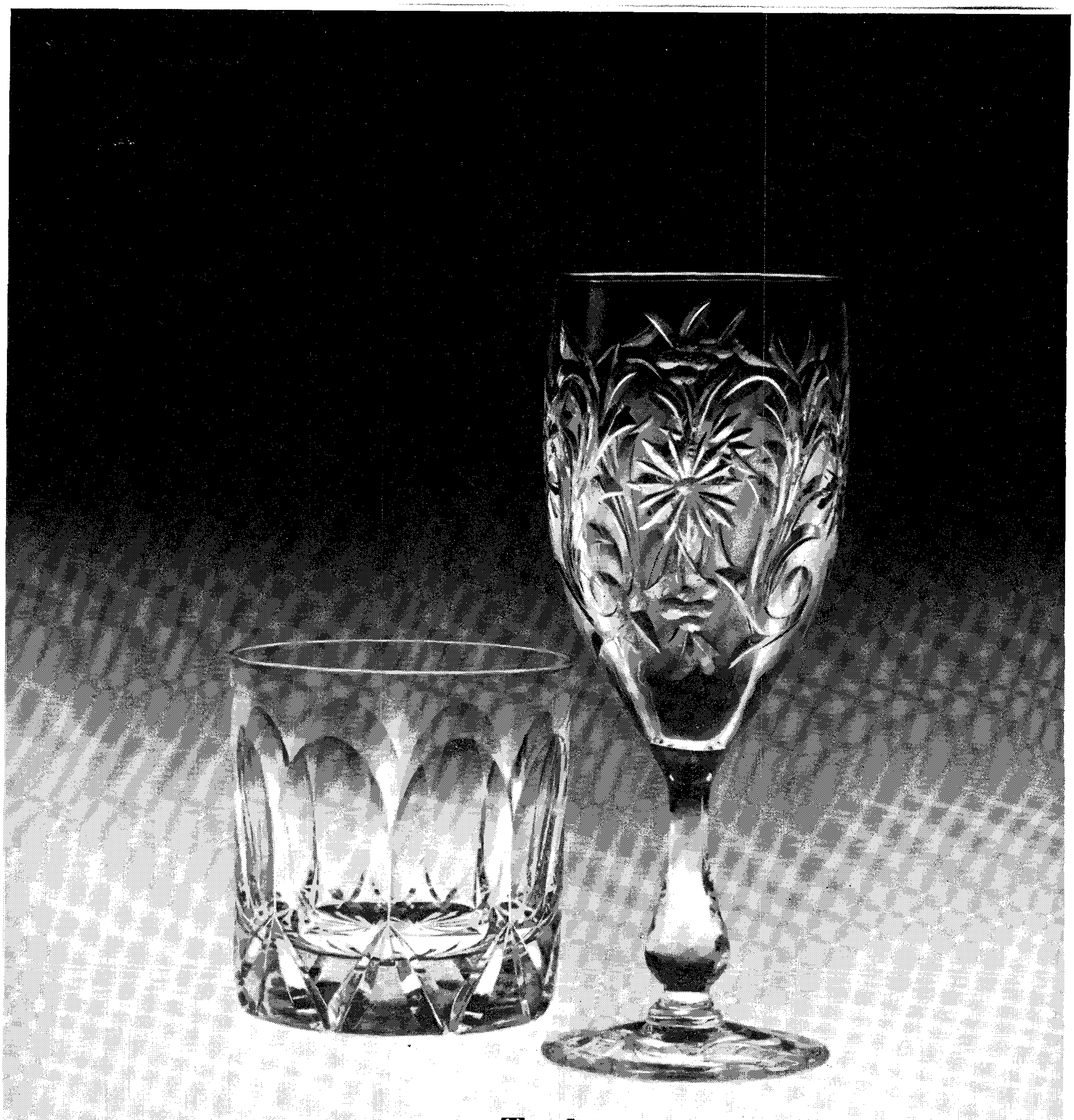

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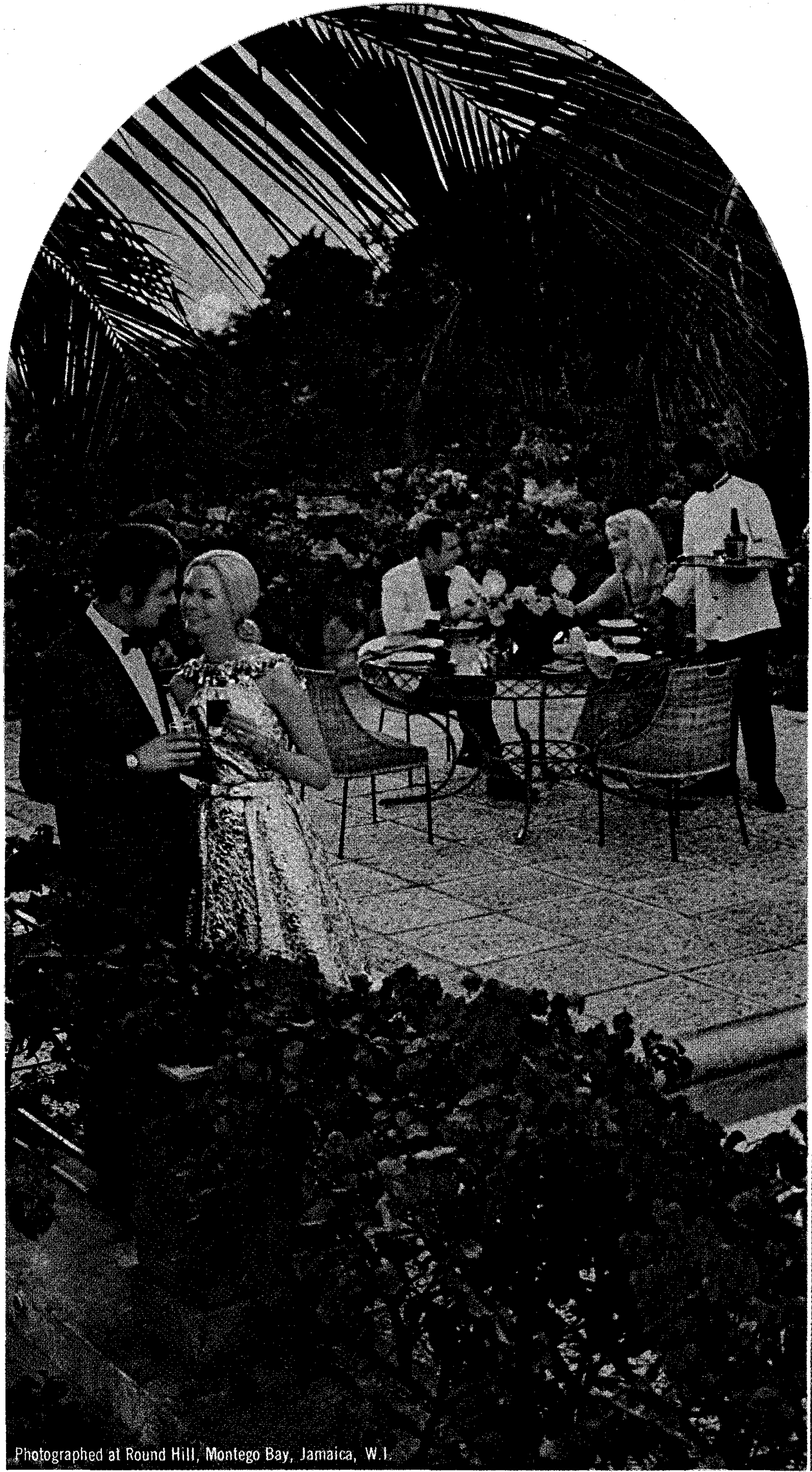

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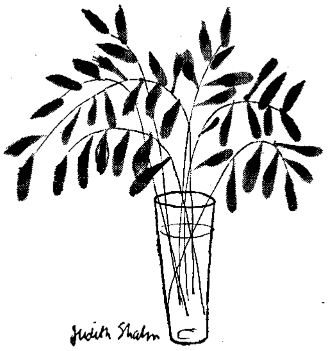
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

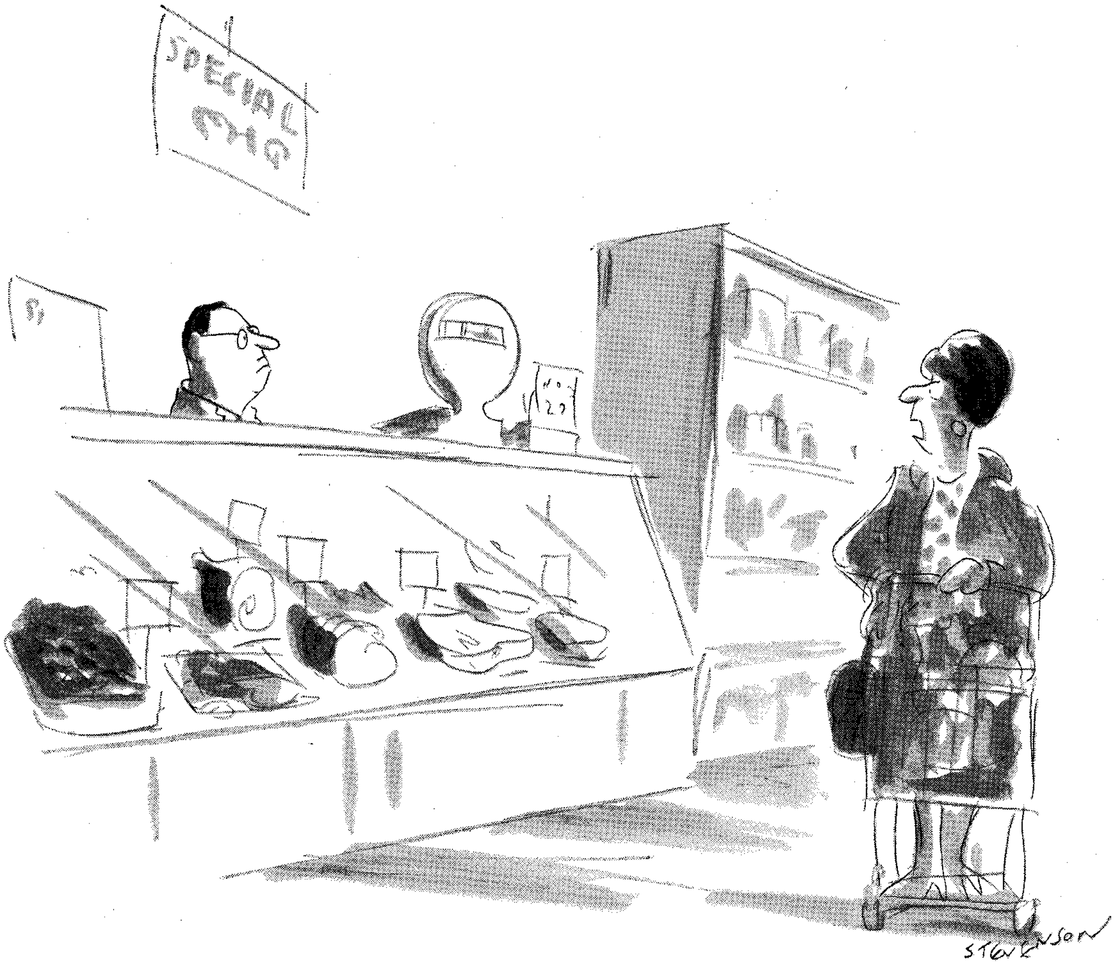
"LIBERTY," Learned Hand once remarked, "lies in the hearts of men and women; when it dies there, no constitution, no law, no court can save it; no constitution, no law, no court can even do much to help it. . . . The spirit of liberty is the spirit which is not too sure that it is right; the spirit of liberty is the spirit which seeks to understand the minds of other men and women; the spirit of liberty is the spirit which weighs their interests alongside its own without bias; the spirit of liberty remembers that not even a sparrow falls to earth unheeded." We came across these words, and many more of equal worth, when we visited the Harvard Law School Library one day recently to take a look at the Learned Hand Centennial Exhibit—books, papers, photographs, decisions, and memorabilia honoring the great jurist, who spent an unprecedented fifty-two years on the federal bench (thirty-seven years on the United States Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit, twelve of them as its Chief Judge), who wrote some three thousand opinions, covering all phases of the law, and who was generally acknowledged at his death, in 1961, to be the most eminent English-speaking jurist on earth. We came away refreshed, as though we had spent the day along the banks of some clear, cold mountain stream.

We found the curator of manuscripts and archives, Mrs. Erika Chadbourn, behind the high-ceilinged, heavily columned library proper, in an incunabula-lined chamber known as the Treasure Room. The exhibit was spread through both the Treasure Room and the Main Reading Room, which are on the top floor of Langdell Hall, in Cambridge. Mrs. Chadbourn, who is shy and soft-spoken, is the wife of a Harvard Law School professor of evidence and civil procedure. She said that she had become much attached to the Judge, and felt very close to him, although she had never met him. While she was preparing the exhibit, she and her husband had visited the old Hand family place, in Elizabethtown, New York; the area of his summer home, in Cornish, New Hampshire; and his chambers and courtroom, on Foley Square, in New York. She felt indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Norris Darrell, the Judge's son-in-law and daughter, who, among many others, had made important material available for the exhibit. "This color photograph is especially moving," Mrs. Chadbourn told us, taking us over to a case that housed a profile view of the Judge, with immense salt-and-pepper eyebrows and with a face of pure granite, wearing a haunting faraway look. "Mrs. Darrell lent that to us," said Mrs. Chadbourn, "and I find it difficult not to keep staring at it." We stared awhile ourself, and then, before looking into any of the other cases, went downstairs to the main floor to pay a call on Gerald Gunther, William Nelson Cromwell Professor of Law at Stanford, and Visiting Professor of Law at Harvard, who is working on a biography of Judge Hand.



Mr. Gunther was in a manuscript-laden office, his desk piled high with books and papers. His eyes are deep-set and penetrating, and when he speaks about Learned Hand a smile of satisfaction crosses his face. "I clerked for him in 1953-54," he said, "when he was past eighty, had officially retired, and had been called back to help lighten the load in the Second Circuit. He carried a full load. He was extremely alert. *Extremely*. Really, you know, clerking for Learned Hand almost ruins you for life. Everybody carries away something of him forever. He *lived* the Socratic method. He was the most genuinely open-minded man I have ever met. As his clerk, I was expected to be prepared for anything. We would sit down and talk about an issue, and each of us would present his argument. He would then shoot holes in his own argument. Then he would shoot holes in mine. Then I would shoot holes. He would put down notes for draft decisions, and revise them, and *revise* them. Over and over. The mind was so capacious, so open. It could keep going and going. He was somewhat gloomy about the future of American democracy. Sloppy thinking nearly killed him, and loose reasoning was more than he could bear. He distrusted ringing statements. It was anathema to him for desired results, not reasoning, to govern thought. He wanted the courts to beware of assuming legislative functions. I should say that Learned Hand became more personally exercised over matters than Holmes, who had a private detachment. Yes, Learned Hand was a passionate fellow. There was a long-range confidence; he could be very gloomy, but he was not despairing. He begged courts to restrain themselves. He would have said that the great danger was apathy—not giving a damn. 'Worry!' he would say. 'Stay awake!' He was a disciplined judge, in no sense a soft judge. He was always aware that there would be defeats. I don't think dirty business would have bothered him half so much as the notion that people had stopped caring. *There* was the danger. And he was passionate—passionate—in his belief that a judge must always have a bias against bias."

When we went back upstairs to the library, the Learned Hand material was being pored over by a surprisingly large number of students, part of a long



"Don't friendly greeting me, Mr. $1.89-a-Pound!"

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line of his successors at the Law School. Among the treasures on exhibit were a photograph of the Judge, sturdy, hatless, coatless, delivering the Oath of Allegiance to the Flag to new citizens in Central Park in May, 1944 (the "spirit of liberty" speech); a photograph of Learned Hand and his father, Samuel Hand; a photograph of Learned Hand's grandfather Augustus Cincinnatus Hand (also the grandfather of Judge Augustus Noble Hand, a cousin, who served with Learned Hand for many years on the Second Circuit and was his lifelong companion); a photograph of the original Hand homestead, in Shoreham, Vermont; a photograph of the Hand law office in Elizabethtown, built in 1840; and an entire exhibit case of honors and citations, and assorted writings by this judge who became a poet of democracy. We copied down some of Learned Hand's words.

A letter from Hand to Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes on December 12, 1912, asking him to address the Harvard Law School Association dinner:

> I do not believe you realize what a shining example and an encouragement you have been to us now for many years, from the beginning when you stood more alone than now. We should like to show you that we can distinguish wisdom from solemnity, learning from volume, and political sagacity from a sluggish imagination and limited sympathies. If you will come, we will do our best to prove it to you.

A memo by Judge Hand in the case of United States v. Aluminum Company of America, dated February 2, 1945:

> It would be absurd to assert that monopolies can have no tendency to put initiative to sleep and to satisfy their owners with custom and routine. There are two possible ways of dealing with them: to regulate, or to forbid, them. Since we have no way of regulating them, we forbid them. I don't think much of that way, but I didn't set it up.... Some are born monopolists; some achieve monopoly; others have monopoly *thrust upon them*. Alcoa is not in the third class.

In United States v. Coplon (1950), reversing a decision on the grounds of an arrest without a warrant and of refusal to disclose the source of evidence obtained by wiretapping:

> All governments, democracies as well as autocracies, believe that those they seek to punish are guilty; the impediments of constitutional barriers are galling to all governments when they prevent the consummation of that just purpose. But those barriers were devised and are precious because they prevent that purpose and its pursuit from passing unchallenged by the accused, and unpurged by the alembic of public scrutiny and public criticism. A society which has come to wince at such exposure of the methods by which it seeks to impose its will upon its members has already lost the feel of freedom and is on the path towards absolutism.

Some remarks in 1955 on "The Twin Principles of Liberty and Freedom":

> And so, if I am to say what are the "principles of civil liberties and human rights," I answer that they lie in habits, customs—conventions, if you will—that tolerate dissent, and can live without irrefragable certainties; that are ready to overhaul existing assumptions; that recognize that we never see save through a glass, darkly, and that at long last we shall succeed only so far as we continue to undertake "the intolerable labor of thought"—that most distasteful of all our activities.

Election Night

Bouncing from spot to spot, I found apathy, below-normal drinking, and not many people.—*Earl Wilson in the Post.*

A GATHERING in a loft on Spring Street, at about ten o'clock. Fifteen people sat around a television set drinking Châteauneuf-du-Pape. The person who presided over the gathering was Michael O'Donoghue, a writer who has voted only once in his life. "I voted for Adam Clayton Powell when I lived on East Ninety-first Street, in Yorkville. I remember very clearly that there were lots of little switches in the voting machine. I was very, very careful to push only the little switch that belonged to Adam Clayton Powell," Michael O'Donoghue said. Most of the people around the television set were between twenty-five and thirty, and everyone except Michael O'Donoghue was a bit depressed that McGovern was losing so badly. N.B.C. was at that moment predicting that President Nixon would win sixty per cent of the vote in Colorado. "Yes, every state is going for Nixon," said Michael O'Donoghue. "Some foreign countries that aren't even allowed to vote are going for Nixon. There is a Nixon landslide in Denmark."

NIXON headquarters in the Roosevelt, at eleven. Everyone was in the Grand Ballroom. The Grand Ballroom is a big place, so the crowd seemed small. There were occasional bursts of celebratory frenzy, but between celebratory bursts things were rather quiet. The Grand Ballroom had six television sets, against the walls under the balcony. Three giant platforms arranged in a step pattern dominated the center of the room, so movement was around the edges of the room rather than across it. Not many people were moving anyway, and whatever activity (presumably it involved television cameras) had called the giant platforms into being seemed to be over. There were many "Nixon Now" posters. There was only one picture of President Nixon and Vice-President Agnew in the whole room. It was a small picture and hung over the door. "Now More Than Ever," it said.

At about eleven-forty, people began crowding around the television sets to watch George McGovern concede. Not all the people crowded around the television sets. People who had begun to leave continued to leave. A group of twenty-five girls who looked to be in their late teens stood around on a stage that had been set up for the occasion. At one television set, a middle-aged blond woman in a black dress and a Nixon-Agnew boater sat with a heavy gray-haired man in a green jacket. As McGovern approached the microphone to concede, the blond woman grew excited. "Here comes the concession. Bye-bye, George!" she said.

Her companion in the green jacket was excited as well. "Go home, George! Go home!" he shouted.

Just as George McGovern began to speak, a band at the back of the room struck up a peppy version of "Sweet Georgia Brown," and the girls on the stage began a celebratory burst of dancing. "Hey! Quiet!" shouted the man in the green jacket. Many people shouted for quiet, but the band was very loud and none of the shouts for quiet were heard. People huddled closer to the sets and turned up the volume to hear George McGovern's concession speech.

"Hey, George, where's Abbie Hoffman?" the man in the green jacket shouted.

"We do not rally to the support of policies that we deplore," George McGovern said.

"That's it. Come on, George. Get nasty," the blond woman said.

George McGovern quoted from the book of Isaiah.

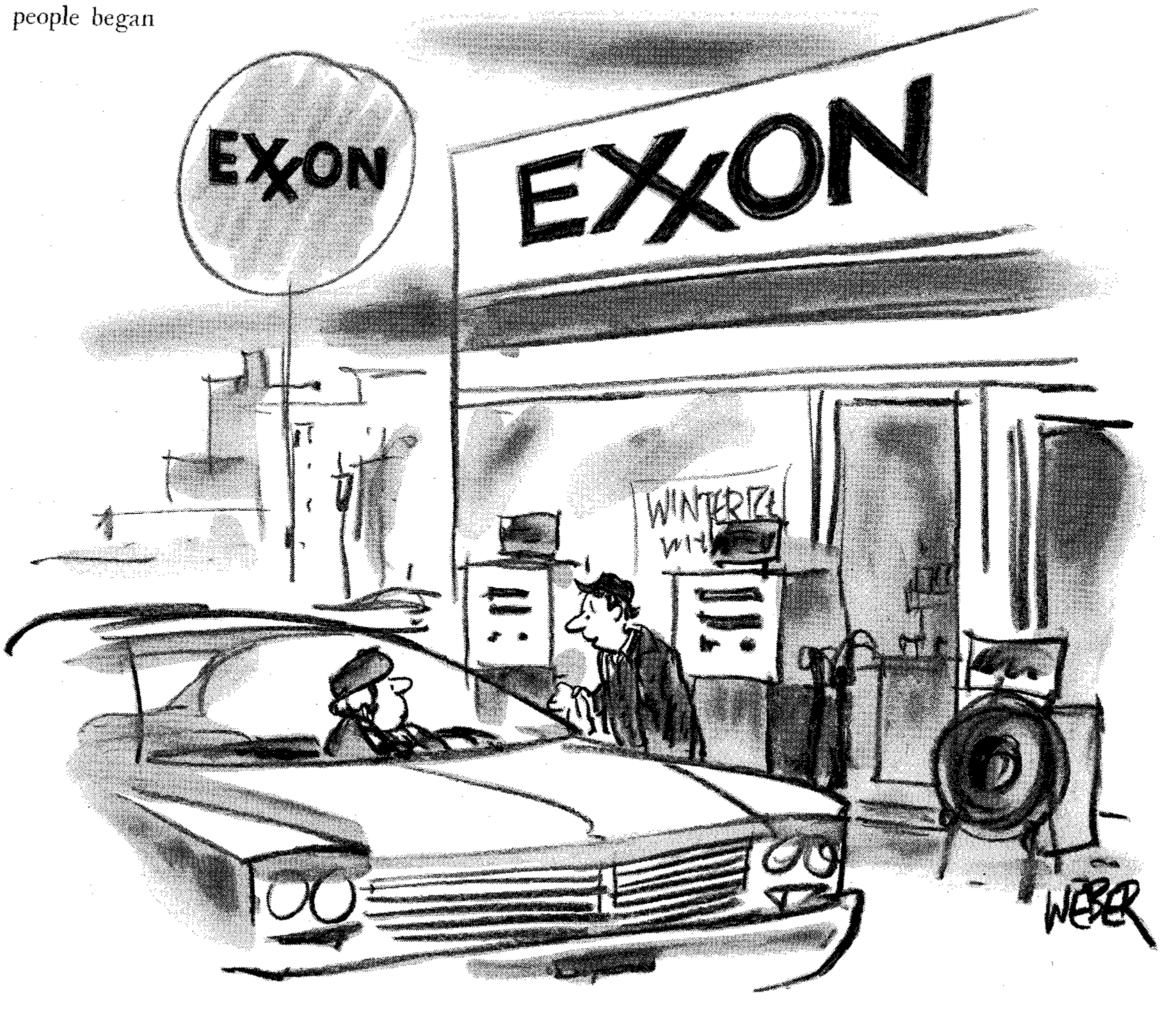
"Isaiah. I knew it," said the blond woman. "Here comes Isaiah."

MCGOVERN headquarters in the Biltmore, at eleven. Several gatherings, on different floors. Lawyers for McGovern on the fifteenth floor. Private party for friends and associates of former Mayor Robert F. Wagner, state chairman of the McGovern campaign, on the eighth floor. Large public party in the Grand Ballroom, on the nineteenth floor. Free beer in the Grand Ballroom. Mr. Wagner at all three gatherings. Mood of Mr. Wagner: calm and cheerful. Mr. Wagner wearing red rosebud in his lapel. Mood of all three gatherings: cheerful. Large, excited, young crowd in the Grand Ballroom. Shouted comment of one girl in the Grand Ballroom: "Sixty per cent is not what I call a landslide!" Shouted comment of a second girl in the Grand Ballroom: "All I want is a drink of water!"

Just after eleven, Mr. Wagner and Helen Gahagan Douglas made short speeches in the Grand Ballroom. Mrs. Douglas was wearing a black dress, a three-strand pearl necklace, and an orange chiffon stole. She looked beautiful and spoke in a firm voice. She said, "This is just the first skirmish. This is just the beginning. To the young people, I would like to say: Winning is only a part. We also have to stand for the issues we believe in, because if we don't we betray ourselves."

"Right on!" said a voice.

Then Mr. Wagner spoke. Someone

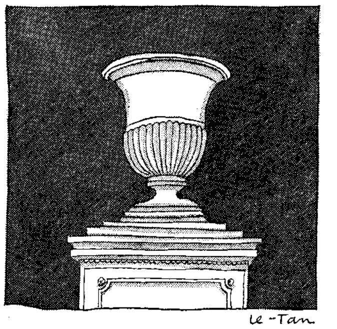


"And from now on, Mrs. Chamberlain, I'd appreciate it if you didn't call me Skeeter. Try to call me Marvin."

handed him a Styrofoam boater that said "McGovern" on its brim. He waved the hat. "Put it on!" shouted several voices. He put it on. Then he read a short statement he had just written with the assistance of two of his closest advisers—Richard Wade, a professor of history at the Graduate School of City University, and Robert F. Wagner, Jr., his older son. "I have a short statement to make," said Mr. Wagner. "A good and great man has been defeated. I want to say to the people of the whole state: We have not lost the purposes for which we waged this campaign. They will prevail, because they have always been, and they will continue to be, the thinking of the majority of the people in this state. I have learned a great deal in this campaign—even at my age—and I am proud to have been part of it all. We have forced the President, after four years, to at least enter into serious negotiations to end this war, and I think George McGovern is the luckiest man in the world to have had the kind of followers he has had."

A big hand for the speech.

A little later, Mr. Wagner sat on the edge of a bed in his private suite, sipping from a glass of vermouth and waiting to listen to George McGovern's concession. Some old friends had joined him—Judge Charles H. Tenney and his wife, Joan; James and Mary Louise West—and so had his younger son, Duncan, and his secretary, Mrs. Mary Gillan, who was wearing a pretty white dress. They were all talking quietly. Just as Senator McGovern began to speak, several local judges entered the bedroom looking for attention, so Mr. Wagner had to stand up and talk to them, and as a result he missed most of the speech.



The mood in the Wagner suite was somewhat subdued after the McGovern speech, but the pall lifted as soon as the President's face appeared on the TV screen. "Why, that's just Nixon," said one man, and everyone became cheerful again.

Professor Wade had a serious conversation with a man about the election. "McGovern was Stevenson '52 right up through the Convention, and then he was Stevenson '56 throughout the campaign. Tonight, he was Stevenson '52 again."

Still later, several victorious local Democratic candidates stopped by to pay their respects to Mr. Wagner. Representative Herman Badillo turned up, and so did Representative Ed Koch.

"I'm winning by three to one," Mr. Koch said to Mr. Wagner excitedly.

"What happened to that other twenty-five per cent, Ed?" Mr. Wagner asked.

Then Mr. Wagner told him his favorite election story. "It was in '62. It was obvious that Bob Morgenthau was losing badly, so I stopped by at the suite of a friend of mine to see how *he* was doing—he was running for Court of Appeals. When I got there, he was playing the piano and singing songs to his friends. 'How are you doing?' I asked him.

" 'I have no idea,' he said. 'How do you find out?' "

"I called up Clay Knowles at the *Times*. Clay said my friend was ahead. 'You're winning,' I told him.

" 'That's good,' he said, and started playing the piano again."

A PARTY at the house of Marietta Tree, on East Seventy-ninth Street, at eleven-forty-five. There was a black-and-white television set in Mrs. Tree's white-and-green drawing room. It sat on top of a marble table, the design of which involved an enormous gilt eagle. The set was turned to N.B.C. "We project that Senator McGovern has lost his home state of South Dakota," N.B.C. announced. Not many people watched the set, and the volume was very low. In some ways, the party moved down its own path, without regard to the election. "It's here and it's not here—do you know what I mean?" a woman in a green dress said.

On the stairs leading to the second floor of Mrs. Tree's house, a young woman in a white dress stopped a middle-aged man. "Well, your candidate won," the young woman said.

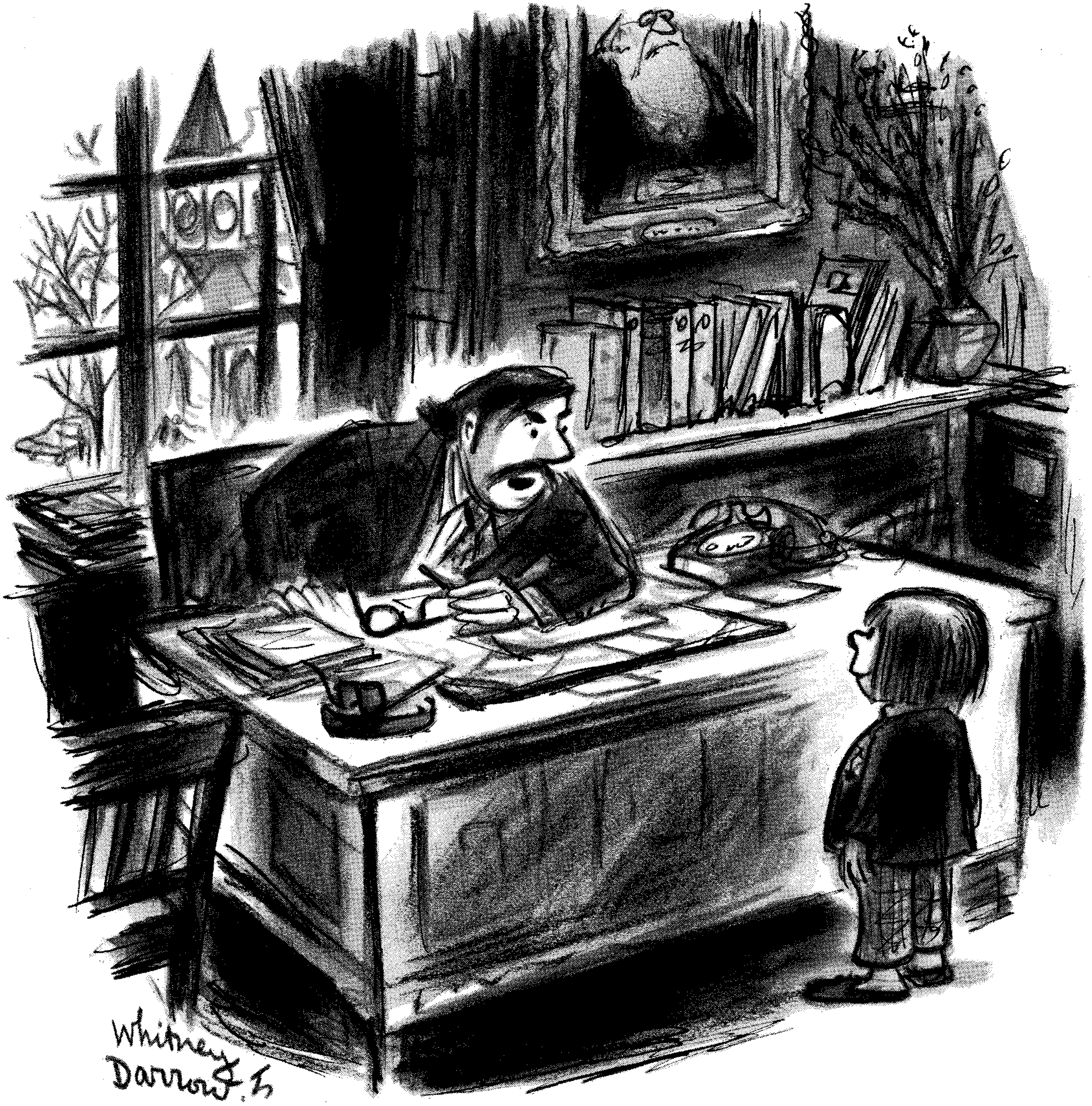
"I've just been talking to him," the middle-aged man replied.

"What did he offer you?" the young woman asked.

Adventure

WE have a letter from a friend who recently spent a restorative night in upper New England. He writes:

"It was a mid-fall weekend, and my wife and I planned to drive up to Shelburne, Vermont, from Cape Cod, where we were vacationing. Shelburne is just south of Burlington, and it has the Shelburne Museum, which contains, in the way of old buildings, boats, steam engines, furniture, quilts, paintings, wood carvings, pottery, glass, and rugs, one of the great feasts of Americana. Our schedule was a 5 A.M. Saturday departure and a noon arrival, but we are both bad pre-trip sleepers, and by ten o'clock on Friday night we were packed and on our way. We'd find a motel twenty or thirty miles northwest of Boston. By midnight, the velocity of our departure had worn off. Billboards for Howard Johnson Motor Lodges and Holiday Inns and Sheraton Motor Inns began sliding pleasantly by, and when we got to Manchester, New Hampshire, an old Industrial Revolution town that has evolved into an endless plain of motels and parking lots and supermarkets, we stopped at a Sheraton. It was four or five stories high, and it was full. We tried an equally large Howard Johnson's. Full. We tried a Holiday Inn. The same. I asked the night clerk, a fat, sleepy boy with flat blue eyes, what was going on, and he told me, 'Fall foliage. People from all over come up here and just drive around and gander at the color of the leaves. It's the biggest time of the year up to these parts.' He suggested I get off the highway and go on to Concord by way of the old Route 3, where there were small motels that might still have room. Their lighted signs teased us; they were all full. We tried the big places in Concord. No luck. The vaunted American motel culture had failed us. It was one-thirty, but we had no choice other than to press on. (We knew we couldn't pull off the road and sleep in the car; we are city people and have our quota of rural fears.) After being spun in the wrong direction off a couple of cloverleafs, which took us twenty-odd miles out of our way, we found the start of Route 89, a new four-lane highway that goes directly to Burlington, and, some sixty miles northwest of Concord, passes Lebanon and White River Junction. I remembered—my mind working like a muddled logician's—that Dartmouth is near there, in Hanover, and that Hanover has a big brick inn. We sped up Route 89. There were no lights, no cars, no gas stations, no houses. There was nothing except trees, which swirled endlessly by like out-of-focus dancers at a ball in a Cocteau movie. We drank a couple of Coca-Colas, but they didn't


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"When you've had a chance to think it over, Butterworth, I'm sure you'll come to the conclusion that growing marijuana in a flowerpot does credit neither to you nor to the school."

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help. My eyelids flickered and my fingers kept going numb on the wheel. Cigarettes tasted like sand. The only reality was the road, which after a time seemed itself to be moving—a huge serpent coursing very fast through rough terrain. Big balls of fog exploded around us, and we ducked through a couple of heavy rain showers. But we clung to the road, knowing that if we could stay on its back, it would get us where we were going. Then I looked at the gas gauge; it was nearly empty. I had forgotten one of the absolutes of the twentieth century: one marches on a full tank of gas. My wife and I had not spoken for an hour, and we both knew why. We blamed each other for our harum-scarum, no-reservations departure—a bit of mutual peevishness that at least kept our fires going. Suddenly, she broke the silence: 'There!' And she pointed to a small green highway sign two hundred feet ahead that read 'Gas—Phone—Lodging.' It was the first sign with the word 'Lodging' that we had seen in thirty miles. It seemed idiotic to turn off. The Hanover Inn was only forty-five minutes away, and I was hypnotized; I had to stay on this charging, hell-bent road. And how could there be lodging at three o'clock in the morning in the middle of nowhere in New Hampshire? But I turned off, and at the foot of the ramp another, even smaller sign pointed left. We turned left and then right, and followed a narrow black road that seemed to run for miles through a solid tunnel of trees. Just as I was ready to give up, we hit another sign, and in a hundred yards we came out on what appeared to be a small village green hemmed by five or six houses. Across the green, there was a light by the door of an old, square three-story building. It was the only light in the village. I stopped the car by the building and went up some steep steps and across an old-fashioned porch. The only sign I could find was Scotch-Taped to the door, and it was to the effect that the heat would be turned on today and please make sure all storm windows were shut. The door was unlocked, and I went into a musty foyer and down a dark, carpeted hall lined with closed doors. Two-thirds of the way down the hall, there was a door marked 'Manager.' I hesitated, then knocked. Silence. I was K. in Kafka's castle. I knocked again, and there was a cough and stirring sounds. 'Who is it? What do you want?' a muffled voice said. 'Please, have you got a room?' I didn't recognize my voice. It was a beseeching croak. The door opened, and a thin middle-aged man in a white terry-cloth bathrobe blinked hard at me several times. I told him my wife and I were on our way to Burlington and couldn't find anywhere to stay. 'Burlington?' he said, as if it were a place only fools visited. 'We don't rent rooms. This is an apartment house. We got just apartments. Ordinarily, the Follansbee, next door, would take you, but I hear they're full.' He paused, and closed one eye against the light. 'But I tell you what. H, upstairs, is empty. It's got a bed and a bathroom, and you can use it the night. Just up those stairs and to the left.'

"He let us into H and turned on the lights and went downstairs for some sheets. The hall of H smelled like a summer camp I'd once gone to. A small bathroom opened off the hall, which led into a living room furnished with a maple sofa, a couple of straight-backed chairs, a stove, and a refrigerator, its door ajar. A high double bed filled an adjacent room. The shades were drawn, and it was hot. We dumped our bags, and the manager reappeared carrying a cardboard box neatly packed with sheets, pillows, towels, a blanket, and a bar of Ivory soap. He was the innkeeper incarnate who performed this act of charity at three every morning. 'What time you folks getting up?' he asked. 'I got to go out early.' I said eight or nine. 'I better catch you now,' he said. 'That'll be ten dollars and fifty cents.' My wife, wholly revived, made the bed, cheerfully pointing out that the blanket, which was about two feet wide and fifteen feet long, must have been made for a giraffe. We celebrated by splitting a warm beer I'd brought. It took me a long time to get to sleep. I was still riding the road, and I kept trying to find my bearings in the impenetrable silence that surrounded us. The only waypost was a church bell, which, a hundred or so feet off, tolled every half hour. It was a resigned, massive sound, and it was the oldest sound I've ever heard.

"Rain on the windows woke us at eight o'clock. I looked out. A small four-story Victorian building with a big sign, 'Follansbee Inn,' stood on the other side of a narrow tar road, and beyond it was a burying ground. Downstairs, the manager's door was closed and the hall was as empty as it had been a few hours before. We went out on the porch and were astonished. Fifty feet away was a sizable lake—Kezar Lake, it turned out. We marvelled that we hadn't driven into it in the dark. The water was gray and forlorn and blowing. Next to the hotel and the burying ground was a squat, worn wooden church, built in 1794. (Not all old New England churches are gleaming suppliants; the poorer ones seem perversely rooted in the secular earth.) There were several other buildings, among them a general store and a post office, marked 'North Sutton, New Hampshire.' A gazebo in an untidy stand of woods on the far side of the village green was not quite big enough to be a bandstand, and beside it were some rusty child-sized swings, which moved in the wind. The village looked as if it had once halfheartedly tried to be a thriving resort and had settled for the Follansbee fifty years before. It had clearly tried nothing new since. We ran for the car through the rain, and just as we were getting in, the manager appeared on the porch. He waved. We had a marvellous breakfast at the Hanover Inn, which, we were told, had been sold out the night before, too."

Effort

WE went to the First Annual Greater New York Automobile Show, at the Coliseum, last week. The First Annual Greater New York Automobile Show is a new thing and is not to be confused with the Seventeenth Annual International Automobile Show, which is to be held in the spring. It is the conviction of the automobile dealers of Greater New York that two automobile shows are necessary each year, and we are in agreement. This is, after all, the town that once had *three* baseball teams. Still, we have grown a little blasé about automobiles lately, so we decided during our tour of the Show to look closely at only one display. The Buick Riviera rarely disappoints you. Year after year (we are speaking now from our experience at the *International* Automobile Show), the people who look after the Buick Riviera contrive new touches of elegance. This year, a soignée young woman in a sheer white dress decorated with feathers pointed out the rich velours interior of the car at her side and called attention to the way the interior complemented the "paint creation" on the exterior of the car. "Buick calls this color Bon Vivant Blue," the young woman said. "That's from the French. '*Bon*,' meaning 'good,' and '*vivant*,' meaning 'living.' " The young woman made a small speech about the Riviera while she and the car revolved slowly on a platform. Then she answered questions while she and the car continued to revolve slowly on the platform. The questions had to do, usually, with the velours interior, the exterior paint creation, and the price of the car. All the inquirers seemed disappointed when the young woman told them that the velours interior and the paint creation were unavailable to the public, since the car was made for the Show and wasn't for sale. Other things, it turned out, are available on Buicks this year. Positive crankcase ventilation, for instance; a solenoid throttle stop; a glove box; console-door-latch impact security; soft, low-profile window-control knobs; coat hooks; a dome lamp; a pressure-lock radiator cap; and MaxTrac—Buick's computerized traction-control system.

We are always reluctant to leave the Buick display at any automobile show. Buick makes an *effort*. Buick is earnest about elegance. Buick, to take one example, searches the lexicon of every major language to come up with just the right names for its models. This year, we want particularly to commend the Buick Century Luxus Colonnade Hardtop Coupe and the Buick Century Luxus Colonnade Hardtop Sedan. The introduction of the word "luxus," we feel, is an important advance in model nomenclature, and we respect the bold stroke that has now freed the word "colonnade" from its shopworn architectural connotations and given it new work as a hallmark of automotive splendor.

ENVIRONMENTAL IMPACT (ILLUSIONS, WONDERS & DISAPPEARING ACTS)

I

FROM the road, looking across the marsh, one can see a seagull a quarter of a mile away—a bright-white fleck against the sombre woods at the end of the marsh. The gull flies behind a wooded island and vanishes, but (wait) flies out the other side.

II

ON the walk down the empty road, between the low walls of plowed snow on either side, the dogs go to their colors: the black-and-white dog stands by small patches of snow on the black macadam; the brown dog climbs over the embankment and stands next to the russet brambles.

III

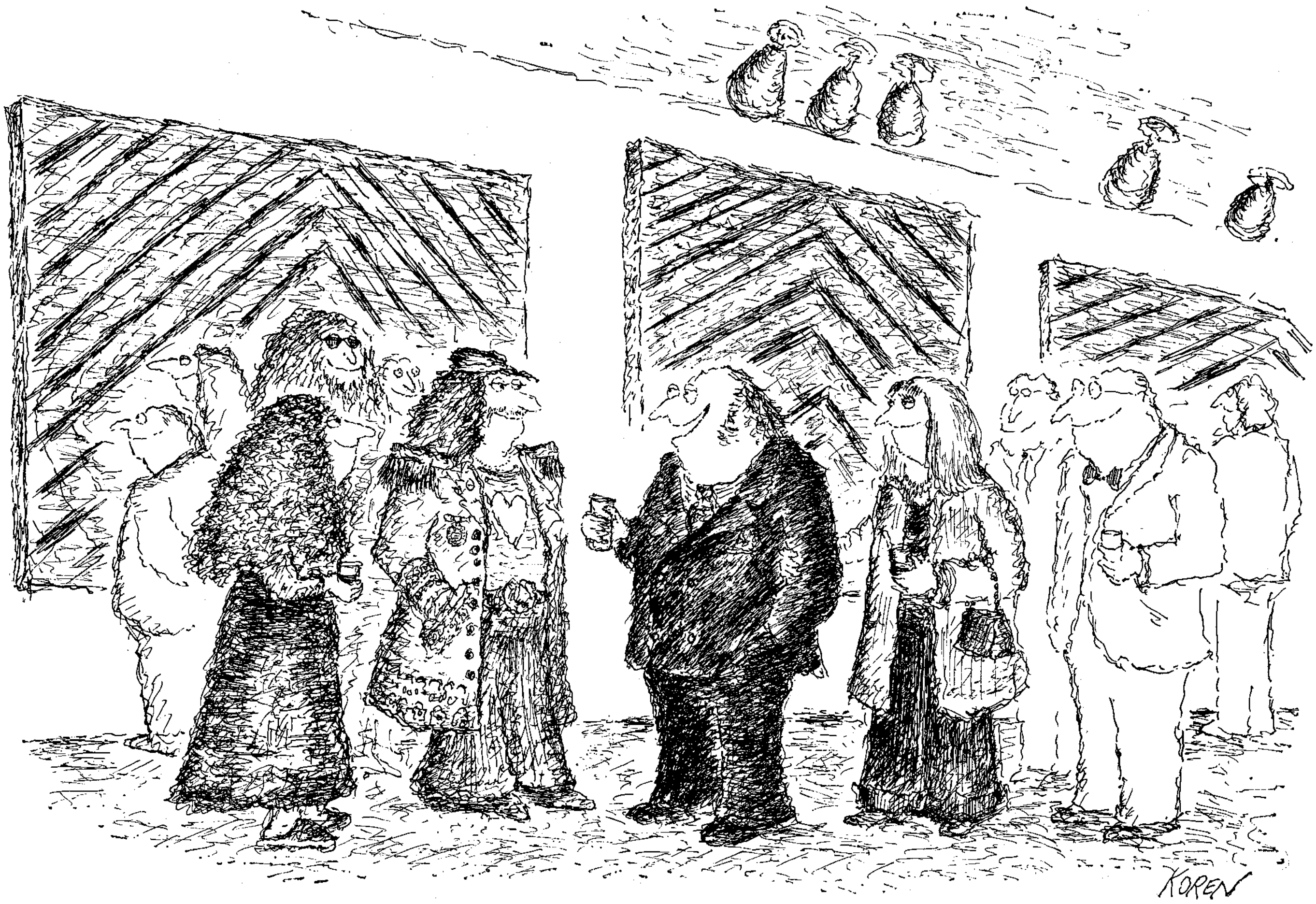
STAND at the edge of the small pond while the child ties its skates. Look down at the ice. The ice is black—seems black—yet white bubbles, green grasses, and brown leaves are frozen in it. On the wet surface of the ice, the trees are reflected in reverse perspective—the highest branches point toward your feet. You can see all the way down and all the way up. Suddenly the scrape of a skate blade: before you can glance up, the reflection of the child (white skates, red coat) has cut through the sky—the treetops, the black ice, the white bubbles, the green grasses, the brown leaves—and is gone.

IV

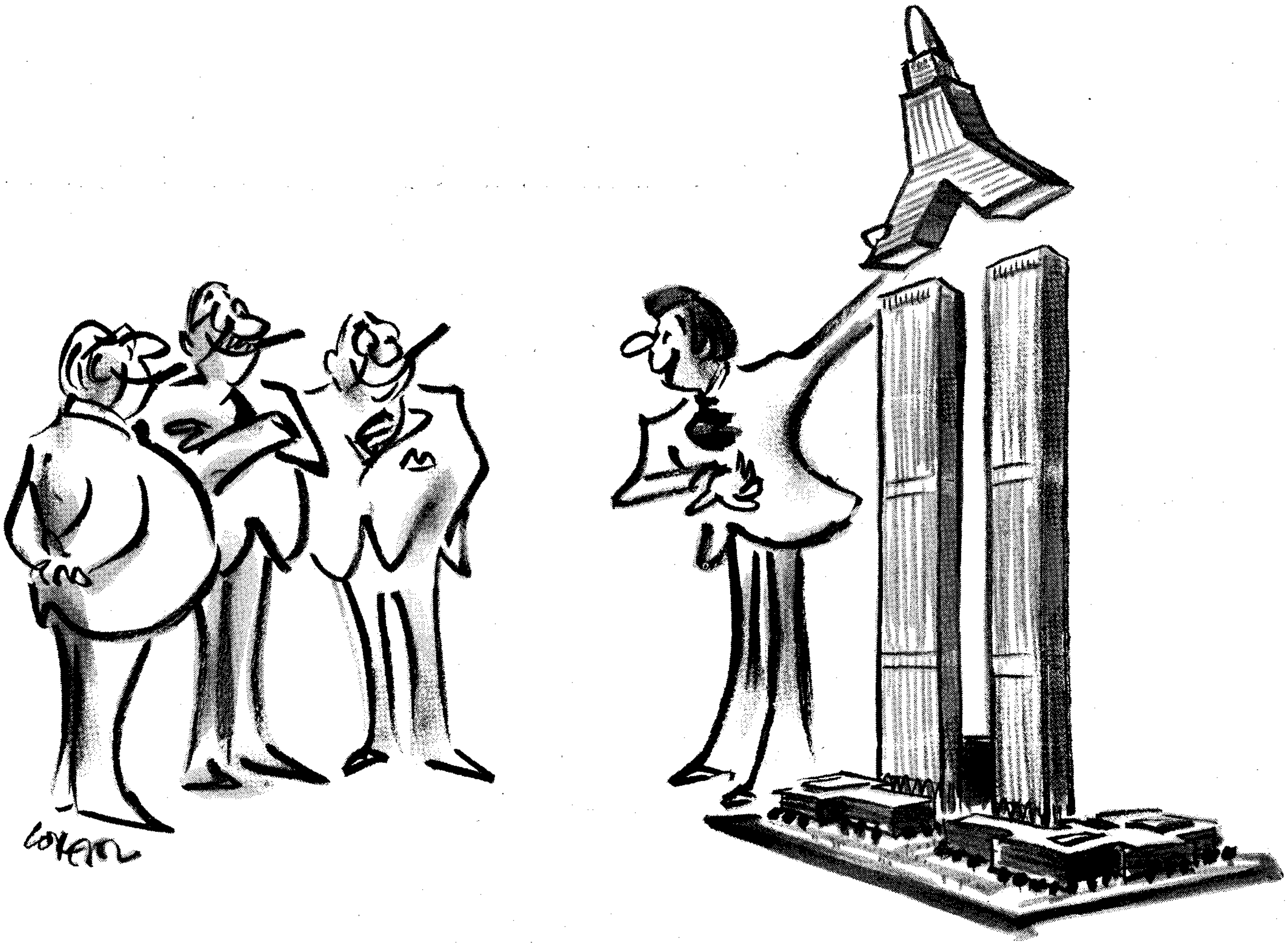
AT the far edge of the long puddle on the shoulder of the road, the black-and-white dog stands watching something in the meadow beyond the stone wall. Anybody standing at the near end of the puddle now sees two—*yes*, two—amazing acrobatic black-and-white dogs, one of them upside down in the puddle supporting the other on the very tips of its toes.

V

A BROAD, steep hillside: this is a golf course, and from the porch of the clubhouse on the top of the hill (when the weather is warm) the members presumably watch the golfers move around the course—down the slopes off the tees, diminutive bright dots moving in their slow carts along the edges of the fairways, toward the smooth grass and the red, numbered flags. From their chairs, these members must be able to observe the drives, see the ball sail into the sky, curve into what was once a meadow, bound along the low ground. This morning, it does not appear to be a golf course, because the snow has fallen all night long, and the golf-course features—sand traps, hazards, bunkers, greens—have all been buried. It is white, not green or brown, and it is no longer empty, as it was in the cold months when the earth was indistinguishable from rock to the feet. Now the hill is speckled with children pelting down the slope on sleds, shrieking alarm and delight, and dogs yelp. At the top, adults stand on shifting feet, gazing out across the rooftops and church spires of the villages, over the highway and the railroad tracks, over the tawny marsh to the gray-blue river and the paler hills beyond. The children place their sleds on the highest ground, determine whose turn it is to ride on what, arrange the passengers, yell warnings to those who are trudging up the hill again—"Look out!"—then



"I'm no stranger to the creative act myself."



"However, if the Empire State persists in this foolhardy challenge, we are prepared to move at once to Phase Two."

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shove themselves off and plunge screaming down the hill. They hit a rise, fly out into the sky, land with a smack below, race on—or they burst apart, bodies falling into the snow, while the sled goes zipping empty down the hill. The trudging up, the sailing down . . .

Some of the adults try it a couple of times; perhaps they catch the sharp joy once or twice, but when they get to their feet at the bottom of the hill they look around to see what other people think of them, then brush the snow off, and march back up the hill. It is a long way. Perhaps it hurts—the tumble off the sled—or frightens: the sudden lunge, the wind knocked out, the cold snow down the neck, the icy feet, the long climb back, the tears that freeze on the cheek. But they stand at the top of the hill near where their cars are parked, or sit in their cars with the heaters on, and they look out over the abyss, past the bright vanishing riders, across the village and the river and the hills, and they think perhaps of spring—a spring gone by, most likely—and a green land with well-clipped grass and numbered flags that indicate one's destination.

VI

IT is early in the morning, cold for May, and the sun is still behind the hill. Standing on the edge of a mud-flat island in the salt marsh, the father looks down at the water. The bottom of the marsh is the color of Plasticine. Delicate shadows of floating stuff—bits of seaweed, twigs—move idly this way and that across the gray mud. The tide is fairly low—a couple of feet deep, perhaps. Winding among the islands of brown grass, there are alleyways of water, and the two small boys have taken a canoe to explore. They have paddled away, out of sight now. From where their father stands, the only moving things are the floating objects on the water and, two feet below, the shadows of them on the mud. The father shivers in the damp chill. The marsh extends like a prairie, on and on, flat and still. Abruptly, hundreds of yards away, two infinitesimal canoe paddles emerge above the brown grass, wave and wobble, then vanish. —JAMES STEVENSON

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GOOD RIDDANCE

I threw him as far as Thor
Would have thrown his hammer if Thor
Had been here, but Thor wasn't;
He slept in deepest eternity,
As I did not. I woke,
And it was a dream. So now
There was still in the world this hideous
Soul—if soul—that I would never
Again in all of time
Be able to cast out.
As if I had the right?
Ah, but in dream I did,
And the will, too, and the might.
I was almost Thor, was almost
Thunder—but not quite.

—MARK VAN DOREN

MARVIN STANLEY PIGEON

(AN ADULT FABLE FOR ADOLESCENTS OF ALL AGES)

IT was morning, and the new sun glowed a bright Nedick's orange through the soot-filled air of Bryant Park. A ragged old woman, her blue-gray eyes a-sparkle with paranoia, shuffled into the park, settled on a bench across from the fountain, and opened a tattered shopping bag. The message "Breakfast Flock" flashed through the park as a crowd of four or five hundred pigeons came fluttering to battle for crumbs of day-old Fink's pumpernickel bread that the crone cast upon the litter-strewn sidewalk. Another busy day of scrounging food from crazy people had begun for the pigeons of Bryant Park.

High above this scene, alone on a window ledge outside the Manuscript Room of the Public Library, Marvin Stanley Pigeon was working away on his book. With a feather (plucked painfully from his own tail) gripped in his beak, he wrote slowly, dipping the tip from time to time in grime-blackened rainwater. He wrote on scraps of paper he had torn from the open briefcase of a dozing rabbinical student in the park. Now he narrowed his beady eyes in concentration, held his breath, and forced his weary body to form still another soaring phrase. At last, his beak gone numb with writer's cramp, he dropped the feather. "Turning out this stuff isn't as easy as it looks," muttered Marvin Stanley Pigeon.

Pigeons are not known for their writing talent, and few are published in major markets. But Marvin Stanley Pigeon was no ordinary pigeon. For him, it was not filling his face with leftover ends of cream-cheese-on-raisin-whole-wheat-bread sandwiches from Chock Full O'Nuts that mattered. More than anything else, Marvin Stanley Pigeon loved to write.

His writing, he had found, did not exactly endear him to all the other pigeons. "Next thing you know, he'll be writing letters to the *New York Review of Books*," some of them groused. Even his parents didn't understand. "Why, Marvin, *why*?" his mother crooned as she watched Marvin toiling away at what he quietly referred to as "my *œuvre*." "Why can't you leave novel-writing to types with a natural flair for it, like Bill Styron and Joyce Carol Oates? Also, why don't you eat something—*nosh* a little? Son, believe me, you're nothing but bones and feathers."

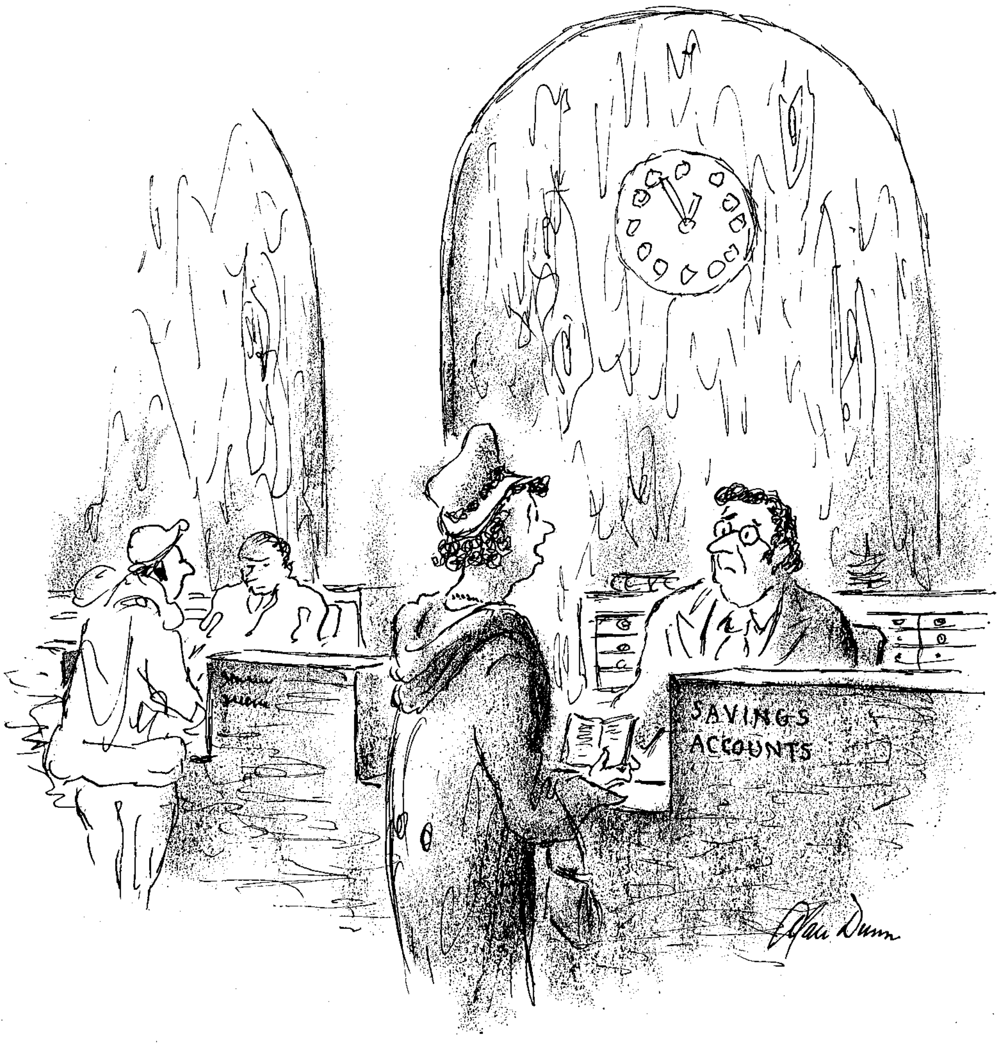
"Mom, I don't *mind* being bones and feathers," replied Marvin. "Besides, I want to get my novel done in time for Macmillan's spring list."

"Look at it this way, Marvin," said his father sternly. "Before you know it, winter will be here, and the pickings for us Bryant Park pigeons are going to be mighty slim. So you want to write something, go write a letter to Gristede's and ask if they can send over some free samples. I mean, you can't eat a novel."

"But that's where you're dead wrong, Dad," said Marvin. "If I hit with my novel, maybe get Book-of-the-Month, a six-figure paperback sale to Avon, that isn't chicken feed. We'll be on Easy Street, able to—"

"Aw, shut up with your crazy dreaming, kid!" shouted his father angrily. "Get down there and scrap for food with the rest of us!" And Marvin did as he was told. For the next few days, at least, he tried to act like the other pigeons—flapping and fighting over stale bits of breakfast rolls and Cracker Jack. But it was no use. It's all so pointless, he thought one evening, deliberately dropping a hard-won tidbit of pizza crust. I could be spending this time working on my novel! Learning to write very good! And so it wasn't long before Marvin Stanley Pigeon was off by himself again, on his library window ledge—hungry, happy, writing.

AS he worked, Marvin Stanley Pigeon recalled the day when he'd first been inspired to take up writing. On a glimmering August afternoon, he had found himself looking over the shoulder of a teen-aged Jesus freak who was reading a book entitled "Jonathan Livingston Seagull." The book, Marvin knew from Bryant Park gossip, was the No. 1 fiction best-seller in the country, and had just been sold to paperback for a million one hundred and ten thousand dollars. Marvin kept dozing off as he read it, which was strange, because the book was only ninety-three pages long and was printed in large-face type, like a children's book. "Now I know why this is called



"If they overhaul the world's monetary system, what happens to my eighty-two dollars and fifty-seven cents?"

a sleeper," Marvin muttered, waking up with a start. "For four ninety-five a copy, a million people are buying this thing?" And it was at that moment, his heart suddenly beating faster, that Marvin Stanley Pigeon had decided to become a writer!

One evening, when Marvin joined the flock on the grass after slaving all day over his manuscript, he found that the senior pigeons had voted to evict him from the park. "Birds of a feather flock together, but in your case we're making an exception," announced Jason Pigeon, the leader of the park flock. "In other words, Marvin Stanley Pigeon, you are herewith permanently kicked out, banished forever to Duffy Square."

"Kicked out! For what?" cried Marvin, feeling as if he'd been hit over the head with a two-by-four.

"For very bad writing," said Leonard Pigeon. "We got a peek at your work-in-progress. Frankly, Marvin, there are certain literary standards that it is incumbent upon us Bryant Park pigeons to keep up."

"Right. With our proximity to the New York Public Library and all, we can't have one of our crowd turning out claptrap like that *soi-disant* novel of yours," said Christopher Lehmann-Pigeon.

"Ha! Suddenly everyone is a critic!" cried Marvin. "You're nothing but a bunch of jaded New York Literary Establishment cynics!" With tears streaming down his beak, Marvin rose from the grass and flew out of Bryant Park. Dazed with grief, he darted straight into the windshield of a Sixth Avenue bus.

I'M a dead pigeon, thought Marvin Stanley Pigeon as he waddled down the birdseed-heaped corridors of Pigeon Heaven. I don't *believe* this, he reflected further. For one thing, it's all far too reminiscent of that book—the part where Jonathan What's-His-Name goes on to Higher Things. I'll bet an M. & M. I'm about to get a second go-round at life.

Marvin Stanley Pigeon was right again! Almost before he'd had time to think about the Meaning of It All, he had been reincarnated and was winging his way back to Bryant Park. None other than the Great Pigeon himself had given him instructions to return and spread the word among the other pigeons. "A talent like yours, it shouldn't go to waste up here," the Great Pigeon had said. "I mean, Marvin, even if you don't get published yourself, the least you can do is teach."

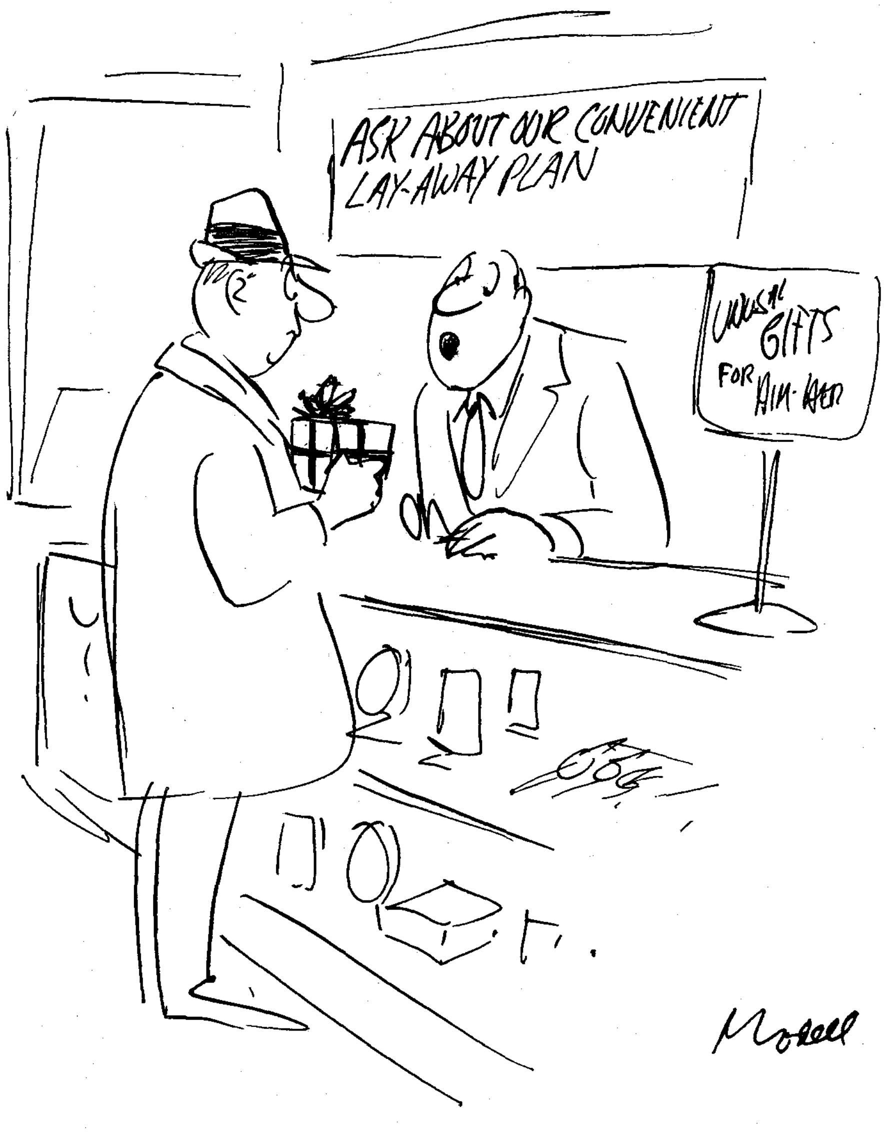
ONCE again, dusk fell hurriedly on the window ledge outside the Manuscript Room. Marvin Stanley Pigeon, known now as the Son of the Great Pigeon, stood in the midst of his flock of disciples—a band of disgruntled young Bryant Park pigeons who had signed up for his creative-writing class. Marvin checked the time on the clock atop the Newsweek Building. It was growing late. He cleared his craw meaningfully and held up one pink foot.

"Soon I must leave you," he said, regarding the bright-eyed squabs that surrounded him. "Remember always. The secret of turning out best-selling fiction is to combine plain, simpleminded prose with a dab of metaphysics and plenty of photographs. I must go now, to do a final polishing job on my novel—which, by the way, Macmillan is very excited about."

"But," asked a promising student named Herman W. Pigeon, "can just *any* young pigeon learn to write stuff that brings tears to the eyes of non-readers everywhere?"

"I don't know," said Marvin gently, "but there is one thing I am sure of. There's a market for it. In other words, Herman, there may not be many pigeons who can write books, but there are always plenty of pigeons around who will buy them."

With that, Marvin Stanley Pigeon lifted up into the air and flew off into the darkening sky. Higher and higher he flew, until at last he was but a tiny speck in the distance, winging northward in the direction of the MacDowell Colony. —THOMAS MEEHAN


ASK ABOUT OUR CONVENIENT LAY-AWAY PLAN
UNUSUAL GIFTS FOR HIM·HER
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"I'm sorry, sir, but it's against our policy to lay away gifts that were purchased elsewhere."

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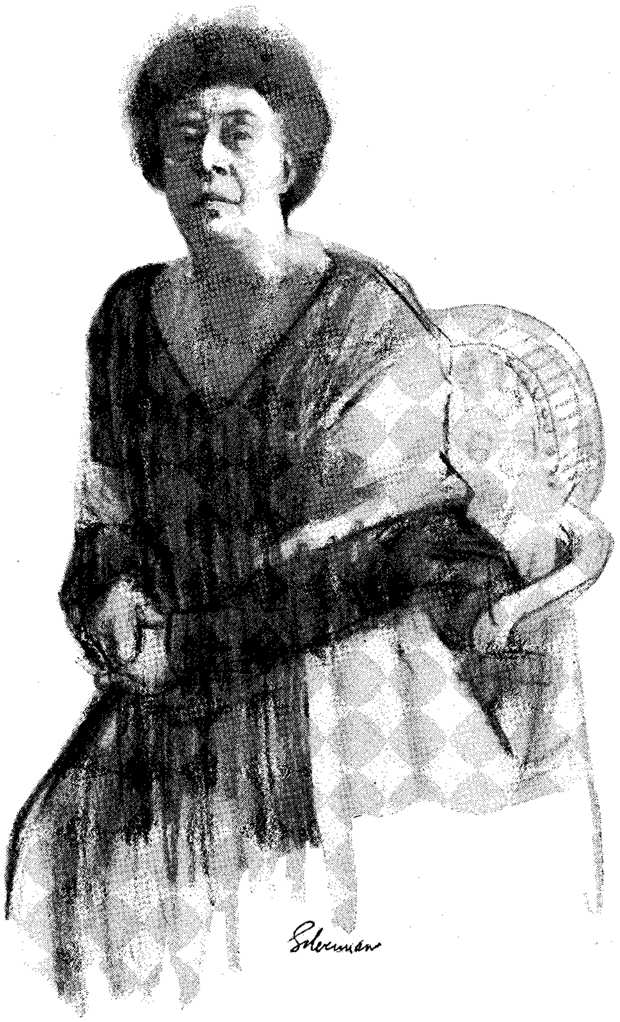
Cranston charged the FHA has "unnecessary requirements" and said the bridge must be gapped so that the agency can function as quickly as private lenders do.—*Los Angeles Times.*

It's time for the beard to be lionized, too.

PROFILES

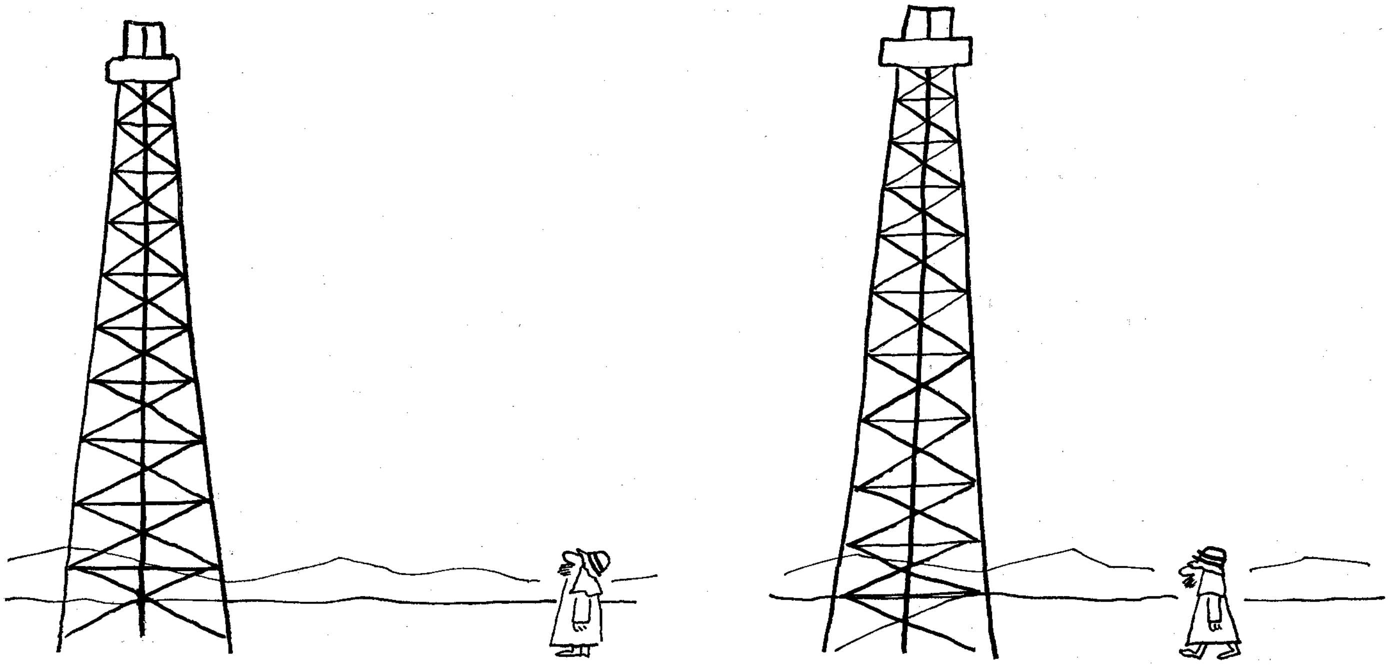
A QUEENLY AURA



Mabel Mercer

HONORING artists publicly, though largely a hollow business, has two benefits: it is good for the recipient's ego, whether he admits it or not, and it often occasions a cash award. In this country, however, we tend more often than not to wait until our Masters become hoary before we pile them with medals, honorary doctorates, checks, and memberships in august academies. Consider the recent, and tardy, public elevation of such as Edmund Wilson, Duke Ellington, Raphael Soyer, and Janet Flanner. But some genuine American Masters pass into venerableness without any hurrahs. This, it now appears, may be the plight of Mabel Mercer, who, at the age of seventy-two, remains the matchless but largely unknown *doyenne* of American popular singing. (The word "popular" is used only to distinguish her from concert and operatic singers.) Since 1941, when she settled in this country, she has been the godhead of her art, and at her feet, in rapt study, have sat such disparate admirers as Frank Sinatra, Billie Holiday, Leontyne Price, Bobby Short, Ethel Merman, Eileen Farrell, and Roberta Flack, not to mention Blossom Dearie, Tony Bennett, Mel Tormé, Margaret Whiting, Nat Cole, Peggy Lee, and Lena Horne. (Sinatra has said, without hyperbole, that Mabel Mercer taught him everything he knows.) At the same time, she has spurred on countless songwriters—by causing them to write some of their best songs for her (Alec Wilder's "It's So Peaceful in the Country" and Bart Howard's "Would You Believe It," to name but two), by rescuing their songs from oblivion (such as the Rodgers-and-Hart "Little Girl Blue," done in 1935 for the musical "Jumbo" and forgotten soon after), or by giving their songs interpretations that are simply perfect (Cole Porter considered her rendition of his "Just One of Those Things" the finest he ever heard). Wilder, a brilliant and iconoclastic composer, who is quick to damn and slow to praise, recently set down his thoughts about Mabel Mercer: "She transmutes popular song to the extent that by means of her taste, phrasing, and intensity it becomes an integral part of legitimate music. When she sings a song, it is instantly ageless. It might have been composed the day before, but, once given the musical dignity of her interpretation, it is no longer a swatch of this season's fashion but a permanent part of vocal literature. She has never made the slightest attempt to sing in the manner one expects of popular singers. As a result, those who assume that a 'swinging' style is a prerequisite of a singer of such songs are sometimes thrown off or baffled by her constant dignification (if I may risk such a word) of otherwise casual songs. It is not that she is unaware of the rhythmic looseness of an up-tempo song or of a slow blues. It is rather that her purpose is to present a musical point of view which has more to do with the intimate concert hall than with a casual night spot. That impalpable quality known as showmanship is, in her case, inapplicable. Rather [she exhibits] graciousness, magnetism, profound calm, and, most of all, complete authority."

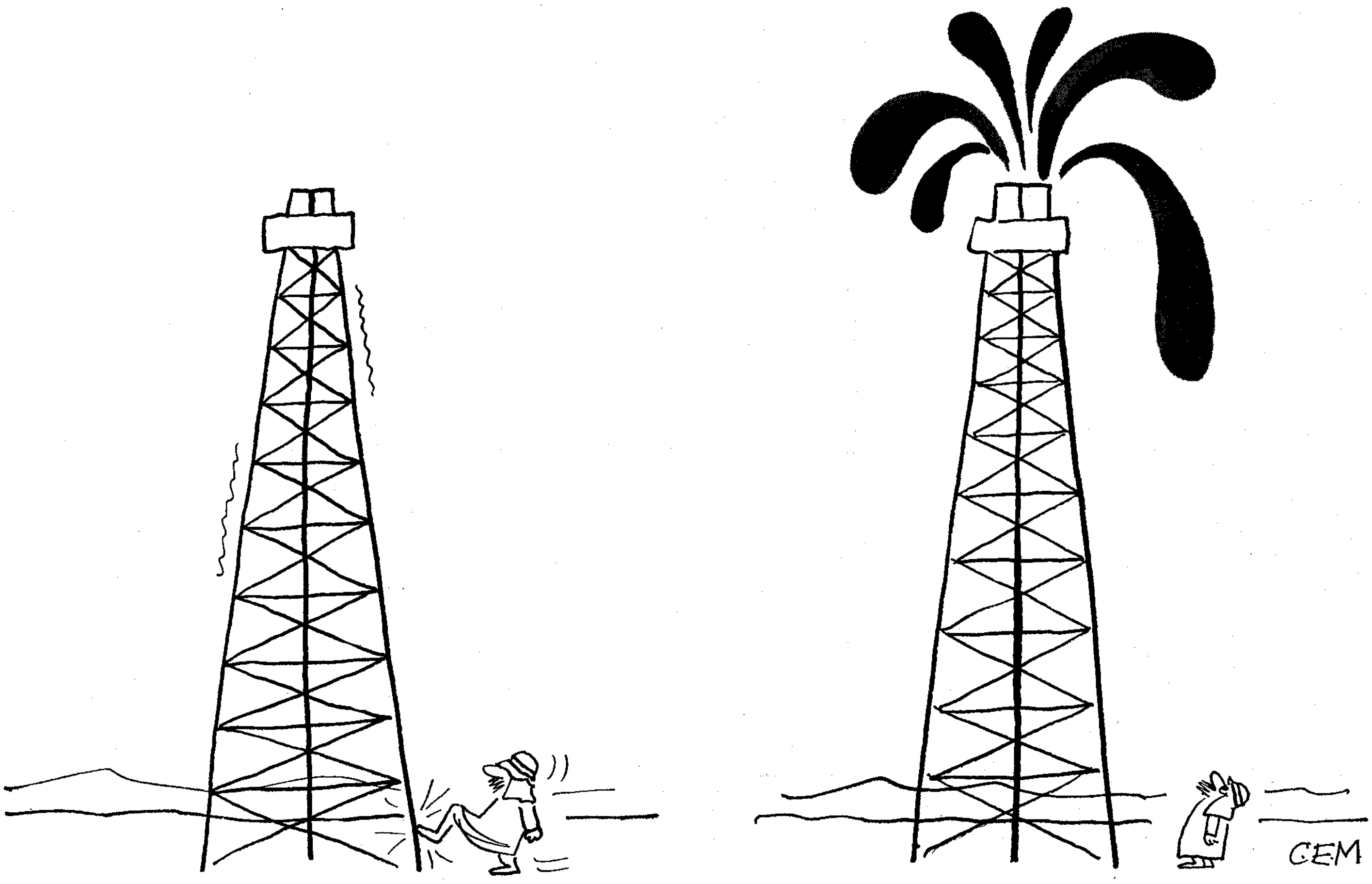
More by accident than by design, Mabel Mercer has spent most of her career singing in supper clubs, and so she is, in the best sense, a miniaturist, who sings to small audiences in small rooms about seemingly small things—a remembered spring, a broken romance, a new lover, a lost childhood. But the supper club—that royal relative of the night club—has almost been obliterated by television, and its patrons have dwindled and grown old. Few of the sort of special, witty, poetic songs Mabel Mercer sings are written anymore, partly because they would seem hopelessly archaic and mannered to Woodstock ears and partly because the insouciant musical theatre that bred so many of them no longer exists. Moreover, of all performing artists, singers grow old most quickly, and within the past decade Mabel Mercer's voice has shrunk, and it has become difficult for her to sustain a note with any effect. Instead, she has perfected what Wilder calls a "graceful parlando"—a way of melodiously talking her songs. Her phrasing and choice of tones and insuperable diction—her style, in short—remain not only intact but inspired; it is simply that rests have supplanted the flow of melody between tones. Her singing in her prime was unique. (It can still be heard on some fine Atlantic recordings made in the forties and the early fifties and recently reissued.) It lay somewhere between the concert hall and jazz. She had a rich, low mezzo-soprano and a considerable range, and her best tones had the elastic, power-in-reserve sound of formal singers. Her phrasing was jazzlike in that she often placed her notes in surprising places and often used jazz timbres. She was able, in an uncanny way, to make her voice encompass not only many moods but their attendant col-



ors—the purples of love, the blues of sorrow, the yellows of humor and good cheer, the black of despondency. She was a superb dramatic singer who could handle with equal ease the *Sturm und Drang* of Kurt Weill's "Trouble Man" and the bittersweet feeling of Wilder's "Did You Ever Cross Over to Sneden's?" Every song she sang seemed to be fashioned out of the fabric of her own experience, and to be an individual offering to each one of her listeners. And she still is a marvellous comic singer, who, by surrounding the right word with silence or by dipping it in a growl, invariably provokes laughter. Above all was her prodigious, easy, alabaster technique—the precise phrasing, the almost elocutionary diction, the faultless dynamics (she never shouted and she never relied on the staginess of the near-whisper), the graceful melodic push, the agile rhythmic sense, and, always, the utter authority.

Mabel Mercer was, and is, just as irresistible visually. Seeing her is not a fleeting experience; it recalls the brief, stunning sequence on television during the mid-fifties in which Queen Elizabeth, in New York, was passing in review of some worthy body. The cameras, on closeup, studied her face as she stopped and spoke to people. She looked drawn and tired, but she was unfailingly gracious and gentle. It was an unforgettably attractive human display. Mabel Mercer has precisely that queenly aura. Indeed, she is now of Victorian proportions—short, quite round, and with fine, luminous eyes and a shy child's smile. Her ramrod posture, swan neck, and high cheekbones make her seem taller than she is. And so do her high forehead, which disappears in a cloud of dark, short hair, and the long, sumptuous, often low-necked gowns she wears. She sings seated in a thronelike armchair, and she invariably wears a bright silk shawl tossed loosely over her shoulders. She is a study in composure. Her chin slightly lifted, her body pitched slightly forward, she keeps her torso motionless and her hands clasped in her lap except when, several times during a song, she describes a series of illustrative arabesques in the air with her right hand or holds it out palm up, as if she sensed a shower. She sings with her eyes half closed, and she moves her head only to emphasize a phrase or word. (She has not used a microphone until recent years, but, placed casually to one side of her chair, it is unobtrusive.) At the close of each set, she gets up quickly and ducks out of the room. In a minute or two, she resumes her chair and sings two or three encores (she will sometimes sing upward of thirty songs in a sitting), and she is done. Her audiences, released, tend to surface slowly; she recalls times when she has finished singing and there has been no applause at all—presumably because of a surfeit of emotion among her listeners.

WHEN Mabel Mercer came to New York, the city was garlanded with supper clubs, and she worked without pause for twenty years. The fervency of her following was such that between 1941 and 1957 she sang in only two clubs—Tony's and the Byline Room—and when the Byline burned down a new one was immediately built for her. But work has not been plentiful of late. She has appeared at the Café Carlyle and Downstairs at the Upstairs, and she has given a couple of S.R.O. concerts at Town Hall with Bobby Short. Twilights, though, are often the capstone of the day, and since early September Mabel Mercer has been holding forth brilliantly at the St. Regis Room, where she is safely ensconced until at least the first of the year. She is living in the St. Regis during her engagement, and when I called an intermediary to find out if I could visit her there, I was told, a few days later, that she was dubious. She wondered what we would talk about, and she said that there really wasn't much to her life; she had been in show business since she



was fourteen, and that was it. Mabel Mercer pursues privacy, she treasures it, she embraces it. Despite constant requests, she refuses to write an autobiography. But after she had conferred with Harry Beard, her manager and amanuensis, she set a day for the meeting. I arrived at the hotel and called her room, but there was no answer, and there was no message at the desk. I turned around, and a short, stocky figure in a brown tweed coat and a long woollen scarf was emerging from the elevator.

"Oh, my," she said, putting a hand up to her mouth. Her voice was low and her accent elegant. "I forgot all about you. I have to go out and pick up a couple of gowns for the Dick Cavett show, which I'm supposed to tape tomorrow. I've done very few TV talk shows, and I'm rather nervous about it."

I asked her if I could go with her.

"Oh, certainly not," she said. "But come to the Cavett show with me. They're sending a limousine at one. Harry Beard will be with us, and Jimmy Lyon, my accompanist. But while you're here, come and look at the room." She moved slowly through the lobby, rocking slightly from side to side and threading her way between small mountains of luggage. She stopped just short of the King Cole Bar, at a pair of open glass doors. The St. Regis Room seats perhaps seventy-five, and it is posh. The floor is carpeted, the ceiling is blue, and there are love seats and leather chairs and small tables. Mirrors and gold paper cover the walls. To the right of the doors is a tiny, almond-shaped stand, with a grand piano, a microphone, and a French Provincial armchair. The room was full of lunching women.

"It's nice, isn't it?" she asked. She opened her coat and put her hands on her hips. "I do two shows on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and three on Fridays and Saturdays. Then I have my two days off, so that I can get up to my house in Chatham, New York, and have a nice rest. They wanted me to start my first show at nine or nine-thirty, and I told them that was too early. Much too early for my people. So I start around ten, and then what did they do at first but close the doors of the room at ten sharp and keep the people waiting outside until the second show began! 'Here, what's this?' I told them. 'You can't do that. These people rush away from their coffee to get here on time and find the doors shut in their faces.' So we've changed all that. They still close the doors, but they bring the late-comers in by a back way. Well, I must go. I'm sorry about today, but you be here at one sharp tomorrow."

I was, and a few minutes later Mabel Mercer came out of the elevator. She was greeted by a tall, stooped man with short gray hair and thick glasses. He was Harry Beard. She was carrying a clothesbag over one arm, and she handed it to Beard. "I've brought two gowns, one black and one white."

"They'll tell you which one they want you to wear, Mabel," he said. "They have their own ideas about these things." He spoke in a concerned, measured way, a nanny clucking over a charge.

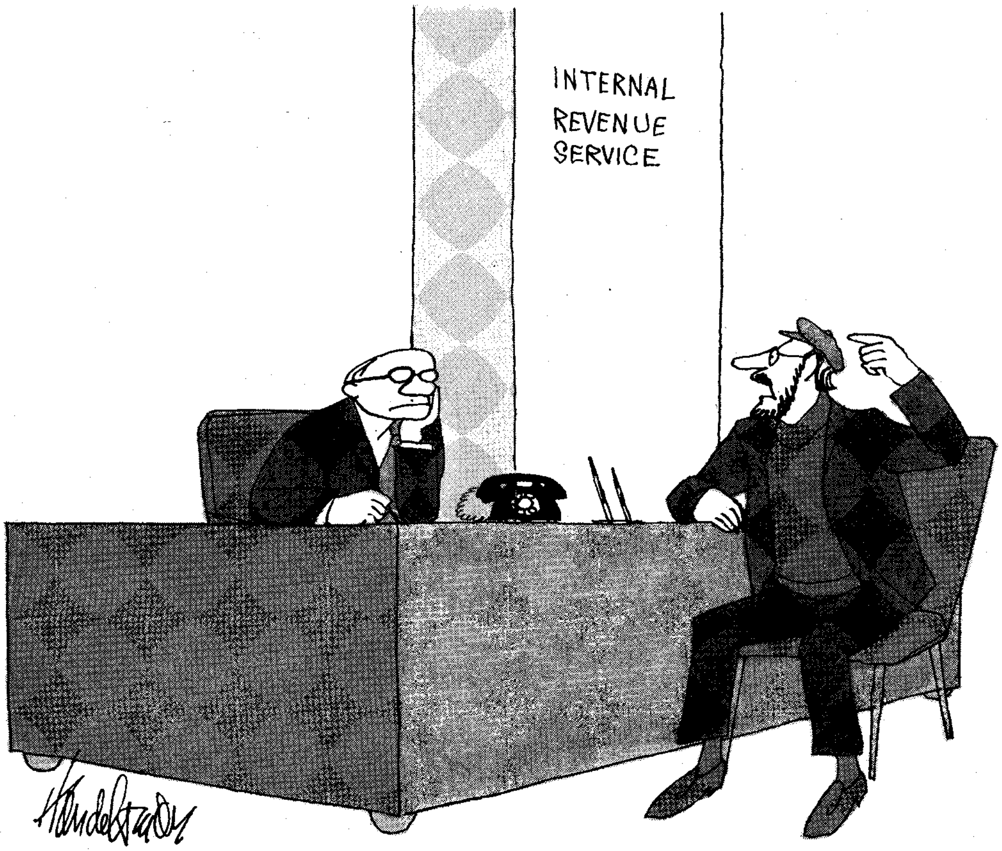
A young, good-looking priest rushed up, expectantly smiling.

"Oh, Peter. It's you. How nice," Mabel Mercer said. Peter O'Brien, a Jesuit, spends most of his waking hours shepherding the great jazz pianist Mary Lou Williams. He and Mabel Mercer embraced.

"I just stopped by to give you a cheer and see how you were," he said. "I was moved a week ago to another church, at Eighty-third and Park, but I'll still have plenty of time to be with Mary."

"Park Avenue," Beard said. "Well, Peter, you've moved that much closer to Heaven."

O'Brien laughed, and said he'd stop by one evening next week. A short,



"I live by my wits, and you'll just have to trust me when I tell you the equipment is depreciating."

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thin gray-haired man in a black raincoat and a dinner jacket appeared—Jimmy Lyon. He looked sleepy.

"I'll go and see where the limousine is," Beard said.

"The Cavett people changed the time of the taping from six in the evening to now," Mabel Mercer said. "I told them it's practically impossible for a singer to sing so early. I don't get upstairs from the St. Regis Room until almost three, and I can't just pop out of bed and start performing."

Beard reappeared with the driver. "I put the gowns in the trunk," he said. We all got into the car and headed for Cavett's studio, which is on Fifty-eighth, between Seventh and Broadway.

"I can't very well practice in my room at the hotel, either," Mabel Mercer said. "The neighbors would say, 'What's that crazy woman doing singing in her room?' I did get a reaction like that once in the country, when I was learning a new song. I tried a high note and the cat, Valachi, jumped right up from the floor and landed on my bosom. So now I warm up with a recorder. I breathe through it, and I play higgledy-piggledy music on it. Every night before bed in the country, I go to the head of the cellar stairs and play, and Valachi comes bounding up. In addition to the cat, I always have dogs. Just nondescript dogs that come and go. I love animals. Deer come within a hundred feet of the house and stand there with their heads in the air. And there are foxes and raccoons. I have some neighbors who had a bunch of raccoons last summer who'd come to their screen door in the kitchen every evening after dinner and pry it open and then let it bang. They'd keep doing it until they were fed with graham crackers and leftovers. You become aware of so many things in the country that city people simply don't know about. Like the crickets chirp-chirp-chirping. To me, they have always sounded like sleigh bells, and it's a pity there aren't more around at Christmastime. One autumn evening a while ago, I was driving by a big field, and it looked totally black, as if some farmer had burned it off. Then a strip of the black suddenly moved up into the air against the evening sky, formed into a flock of birds, and flew away after a lead bird. There was a pause, and a second formation took off, again with a leader. And so it went, a magic, secret ritual. I sat there fifteen minutes watching, until the field was empty. My house is surrounded by cow farms, and I love to see the cows standing on hillsides. I've had the house eighteen or twenty years. My family came from North Wales, and I used to go there for holidays as a child. I remember endless fields of poppies and wheat and blue cornflowers and how we'd return from long walks decked out with bracelets and necklaces of daisies and buttercups, and I knew that one day I had to have a place in the country. Of course, I never could have bought it now. I got it for nothing, and bit by bit through the years, when I've had a few extra dollars, I've fixed it up. I can't garden much anymore, so I'd like to have the place planted with flowering trees—cherry and crabapple and dogwood and wisteria. Then I'd have a thing of glory. I have a huge bird population. I buy sunflower seeds by the fifty-pound bag. The birds take all my pocket money. When I come down in the morning in winter, they're all sitting and waiting on the telegraph line for me to put out some food, and when I do it's as if they were saying, 'All right, boys. The restaurant is open. Let's go.' "

The car pulled up at the stage door, and we all walked to the greenroom, backstage, where Cavett's guests wait their turn. It was furnished with comfortable chairs, a color television set, and fifty or sixty photographs of Cavett's guests in action on his show. Beard helped Mabel Mercer out of her coat. "There goes my stomach," she said. "I've been in this business nearly sixty years, and I still get butterflies at times like this."

"It's the adrenalin working, Mabel," Beard said. He felt the clothesbag. "Uh-oh! The gowns have fallen down in the bottom!"

Mabel Mercer felt the bag. "No, they haven't, Harry. They're folded over hangers. Those are shoes in the bottom."

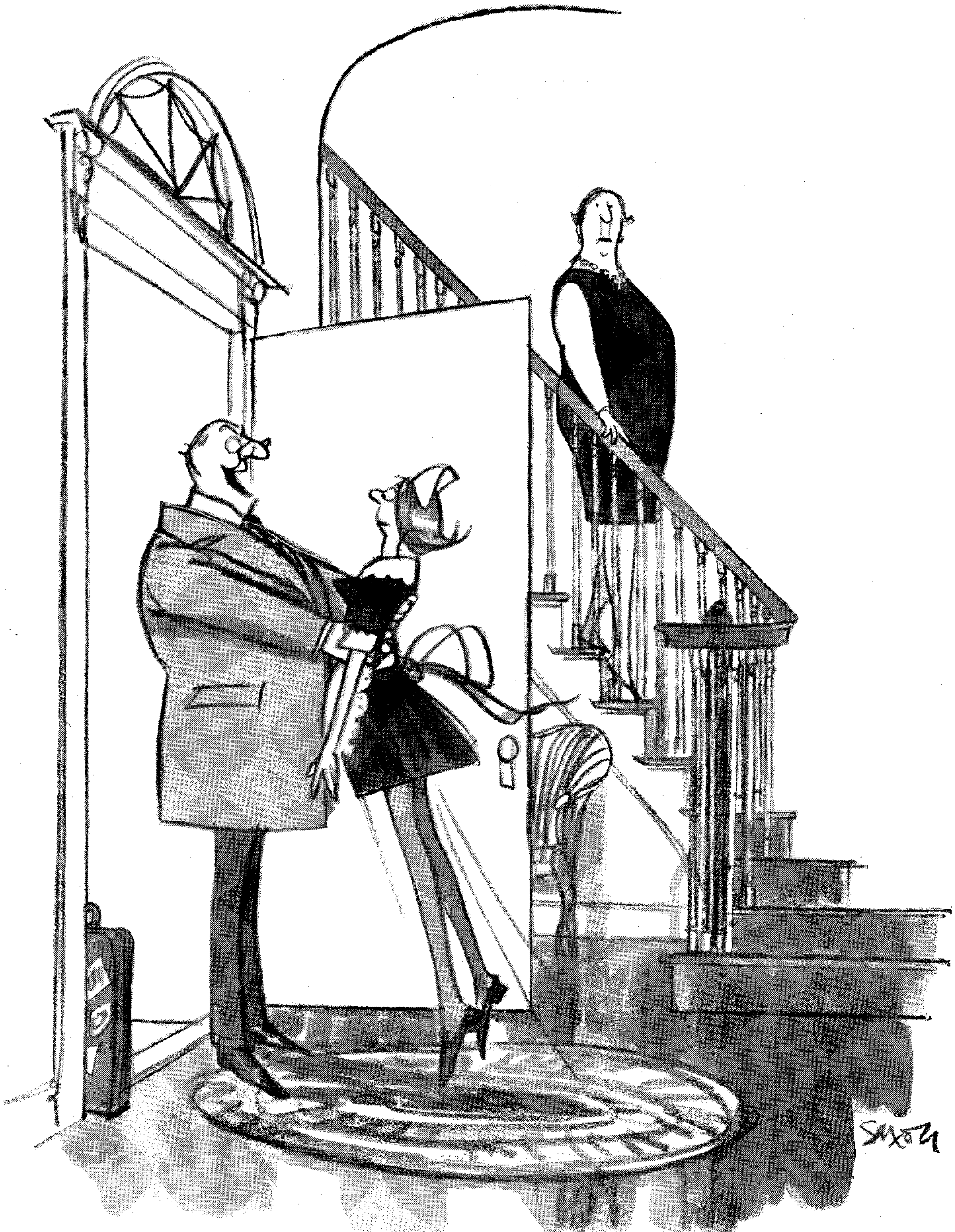
"I hope you're right," Beard said.

The stage manager took Mabel Mercer onstage, and she sat down in a large yellow armchair. She ran through the two songs she would do—"Too Long at the Fair," by Billy Barnes, and Lerner and Lane's "Wait 'Til We're Sixty-five." They went well. She was told her black gown would be better, and she went off to a dressing room. Beard ordered tea with honey for her. "It's taken seventy-two hours to prepare her for this," he said. "She's like a child who has to go to the hospital. I finally told her if she wasn't careful she'd be all right. But she's so natural and offhanded-seeming she can't go wrong. Mabel has walked alone. She has never deviated from what she knew had to be done. It has never been a question of money or vogue."

Mabel Mercer reappeared, in a resplendent black gown threaded with silver. She had a red shawl around her shoulders. She sat down and sipped her tea. One of Cavett's assistants told her she would be on first and that Cavett would like to talk with her on camera before she sang. The greenroom was filling up. Robert Theobald, an economic analyst, arrived, and then Shirley Temple Black, in a red dress. She sat down near Mabel Mercer and took out a cigarette. "Do you mind if I smoke?" she asked.

"Of course not, dear," Mabel Mercer replied. "It only bothers me when I'm singing. Years ago, in Paris, when anyone started to smoke a cigar in a place where I was working, he would be asked to put it out, and of course he did. It's not that way anymore." A Cavett assistant asked her if she would like more tea, and she said, "Yes. Sweeten the kitty, if you would."

Cavett came in and shook hands with everyone. He left, and the greenroom settled down to watch her on the television set. After Cavett's monologue, Mabel Mercer went onstage. She looked relaxed and elegant, and she spoke easily and with surprising freeness. She told Cavett that her father, whom she had never known, was an American Negro and that her mother was white. She had been born in Staffordshire, in 1900, into a bohemian household full of painters and people in show business. She said that when she was twelve she told her grandmother, who took care of her while her mother was on the road, that she wanted to be an engineer, and was informed that this was not suitable for young ladies. She was put in a convent boarding school when she was seven, and it was there she realized that there was something different about her. Her schoolmates thought that perhaps she was an African princess, but, if she was, why did she speak English so well? In time, she became a sort of mascot at the school, and was given the nickname Golliwog. She said that the only thing that bothered her was that she had short hair and all the other girls had long plaits, so she tied a couple of pieces of string to a headband and let them hang down like pigtails. Cavett asked her about her years in Paris in the twenties and thirties, and she told him about singing at Bricktop's, the famous Paris *boîte*, and about meeting Cole Porter and Vincent Youmans and Gertrude Stein and Ernest Hemingway. But, she said, none of them made a very deep impression, because they were all young together, all struggling together. There came a commercial, and then Mabel Mercer, seated in the yellow chair, her hands in her lap, her shawl about her shoulders, her composure complete, sang her two songs, with great effect. Her diction was glass, and her voice sure and strong. And she got several good laughs in just the right places in "Wait 'Til We're Sixty-five," a song that has to do with maturing bonds and Social Security and "Tampa, Fla." She came back to the greenroom, somewhat breathless, and there was a heavy round of applause. A stagehand said Cavett would like her onstage for the rest of the show, and she went back. One of



"Margaret Spicer! After all these years! And you haven't changed a bit!"

VOYAGE IN THE BLUE

As on a festal day in early spring
The tidelands maneuver and the air is quick with imitations:
Ships, hats appear. And those,
The mind readers, who are never far off. But
To get to know them we must avoid them.

And so, into our darkness life seeps,
Keeping its part of the bargain. But what of
Houses, standing ruined, desolate just now—
Is this not also beautiful and wonderful?
For where a mirage has once been, life must be.

The pageant, growing ever more curious, reaches
An ultimate turning point. Now everything is going to be
Not dark, but on the contrary charged with so much light
It looks dark, because things are now packed so closely together.
We see it with our teeth. And once this

Far-out corner is rounded, everything
Is not to be made new again. We shall be inhabited
In the old way, as ideal things came to us,
Yet in the having we shall be growing, rising above it
Into an admixture of deep-blue enamelled sky and bristly gold stars.

The way the date came in
Made no sense, it never had any.
It should have been a caution to you
To listen more carefully to the words
Under the wind as it moved toward us.

Perhaps, sinking into the pearl stain of that passionate eye,
The minutes came to seem the excrement of everything they were passing through,
A time when colors no longer mattered.
They are to us as qualities we were not meant to catch
As being too far removed from our closed-in state.

And ideally the chime of this
Will come to have the fascination of a remembered thing
Without avatars, or so remote, like a catastrophe
In some unheard-of country, that our concern
Will be only another fact in a long list of important facts.

You and I and the dog
Are there, that is what matters now.
In other times things will happen that cannot possibly involve us now
And this is good, a true thing, perpendicular to the ground,
Like the freshest, least complicated, and earliest of memories.

We have them all, those people, and now they have us.
Their decision was limited, waiting for us to make the first move,
But now that we have done so the results are unfathomable, as though
A single implication could sway the whole universe on its stem.
We are fashionably troubled by this new edge of what had seemed finite

Before and now seems infinite though encircled by gradual doubts
Of whatever came over us. Perhaps the old chic was less barren,
More something to be looked forward to, than this
Morning in the orchards under an unclouded sky,
This painful freshness of each thing being exactly itself.

Perhaps all that is wanted is time.
People cover us, they are older
And have lived before. They want no part of us,
Only to be dying, and over with it.
Out of step with all that is passing along with them

But living with it deep into the heart of things.
It is civilization that counts, after all, they seem
To be saying, and we are as much a part of it as anybody else,
Only we think less about it, even not at all, until some
Fool comes shouting into the forest at nightfall

News of some thing we know and care little of,
As the distant castle rejoices to the joyous
Sound of hooves, releasing rooks straight up into the faultless air
And meanwhile weighs its shadow ever heavier on the mirroring
Surface of the river, surrounding the little boat with three figures in it.

—John Ashbery

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Cavett's assistants said that it was the first time she had ever heard applause in the greenroom.

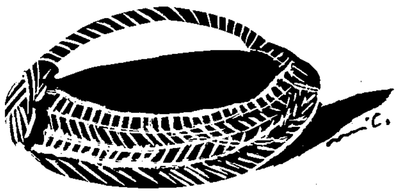
AFTER Mabel Mercer had changed into her street clothes, we all went out through the stage door. It was four o'clock. There was a crowd of autograph seekers on the sidewalk, and she was immediately surrounded. She wrote slowly, but she did sign almost a dozen times. All the while, a huge A.B.C. policeman with a Brendan Behan face and a matching brogue towered over her. He kept saying, "All right, Mabel. You don't have to do so many. . . . One more, Mabel, and I'll take you to the car. . . . Now, that's it. You'll catch your death."

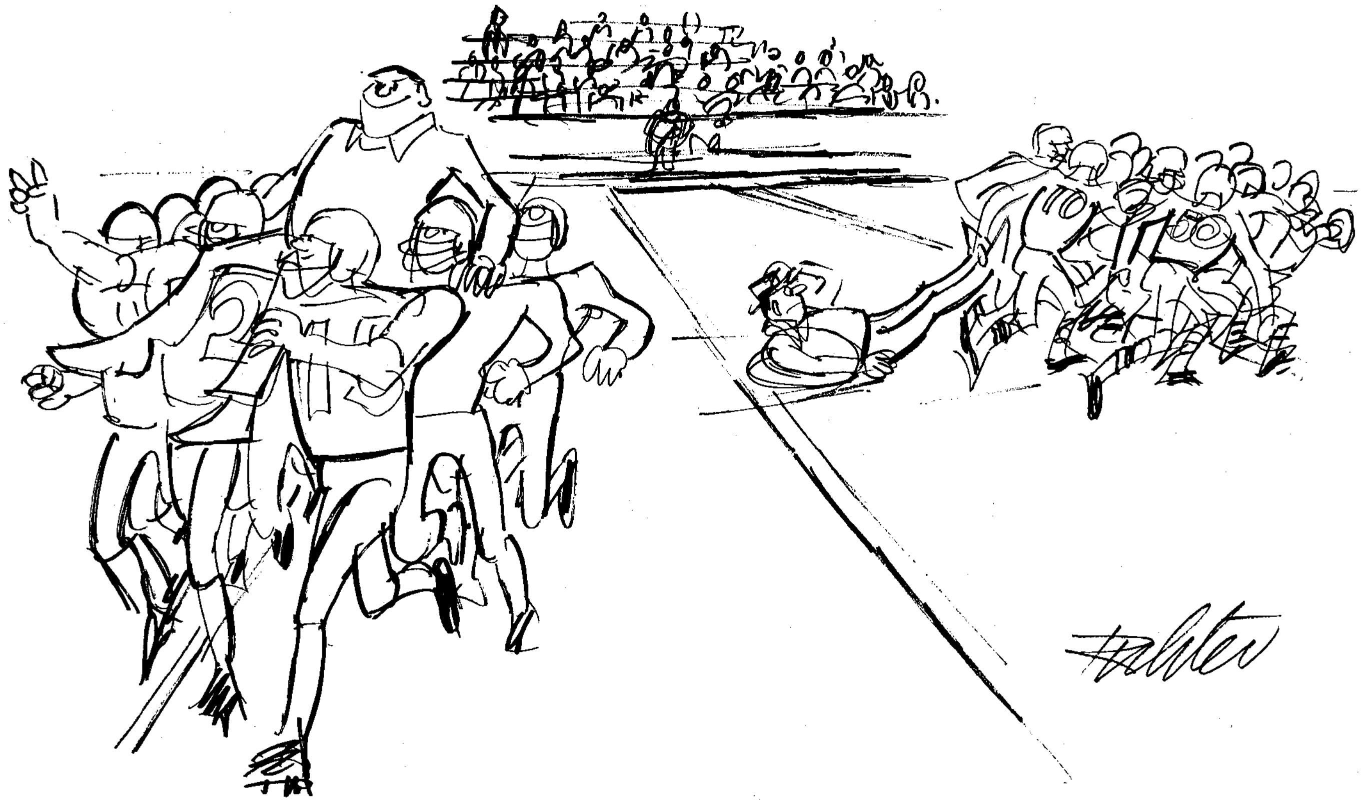
We all got into the car. "Well, that's the first time that's happened to me in all these years—all those autographs," she said.

"You're a living legend, Mabel," Beard said.

"Don't say that, Harry," she replied. "It makes me very nervous. Let's have some lunch."

"All right," he said, and told the driver to go to Michael's Pub, on East Fifty-fifth Street. It was nearly empty. Mabel Mercer ordered a Bloody Mary ("I'm going to break my rule and celebrate"), soup, and a spinach salad. "My life has come in three parts—England, France, and America," she said, after she had finished her Bloody Mary. "My mother was short and my stepfather was tall and skinny, and they called their act, which was vaudeville, of course, Ling and Long. I'll never forget one part of it. They'd all put on white tennis clothes and step out on a simulated court and the lights would go down and they'd throw luminous clubs back and forth across the net. My stepfather had invented the luminous clubs, and you'd see these squashy balls of light drifting back and forth through the dark, and it was a





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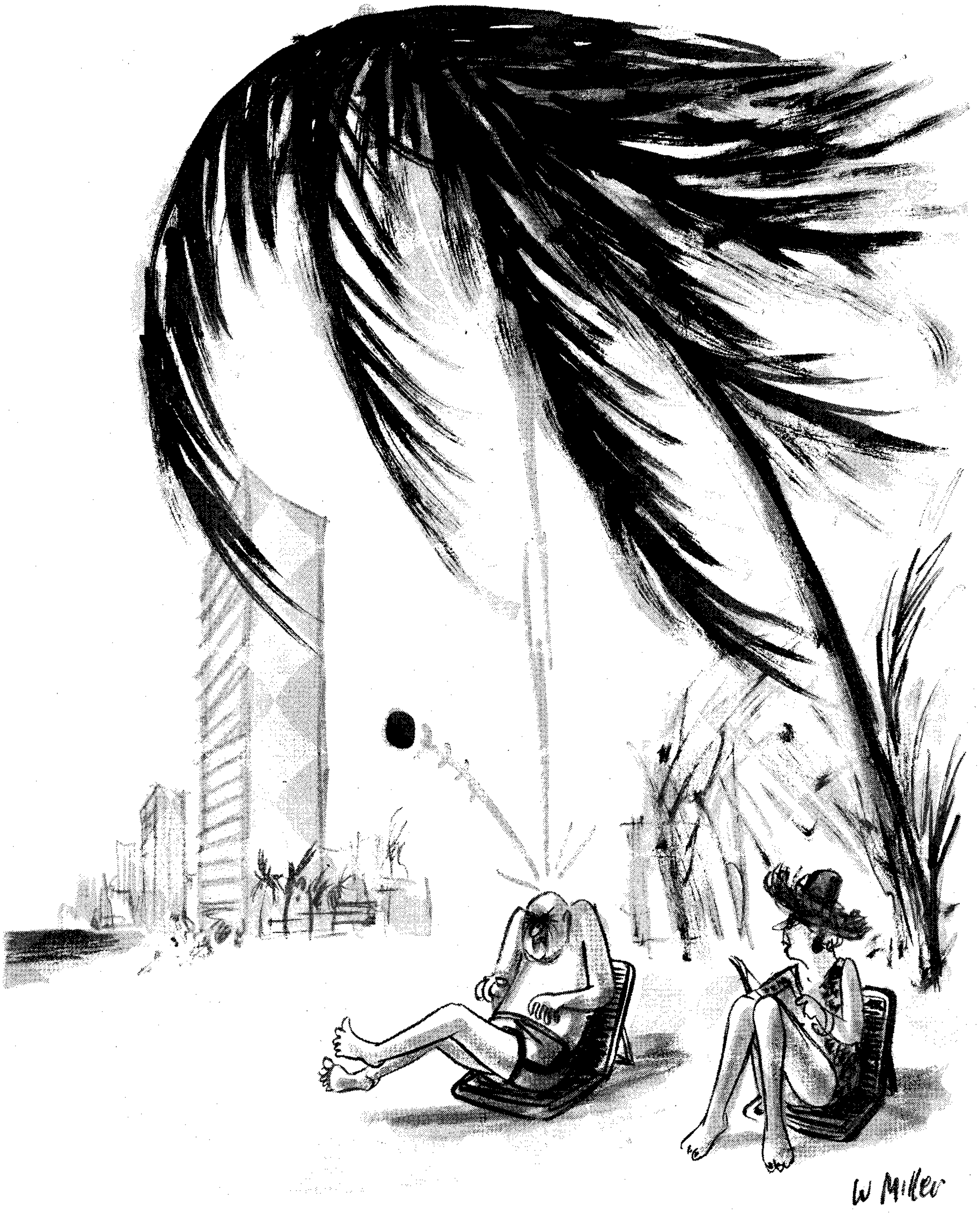
beautiful spectacle. In those days, vaudeville was full of jugglers and acrobats and tumblers. The circus is about the only place you find them now. My mother and stepfather had come over to America on tour in 1912 and were stranded by the war, and when I got out of school, in 1914, I went into my aunt's act. It was a family singing-and-dancing act, and I started as a dancer. We went all over England on the vaudeville circuit, and we always travelled on Sundays. We'd hire our own railroad coach, and there would be a sign in the window saying who we were. When we'd get to a new town, there'd be the excitement of seeing old friends and of finding out where you'd be on the bill. The closing act was tops, and I think we made it as the next-to-last act a couple of times. In 1919, another girl and I formed a dancing act and took it to Brussels, and several years later I joined Lew Leslie's 'Black-Birds,' in London, with Florence Mills. After that, I became part of a vocal trio—two men and myself. We sang everything, a cappella and with piano accompaniment—lieder, Negro spirituals, French songs, 'Yes, We Have No Bananas,' 'Carolina in the Morning.' One of the men had been a choirmaster, and it was he who caused me to start studying singing. I studied in Paris and London, and I had aspirations to be a concert singer. But it just didn't work out that way. I paid for my lessons by working in shows and singing in night clubs, and that's no way to become a classical singer. I worked in a variety of shows, travelling all over Europe. One was a circus, where we sang between the acts, and another was 'The Chocolate Kiddies.' It played in Vienna and in Cairo and Alexandria. I'd go out to the Pyramids every day. It was when they were excavating the Sphinx, and I remember the workers passing pails of sand along and singing chants, like the American gandy dancers. By the thirties, I had settled pretty much into Bricktop's, and it was a lovely era. Bricktop's was very chic, and money was plentiful. There were banquettes around the walls, lit from behind, and an orchestra and a small dance floor. I'd sit right at people's tables and sing to them. That sort of intimate singing is tricky, you know. You can't *look* at the people you are singing to. They get embarrassed. So you look at the ceiling or the far corner of the room, and then they can stare at you and know that you won't look down and catch them. Sometimes we'd sing all night, and once I remember stopping in a café on the way home and listening to Louis Armstrong and Django Reinhardt, the gypsy guitarist, playing duets together. They were still there at noon, playing, just the two of them. In 1938, I came over here to work in the Ruban Bleu. It was run by Herbert Jacoby, whom I'd worked for in Paris, and Cy Walter was my accompanist. Then I worked for a while in the Bahamas, where I got to know the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. And in 1941 I went back in the Ruban Bleu and then opened at Tony's, on Fifty-second Street. Billie Holiday was working across the street, and she came in so much that her boss got mad and told her she wasn't being paid to listen to me."

Mabel Mercer had finished her salad, and she looked tired. She said she was going back to the hotel to take a nap. "I don't remember when I last got eight straight hours of sleep. I suppose it's age. I wake up every couple of hours all night and I read or take a hot bath and sometimes that helps." She patted my hand. "Stop by tonight," she told me.

WHEN I got to the St. Regis Room, at nine-thirty, it was already half full, and Mabel Mercer, again in her black gown, was seated at a corner table with several priests. At ten minutes of ten, she arranged herself in her chair, a green shawl around her shoulders. A wineglass of hot water with honey and lemon and slices of orange in it sat beside her on the piano. She said something to Jimmy Lyon, gazed serenely over the heads of her listeners, and started George Gershwin's " 'S Wonderful." Bart Howard's "My Love Is a Wanderer" came next, and then another Gershwin, "Isn't It a Pity?" After "Season's Greetings," by Rod Warren, she re-



"*Bingo! Another Sir Isaac Newton!*"

arranged her shawl around her waist and tied it loosely. Portia Nelson's "Sunday in New York" and Rodgers and Hart's "Falling in Love with Love" were followed by Cy Coleman's "Sweet Talk." Then came Bob Merrill's "Mira," a song from "Sesame Street" written by Joe Raposo ("Bein' Green"), and Jerome Kern's "Remind Me." The Kern was highlighted by beautifully rolled "r"s. She paused for a moment, and then she gave Cole Porter's "Down in the Depths on the Ninetieth Floor" a beautiful rendition, and ended with the songs she had done on the Cavett show. She bowed her way out of the room, and when she came back she did Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields' "Baby, Dream Your Dream" as an encore.

She sat down with Beard and me and ordered tea and honey. Beard said the Cavett show would be on in twenty minutes, and that he wanted to go and find a television set. I asked her how many songs she knows.

"I guess I know roughly a thousand," she answered. "I can sing three or four hundred of them without too much brushing up. I learned a long time ago that you have to keep your mind exactly on what you're doing when you sing. If stray thoughts suddenly pop into your head, you're apt to forget the words. It's happened to me more than once. When it does, I either repeat what I've just sung or sing a line or two of nonsense until the right words come back. They're always there, stored safely away somewhere in the back of my head. I think constantly about the lyrics and what they mean, and I try and make my listeners feel the vision of what the words are saying. All of us know about sorrow and tears and laughter, so it's not my job to sing *my* emotions but to sing my *listeners'* emotions. Then they can take them home with them. In a way, my singing is like putting on certain sets of clothes every night. I'd be a total wreck if I lived all the emotions I sing about. It happened to me just once. I was sitting at a table with some people and singing 'The Last Time I Saw Paris,' and so many things started going through the back of my mind about Brick's and my little apartment in Paris and so forth that I had to stop and excuse myself. At first, I found this sort of intimate singing a terrible wear and tear. I'd get so nervous my lip would tremble and my legs wobble. I'd pray I could walk across the stage and not let it show. I'd sense unfriendly people in the audience or I'd hear a man leave in the middle of a set and say to the maître d., 'Who told *her* she could sing?' Then I understood that you simply cannot please everybody and that there will always be two or three people out front who understand, and it is to *them* that you

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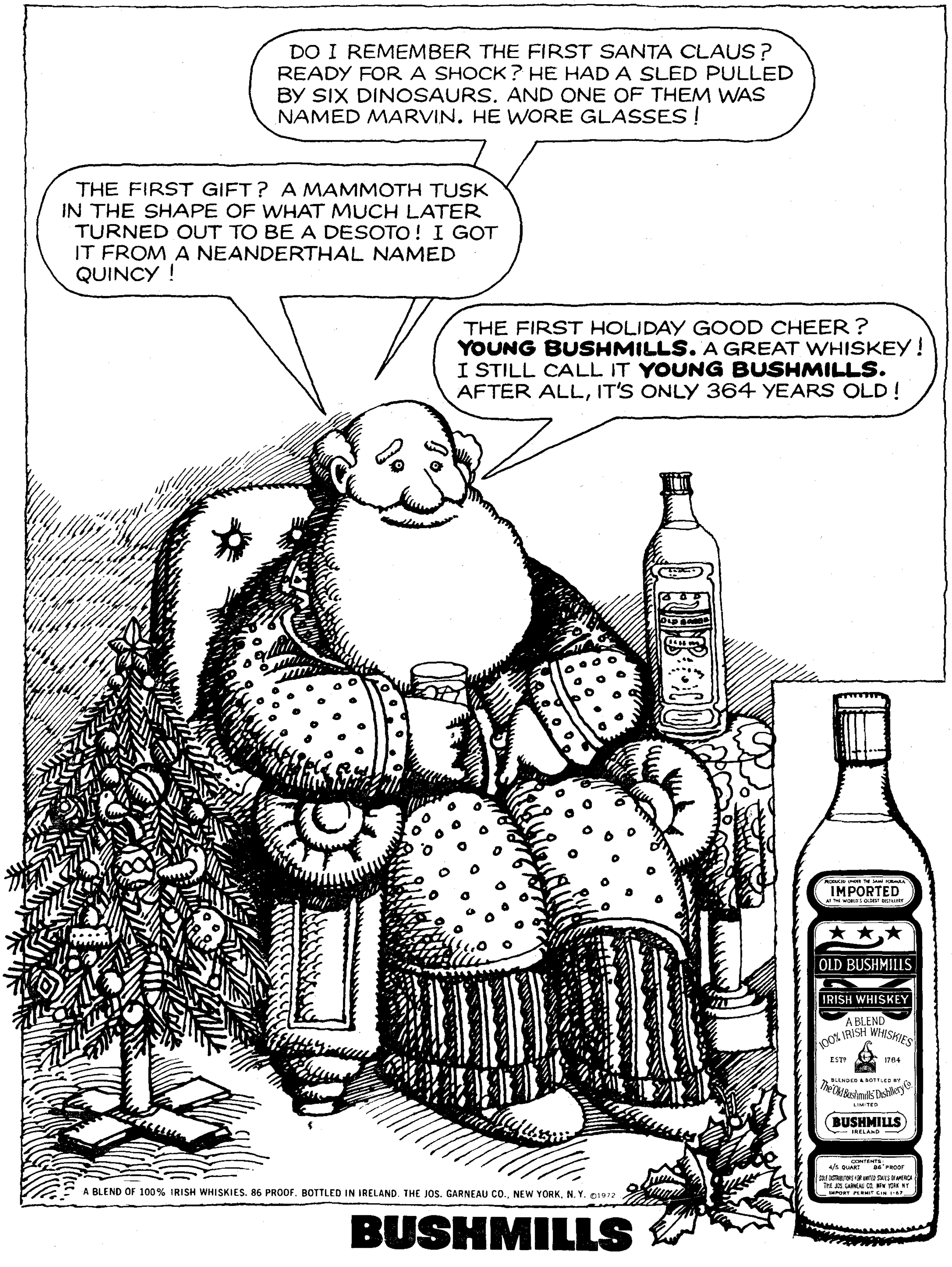
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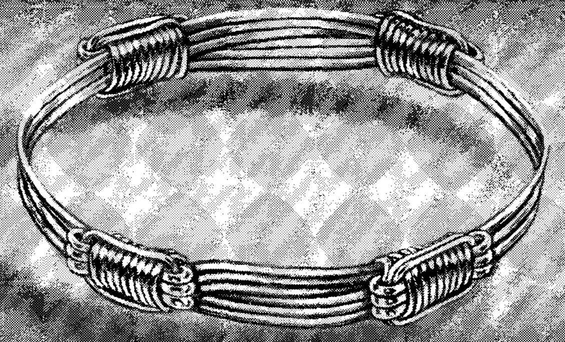

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should sing. I don't know where my sense of diction came from. Perhaps I got it in school. Perhaps it came from my mother. Before she came over here, she'd take me into an empty theatre where she was working, and she'd go up to the top gallery and make me stand down on the stage and sing. I was a very shy child, even with her, but she'd say, 'All right, sing! And I want to understand every word!' "

Beard came back to say that a television set had been put up in the King Cole Bar. The Cavett show started, but there were two Cavetts and two Mabel Mercers, and the colors were a variety of livid blues. Midway in her first song, she made a sound of disgust and stood up. "I can't stand this," she said. "It's bad enough looking at yourself when you can see yourself," and went back to the St. Regis Room by herself. When her segment of the Cavett show had ended, I followed her. She was sitting alone and she looked bemused, and she sighed when I joined her.

"I just don't know," she said. "I've never had any wish to be famous, and I've always wondered: How can those people sit out there and listen to *me*? If I ever have it to do all over again, I'd like to be a painter, like my grandfather. Or a writer. Something permanent. Look at Mme. Curie. Maybe I'd write children's books about sitting on the beach and the sunbeams coming down and people coming down the beams and talking to me. Fantasies. But I don't suppose I'll ever have the chance." —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

As an enthusiastic physicist recently said: "Today, we are privileged to sit side-by-side with the giants on whose shoulders we stand."—*"The Evolution of the Machine," by Ritchie Calder.*

We'd rather be comfortable.

•

GENTLEMEN:

Throwing this letter in the wastebasket will not only be discourteous, but result in a loss to you, as well as ourselves.—*Letter from a Kansas City (Mo.) firm.*

A gain for the basket, though. Observe!

•

HISSES WE DOUBT EVER GOT HISSED

[*From "The Body Lovers," by Mickey Spillane*]

"And now here it is—that C-130 was being shipped on board the *Pinella* on a trip from Marseilles to Tangiers."

"Ali Duval," I hissed.

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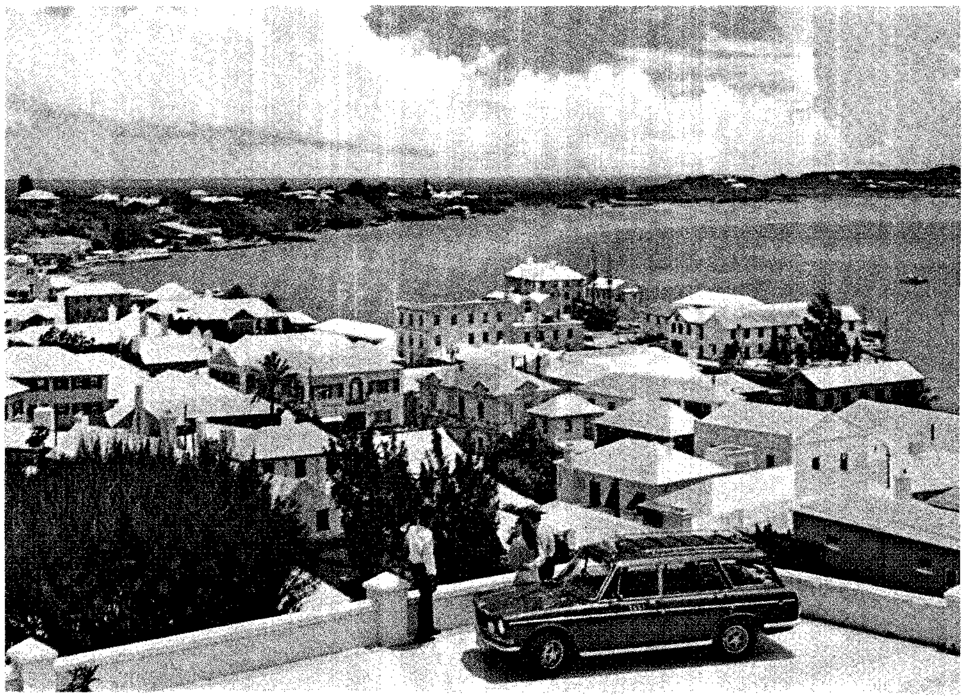

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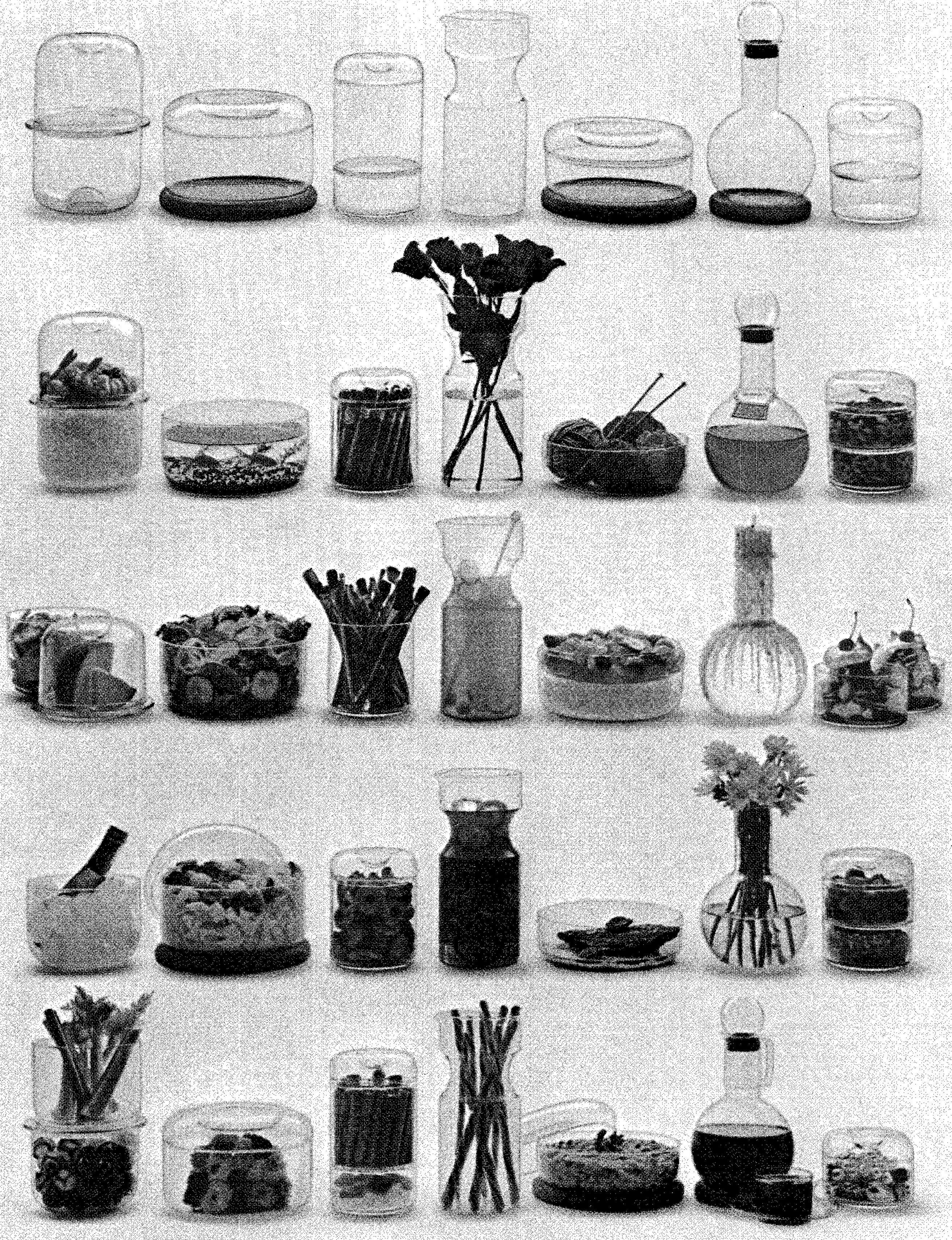

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THE THEATRE

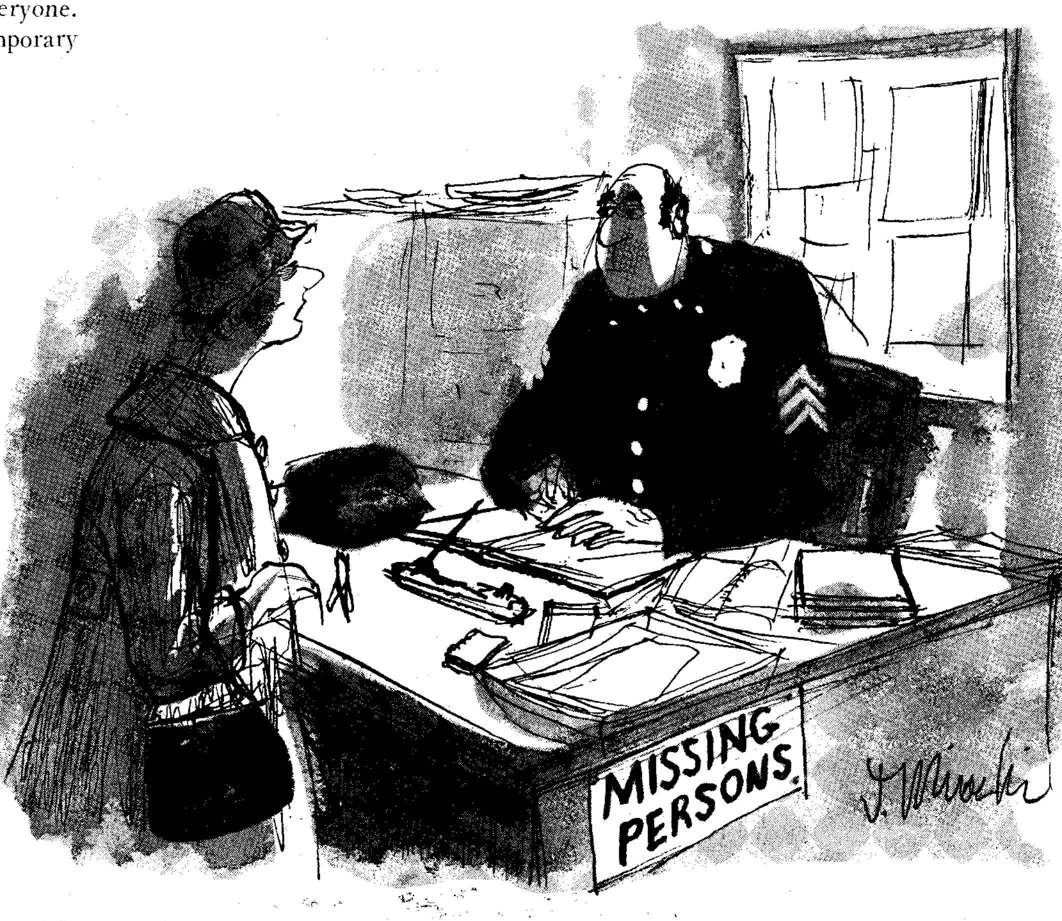
THE UPPER DEPTHS

THE Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center has begun its season at the Beaumont with an ambitious production of Maxim Gorky's "Enemies," in an English version prepared by Jeremy Brooks and Kitty Hunter-Blair. Written in 1906, at a time of mounting industrial unrest in Russia, the play in its setting—a large country house, occupied by three generations of a numerous and distraught family, with the usual attendants and hangers-on—puts us in mind of Chekhov; half unawares, we begin to steel ourselves for the sound of trees being chopped down at the final curtain. In doing so, we are very wide of the mark, for Gorky, though influenced by his friend Chekhov, is an artist less serious and therefore less pure. Robust and optimistic by nature, he saw no objection to making art do donkey work; socially and politically, he was an activist, and if his talent provided a means of spreading propaganda for causes he believed in, so much the better for everyone. Like his almost exact contemporary Kipling, Gorky took the world by storm in his youth, and, like Kipling, he was to find that the handful of simple and strong ideas that nourished him in his twenties and thirties would prove lean fare in age.

In cobbling up a plot for "Enemies," Gorky took relish in a highly implausible distribution of human attributes. The oppressed factory workers are virtuous and the owners of the factory are evil, even when, on occasion, they attempt to do good. The bourgeoisie is intrinsically self-corrupting, as the proletariat is self-correcting; the likeliest fate for the bourgeoisie is death, either by murder or, more honorably, by suicide, while the likeliest fate for the proles is implied to be a revolution that will place all power in their hands. As a play, "Enemies" suffers from the crude ideological program indicated by its title. The Lincoln Center company has struggled to bring interesting shades of meaning into Gorky's broadly sketched characters, but the needs of the plot keep playing them false. I felt sorry for Robert Symonds, Frances Sternhagen, Nancy Marchand, Philip Bosco, Sydney Walker, and other veterans of the Beaumont, and I wish I could find more to compliment them on than valor. Joseph Wiseman gives a curious performance as the sensitive alcoholic uncle in the family. He totters about in a sort of dance, like some fey figure in a Beerbohm drawing, and I doubt if this was what Gorky had in mind.

The triumph of the evening is the set, designed by Douglas W. Schmidt. It makes admirable use of the huge turntable at the Beaumont, which is no less than sixty-six feet in diameter; we catch different glimpses of the exterior of the house, the terrace, and the garden, and in the last of the three acts we are shown the dusky, high-ceilinged drawing room of the house. The director, Ellis Rabb, has devised an ingenious finish for the play: a shot is heard offstage, and as we watch the actors hurry out through the French windows of the drawing room onto the terrace the turntable begins to move and bring the terrace slowly, slowly into view. Something frightful has just happened out there, and we are made uncannily intimate participants in the event. The lighting of the play is by John Gleason, and the costumes are by Ann Roth.

THE New York Shakespeare Festival, which is a fancy way of saying Joe Papp and Bernard Gersten, put on an extremely successful musical-comedy version of "Much Ado About Nothing" in Central Park last summer; now the production has been brought indoors, to the wonderfully appropriate Winter Garden. The design of the interior of that enchanting theatre comes from Cloud-Cuckoo-Land, and this version of "Much Ado" equals it in verve and extravagance. The time of the play appears to be around 1910—there is an ancient, tiny car that spouts steam and Keystone Cops that spout nonsense—and the place is no longer Messina but, I



"I don't know when he disappeared. I just happened to notice that his chair in front of the TV was empty."

think, Oak Bluffs, U.S.A. Recognizably Shakespearean by fits and starts, the plot dissolves continuously into horseplay and song, and proves even more endearing than Papp's "Two Gentlemen of Verona." The large cast is plainly delighted to scatter its gifts before us—it seemed on opening night as if everyone onstage were eager to turn the event into opening morning. Beatrice and Benedick, played by Kathleen Widdoes and Sam Waterston, are the most convincing young lovers I've ever beheld; I wanted them to go on being young and in love forever. I also felt particular admiration for the performances given by Douglass Watson, Mark Hammer, Glenn Walken, April Shawhan, and Jerry Mayer. The skyscraping little Victorian set is by Ming Cho Lee, the pretty costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the music is by Peter Link. The production has been directed, not to say invented, by A. J. Antoon. Young as he is, surely by now he is past having his head turned, so I will risk saying that of its kind his "Much Ado" is a work of genius. —BRENDAN GILL

•

In a way, designing a restraint system into a car—whether it is air bags or safety belts—is a contest in which the engineer attempts to make it so difficult to bypass the system that the motorist gives up and uses it.

The problem, said Derek P. Peck, chief safety engineer for Triumph at British Leyland Motor Corp., is that "if inventive human beings are putting systems in, inventive human beings will be able to take them out."

Peck was in Detroit for the second International Conference on Passive Restraints, where he described a "semipassive" seat-belt system developed by Triumph which he estimated would achieve a 95 percent usage rate.

The system features a three-point belt system with single buckle and ignition interlock.

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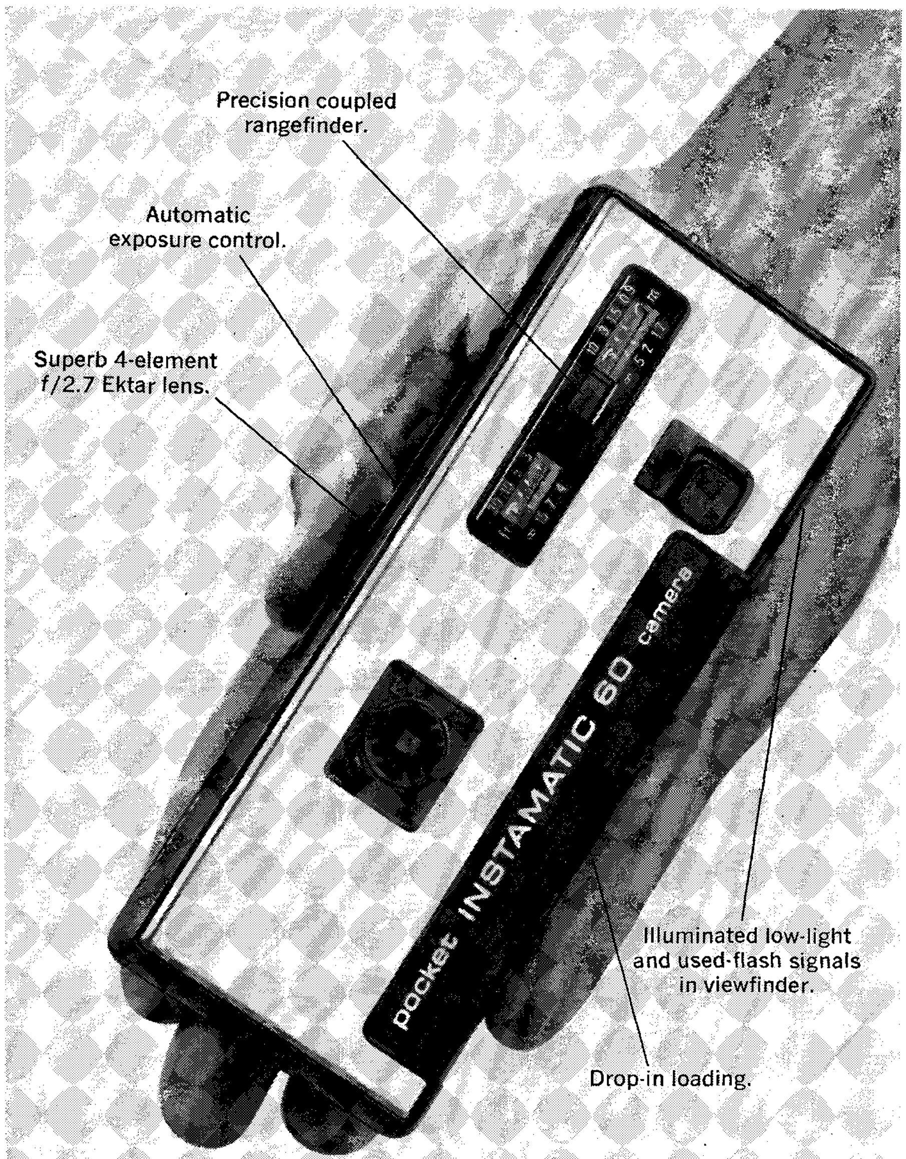
Load-sensitive switches are fitted to all passenger seats, which open under weight greater than 35 pounds. Coupling of the belts is needed then to complete the circuit. . . .

Peck said that with a system such as this, almost all but the most determined motorists would use the belts properly. He estimated that only about 5 percent would go to the lengths necessary to bypass the system.—*Automotive News.*

But they're the ones that make America great.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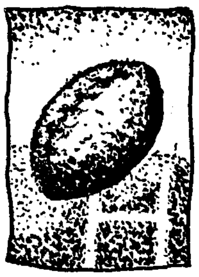

CONFUSION, rains! The rains fell upon the tetrahydropenicil mat of Franklin Field on Saturday last, and Yale, which had planned to engage Pennsylvania in a match of grave import to the Ivy League, if not indeed to the rest of the world, fell into the coma that had enveloped it a fortnight earlier on a similar and dampened surface at Ithaca. Yale fumbled, missed tackles, missed blocks, and garnered penalties until Pennsylvania mercifully withdrew its leading men and permitted Yale four touchdowns; the final count, 48–30, could as easily have been 48–0. The rains fell upon the green grass of Palmer Stadium, and Harvard, its free-form offense in a tangle, came tumbling down, 10–7, before a Princeton that had overcome no one of note this fall. The rains fell on Archbold Stadium, and Syracuse, which has endured a season it would rather not contemplate, put away, 27–6, an Army that was coming straight off a skillfully contrived overturning of Air Force. Up in Hanover, where earlier on it had been thought the climactic encounter of the Ivy League season would take place over the weekend, a Dartmouth that had been wholly unravelled by Yale seven days before overran, by 38–8, a Columbia that seven days before had denied Cornell any score at all. And in the zone where football is the ethical touchstone of the times, Iowa State held Nebraska even, at 23–23, and Michigan State outmaneuvered Ohio State, 19–12. Well, and again well!

The slowly accumulating surge of Pennsylvania is the effect of an assiduous search for new performers and a viable coach. The coach, Harry Gamble, lately reacquired from Lafayette, is not one of the cloth-of-gold headmasters with whom at times Penn has been burdened, and the lately acquired performers are often winners. Let us consider Bumgardner, who on Saturday called defensive signals as though he were mind-reading Yale, and who gathered in a handsome clutch of Yale passes, and let us consider Bellizeare, a running back who, if he does not perish in a blaze of overexuberance, or overwork, will disturb a great many Penn records. Though he does not weigh enough to hurt a flea, he runs so fast, and so bewilderingly, that it doesn't

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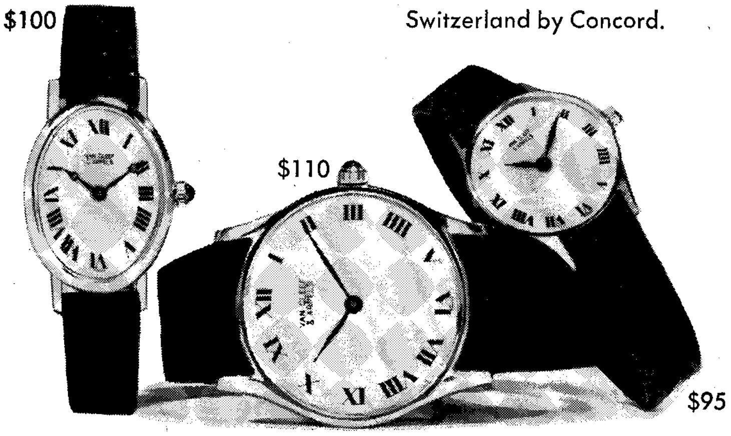

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matter, and, accordingly, he not only works in the offensive backfield but runs back punts every so often. A gyroscope keeps him erect on his twisting turns: two Yalies hit him so hard on Saturday that they spun him halfway around, but he simply backpedalled five yards toward the Yale goal, spun *himself* around, and went on for three yards more before he was hauled in. As for Yale's own certified speed, what can be said of it when one sees Doyle, rolling right behind a three-man blocking squad, pulled down from behind well in back of the line of scrimmage?

It is reasonable to surmise that a newcomer, McInally, who can punt a ball sixty-five yards before the first bounce, kept Harvard from becoming more deeply mired on Saturday, and to surmise that the difference between it and Princeton was the running of Wagenseller, another newcomer, and the management of Mistretta, another newcomer, both of whom kept the Princeton offense (what there has been of it this year) in productive motion. Wagenseller weighs even less than Bellizeare. It won't be long before we hear people again using the word "scatback." Further credit where it belongs: Barisich, a Princeton lineman, on a search-and-destroy campaign, got to the Harvard ball carrier a dozen times.

"Scatback" is not the word for Haynie, who throws for Air Force, but he looked as small as one while he threaded a fieldful of Notre Dames on his fifty-two-yard prance last weekend. It may have been the neatest run of that weekend: twice he cut so sharply that he nearly went aground and had to plant his right hand on earth to steady himself until *his* gyroscope could pull him perpendicular. Notre Dame 21, Air Force 7, but it was a great try.

—J. W. L.

•

> MANY WOMEN
> HAD GOITER
>
> AUSTIN, Tex. (UPI)—The state of Texas took shape from many cultures. A native of Virginia drilled the first producing oil well, as Czech immigrants brought in the most Greek cross, planned by an famous gusher, the state capitol was designed in the shape of a architect with a German name, working for a syndicate refinanced by the British.
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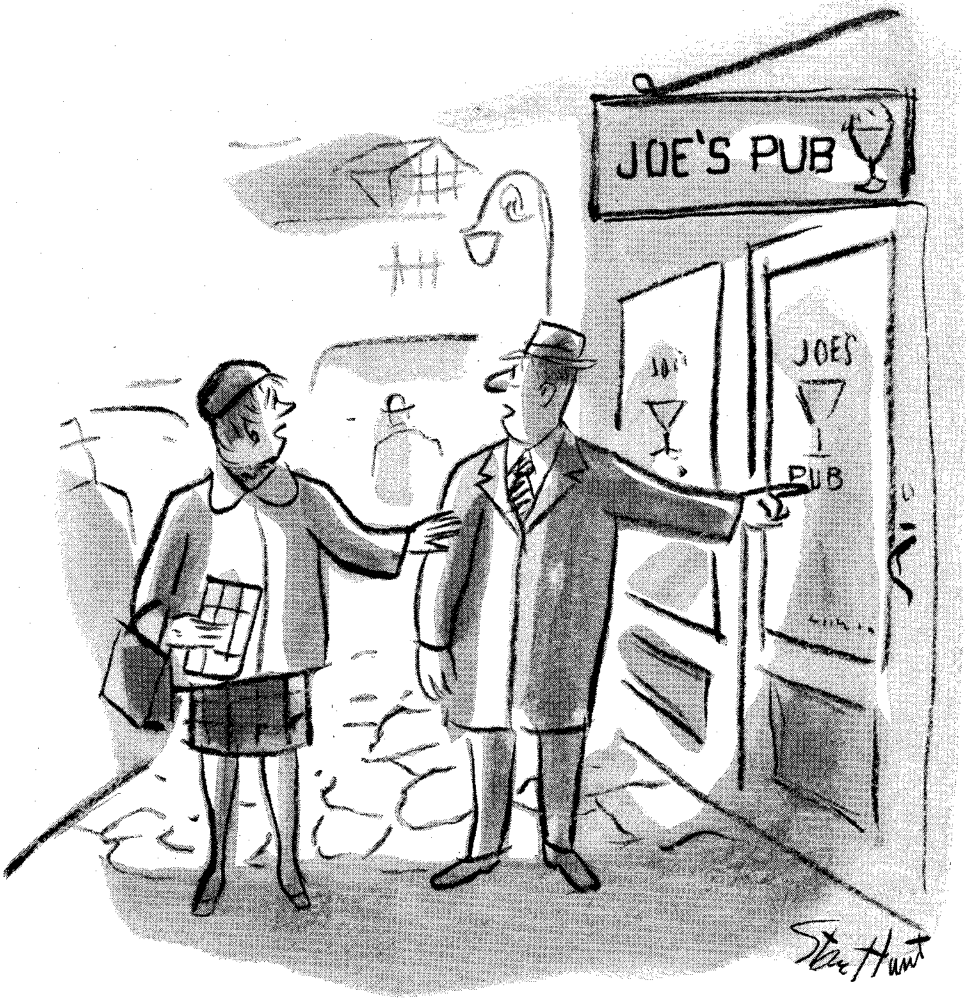
ANNALS OF EXPLORATION

AN ACCIDENT IN SPACE—II

GENERALLY speaking, spaceflights are less satisfying to the people who follow them on television than the adventures of earthbound explorers have usually been to those who have read about them in books. For one thing, technology seems to impinge too heavily on the televised space travels; what was once called a spaceship, to give a small example, has become a module. However, technology notwithstanding, the men who ply between the earth and the heavens are not doing anything much different from what was done by the explorers who merely used the heavens to steer by. And on Wednesday, April 15, 1970, three astronauts heading back from the region of the moon aboard a disabled spacecraft were in every bit as understandable and distressing a predicament as any seamen aboard a leaky vessel in danger of foundering. This was readily grasped by the estimated third of the world's population who were following their mission, Apollo 13—probably more than had followed any other spaceflight. There was a sort of worldwide shudder of horror, for if these men died they could do so in a way no men ever had before: they could be the first never to return to the dust of this planet. After it was learned that the spacecraft was in serious trouble, and that the astronauts, instead of using their lunar module for a landing on the moon, were having to use it as a lifeboat to carry them back toward the earth's atmosphere, newspapers in many countries published cartoons representing the world with a pair of hands; in some cases the hands were reaching out for the astronauts, and in others they were simply clasped in prayer.

When April 15th began, it was twenty-seven hours since the disaster had occurred, about four-fifths of the way to the moon: An explosion caused by a short circuit had burst open one of the two main oxygen tanks aboard the service module, which constituted more than half the weight of the three-section space vehicle. The service module provided propulsion, oxygen, water, and electricity for the command module, in whose cabin the three men were supposed to spend most of the trip. Thereafter, the three astronauts—Navy Captain James A. Lovell, Jr., the mission commander, and two civilians, Fred W. Haise, Jr., the lunar-module pilot, and John L. Swigert, Jr., the command-module pilot—had been forced to rely primarily on the limited oxygen, water, and electricity (known together as "consumables") and the limited propulsion equipment of the lunar module, or LM, while they coasted around the moon and set a course back toward the earth. As they approached the limits of the atmosphere, however, they would have to jettison both the LM and the service module, and hope that they could revive the now cold and lifeless command module—the only part of the craft able to withstand the five-thousand-degree heat of reëntry—long enough to enable them to survive the descent to earth.

About three and a half hours before midnight on the fourteenth, the astronauts had performed what was known as the PC+2 burn, a powerful thrust of the LM's descent rocket that, it was hoped, would send the spacecraft on a course to earth. Some time after this, Lovell and Swigert, leaving Haise on watch in the LM, had retired to the command module—which contained the three comfortable reclining seats in which they would ordinarily have spent much of the journey, and which they now called the "upstairs bedroom"—to try to get some rest. They were about eighteen thousand miles from the moon and travelling at three thousand miles an hour toward the earth. Approximately two hundred and thirty-five thousand miles from the ship, in the Mission Control Center of the Manned Spacecraft Center, outside Houston, the White Team of flight controllers had just handed over responsibility for the spacecraft to the Maroon Team. In the Operations Wing, a windowless, three-story concrete cube, several hundred controllers, engineers, and other technicians were working frantically to see to it that the three men achieved a splashdown in the Pacific within the next two and a half days. Among the hundred flight controllers, divided into four teams—White, Black, Maroon, and Gold—who were concerned with



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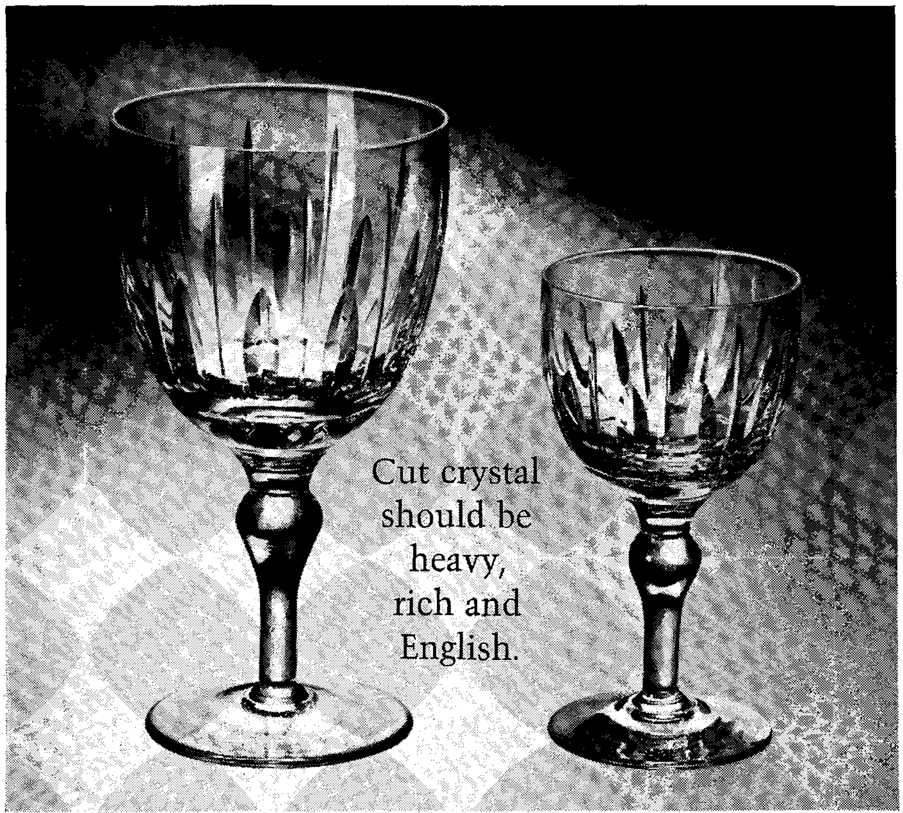

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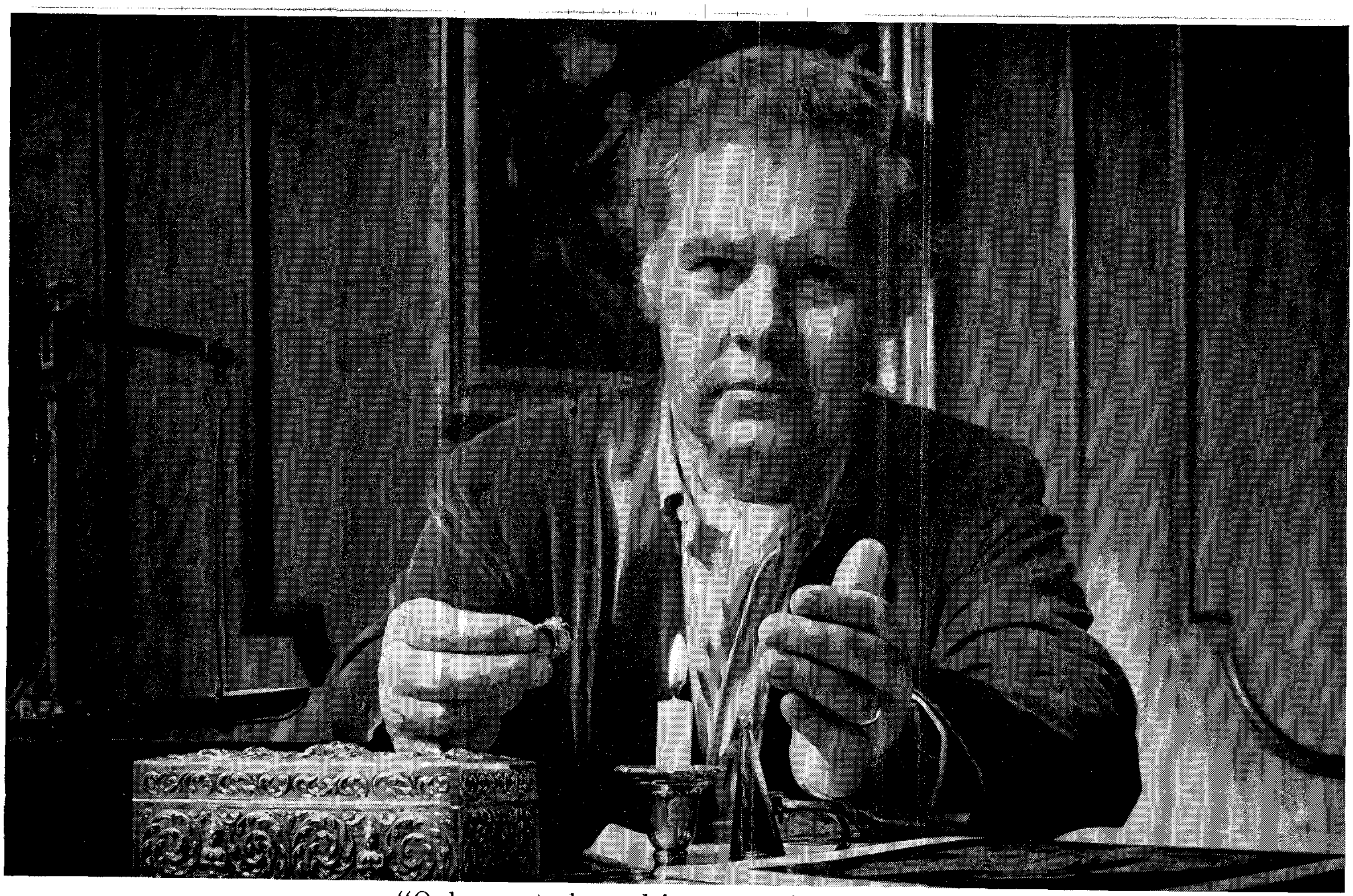
this mission, the most important man was Eugene Kranz, the Flight Director of the White Team and the Chief of the Flight Control Division. Despite similarities with earthbound crises, getting the astronauts back would obviously require a vaster cerebral effort than any conventional rescue operation. After the PC+2 burn, Kranz removed his White Team from the regular cycle of shifts—or, as he put it, he "took it off the line," the way astronauts might set aside a battery that was needed for some special purpose—so that its members could devote themselves entirely to this effort. While the three other teams were handling the relatively routine coast back toward the earth, the White Team would be writing a new reëntry checklist. A checklist for a spaceflight can be as thick as a telephone book and take three months to prepare; now the White Team had to write one in less than three days, and that span of time would shrink by half a day before they actually got down to it, for Kranz wanted his team to get some sleep before they set to work. According to Swigert, the astronauts could never have got back to earth without the White Team's checklist. On that trip back, a number of things would have to be done that had never been done before. A power-up of a dead command module had never even been simulated on the ground, let alone attempted in space, and there were many questions. Would the command module's delicate electronic systems work after more than three days of cold? For that matter, would its three reëntry batteries, which would be supplying its power when it was flying alone, still work after the long chill, or would they be weak and useless, like a car battery on a cold winter morning? Besides these problems, there would be unprecedented difficulties in getting rid of the two other modules just before reëntry.

The necessity for all these new and untried maneuvers meant that the flight controllers couldn't borrow much from the checklists of previous missions—something they normally did. Doing three months' work in under as many days meant they had to take shortcuts they had never thought possible. Afterward, David Reed, the Lead Flight Dynamics Officer, or FIDO, in charge of plotting the craft's trajectory, said, "When you take a lot of time, you get the most conservative consensus. But here we shaved off the conservatism to give some fast decisions, and we stuck with them. We found out what we could do when the chips were



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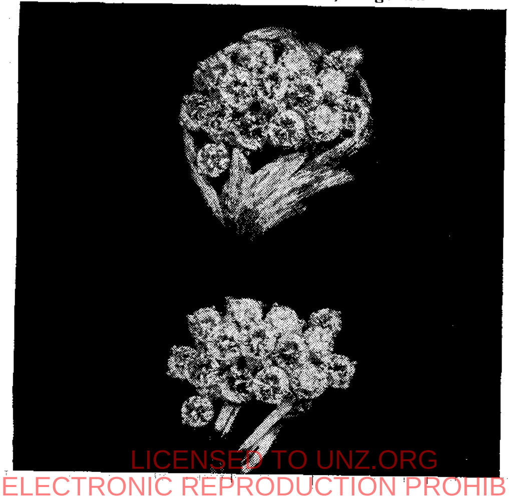

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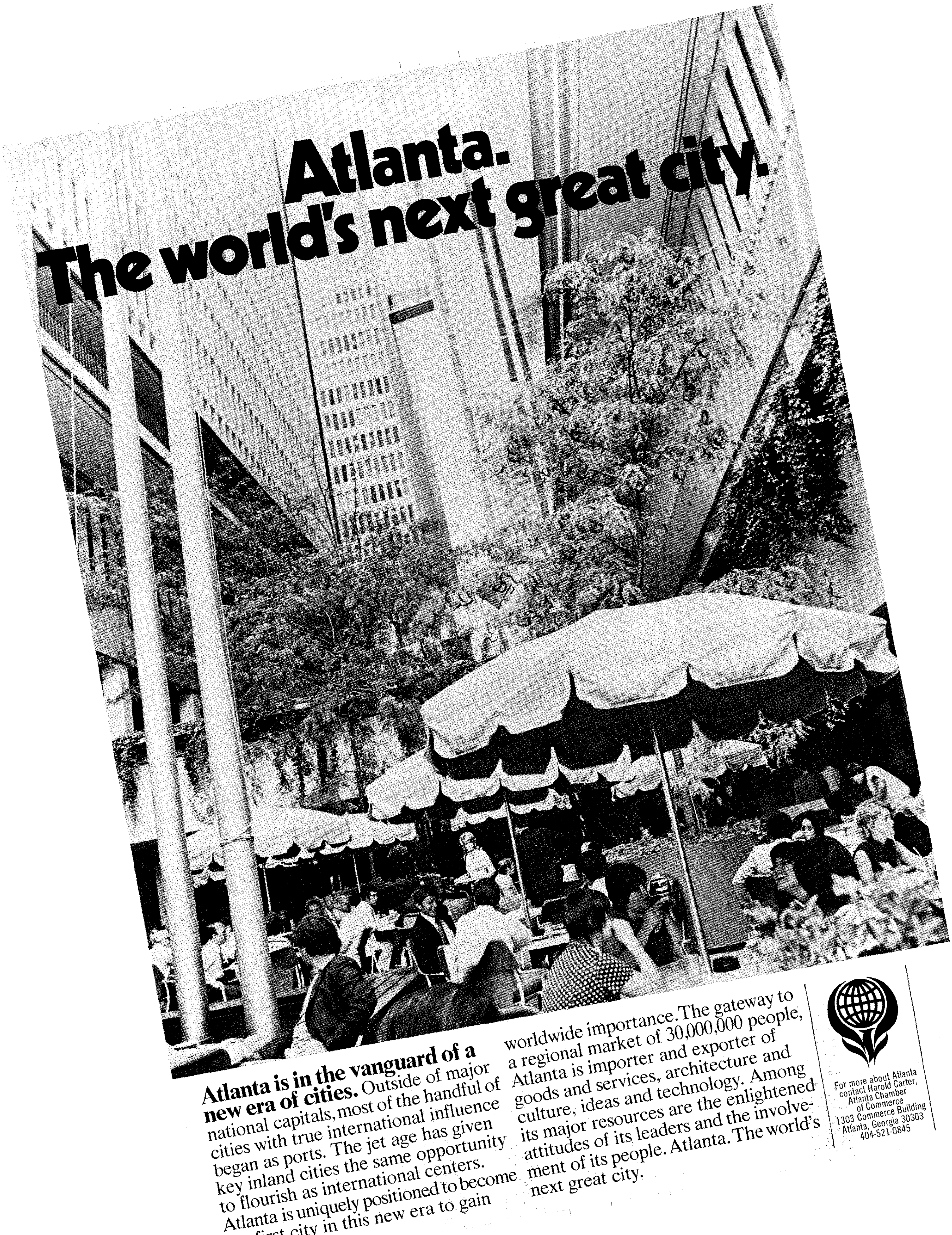
down. Often, the only simulators we had were our minds."

EARLY Wednesday morning, when Haise was on watch alone in the lunar module, the temperature in the LM was about fifty-five degrees and falling, for the Lunar Module Systems Officers, called TELMUs, in charge of the electrical and environmental systems in the LM, had decided that during the long coast back to earth the LM should draw only eleven amperes from its batteries. That way, there would be more electricity to transfer to the command module at the end of the flight.

Jack Lousma, the Spacecraft Communicator, or CAPCOM, on duty—the only man who could talk directly with the astronauts—provided Haise with his only companionship. Haise said he could now tell that the spacecraft was definitely moving away from the moon, because, for the first time, he was able to get the entire moon in the field of vision of the LM's monocular, or hand-held telescope. The craft was then over twenty thousand miles away from the moon. Lousma did his best to keep Haise's spirits up. This was not easy, for Haise had the exasperating job of monitoring the passive thermal control—the gentle roll of the spacecraft to insure that the sun heated it evenly on all sides. The roll had been carefully set up after the PC+2 burn with the aid of the craft's Primary Guidance and Navigation System—the heart of which was a metal guidance platform, mounted on free-swinging gimbals and maintained in position relative to certain stars by electrically run gyroscopes. This platform's attitude governed the workings of the ship's navigational computer. Now the equipment had been turned off, to save electricity, and the vitally important roll was decaying, like a top at the end of its spin. Lousma said soothingly that everyone in Mission Control was one hundred per cent optimistic, and he added, "It looks like we're on the up side of the whole thing now." The up side had its down moments, however. Once, for instance, Haise remarked that he saw a chunk of silvery metal, about four inches square, tumbling around outside the window. Presumably, it was part of the spacecraft's ruptured oxygen tank. Haise was looking out because, with the guidance platform turned off, the only way he could check on the roll was to time the alternate reappearance at a window of the earth and the moon. From time to time, he would say to Lousma, "O.K., the earth went by there," or "There goes the moon." There was a reticle—



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a grid of hairlines for measuring positions—printed on the glass, and every time the earth or the moon went by, Haise would look to see if it was in the right spot. It never was; at each pass the moon seemed to be a bit higher and the earth a bit lower, and that meant that the spacecraft was still wobbling. It seemed as if something was venting from the spacecraft and thereby altering its course. At this point, the only thing the LM was supposed to be venting was a small quantity of water used to cool its electronic instruments, and this was not supposed to affect its position.

At three Wednesday morning, Lousma heard Lovell's voice on the radio. "Gee whizz," Lousma said, "you got up kind of early, didn't you?" Lovell replied that it was cold upstairs in the command module—that the temperature was somewhere in the forties. This was the first indication that the temperature in the command module had dropped to a point of real discomfort for the astronauts. Their clothing, designed with the spacecraft's normally conditioned air in mind, was of a flimsy material called Beta cloth, and their sleeping bags were merely thin sheets of fabric designed to keep them from floating around, and were, in fact, perforated for ventilation. It was suggested by the controllers that the astronauts put on their space suits, but they declined, on the ground that the suits would make them too clumsy to handle the spacecraft efficiently.

At ten-thirty on Wednesday morning, a yellow caution light flashed inside the LM to indicate that the level of carbon dioxide in the spacecraft's atmosphere had built up to the point where something had to be done about it. Ordinarily, the air was continuously "scrubbed" by being drawn by fans through canisters of lithium-hydroxide pellets, which have an affinity for carbon dioxide, but the number of LM canisters was limited, and those in the command module were not compatible with the LM hardware. The Crew Systems Engineers in Houston had been working on this problem for a couple of days, and had come up with a way of adapting the command-module canisters for use in the LM, by providing an airtight connection between a command-module canister and the LM hardware. The engineers had found that they could make the airtight connection out of one of the plastic bags used for storing part of the astronauts' moon-walk garb and then the apparatus could be sealed with tape. The previous day, Vance Brand, one of the several CAPCOMs who spelled each

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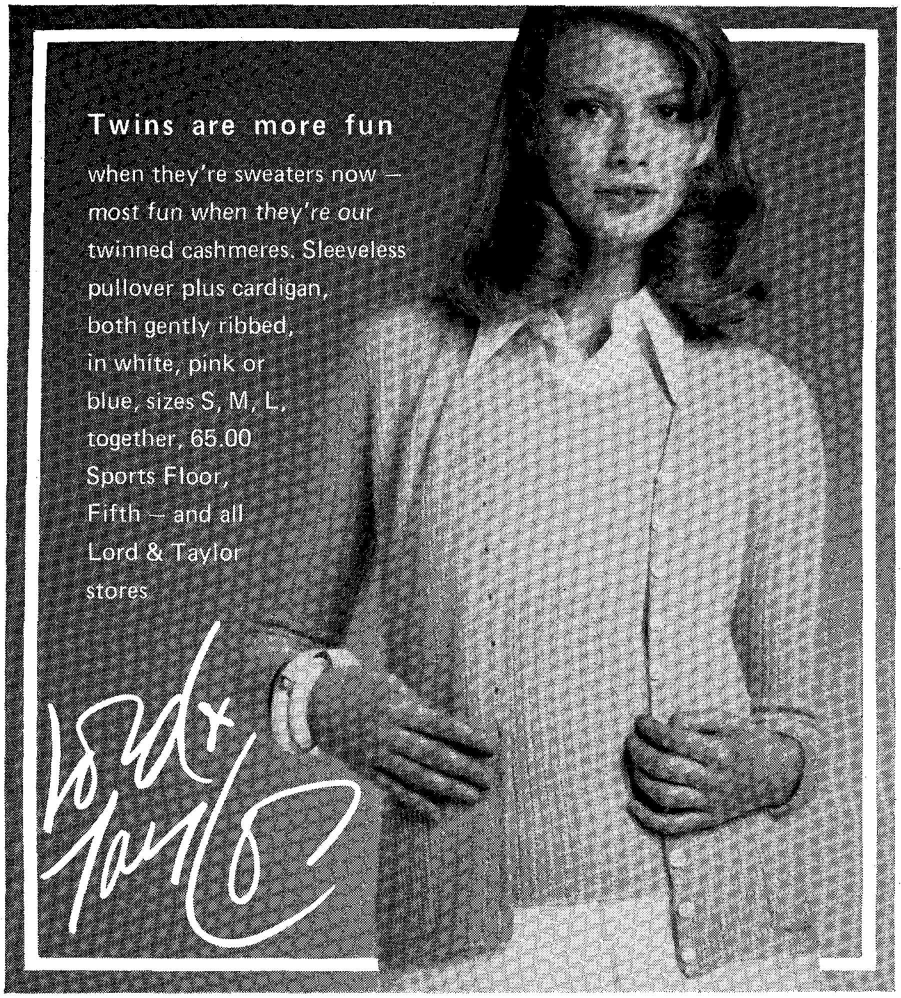

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other during the flight, had given Lovell something of a preview of the contraption by telling him that making it would be like putting together a model airplane but when the thing was finished it would look more like an R.F.D. mailbox. In the Control Room, the Black Team had earlier taken over from the Maroon Team, and Joseph Kerwin, who had relieved Lousma at the CAPCOM's console, had started the astronauts on the mailbox. Now, when the caution light went on, Lovell turned on the suction. Air from the cabin was drawn through the canister and scrubbed air was vented back again, and in a short time the carbon-dioxide level was back to normal.

THE planning for the reëntry checklist got seriously under way at a meeting at about one o'clock Wednesday afternoon, when splashdown—set for around noon Friday—was less than two days away. The meeting had been put off until one in the afternoon in order to give the White Team a good rest following the PC+2 burn the night before. However, because this was the fifteenth of April, several of the flight controllers had spent some of the intervening hours doing their income taxes, which they had left until the last minute because everyone had expected the flight to be a smooth one. The White Team met in an unused Staff Support Room on the second floor of the Operations Wing, beneath the big room where the controllers worked and above a computer room on the ground floor. Some of the flight controllers present referred to themselves as the Tiger Team, because the White Team, now augmented by a number of outside engineers and most of the Lead controllers, had to catch a tiger by the tail. Its members included the Lead TELMU, William Peters; the Lead FIDO, David Reed; the Lead Retrofire Officer, or RETRO, responsible for the craft's reëntry into the earth's atmosphere, Charles Deiterich; the Lead GUIDO, or Guidance Officer, responsible for navigation, Kenneth Russell; the Lead EECOM, responsible for the electrical, environmental, and other systems in the command module, John Aaron; the Lead CONTROL, Harold Loden; and the Lead GNC, or Guidance and Navigational Control Officer, Buck Willoughby—the last two supervising navigation and propulsion systems in the lunar and command modules, respectively.

What the Tiger Team was planning was the last six hours or so of the flight—the crucial period when the

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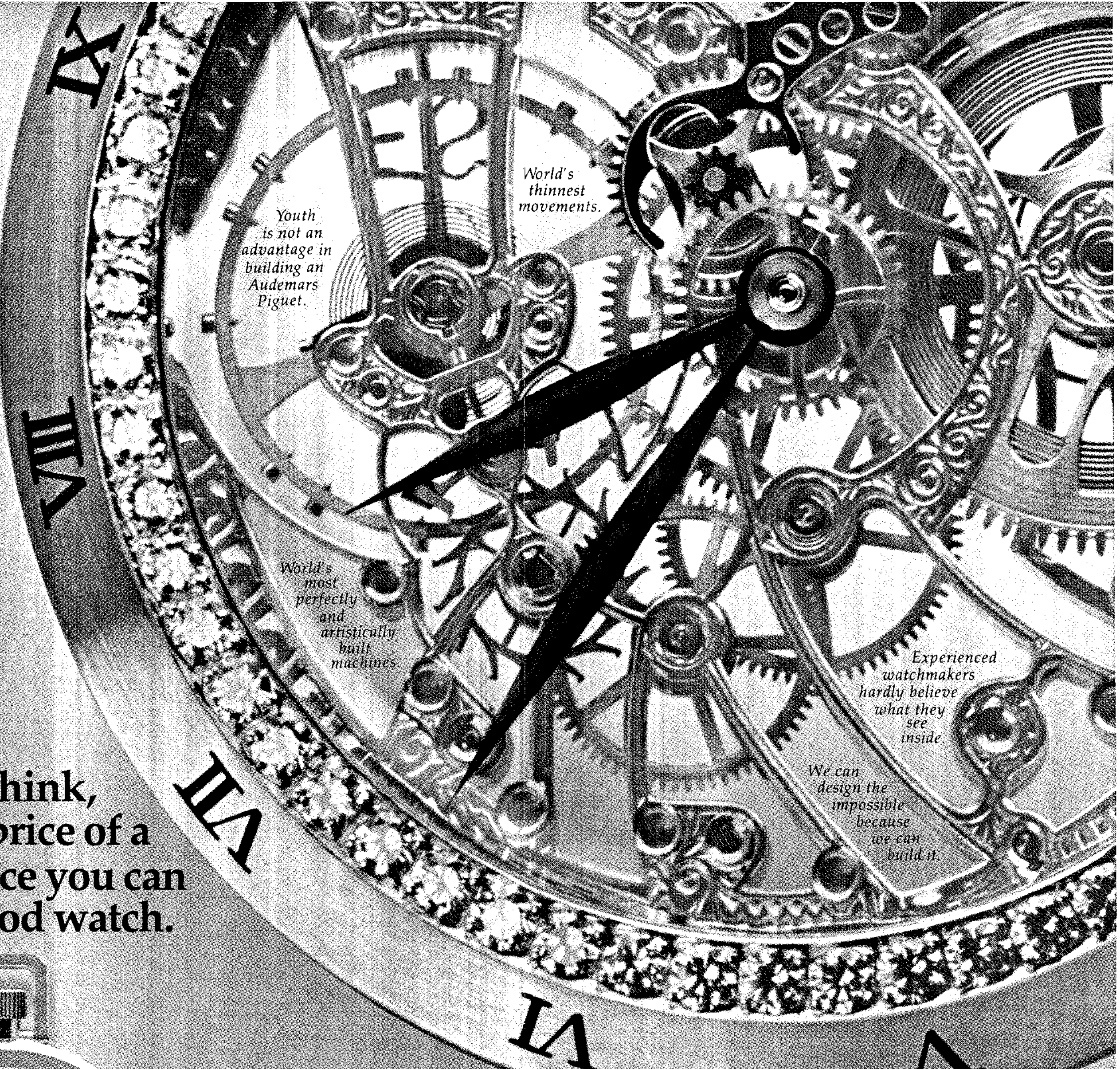
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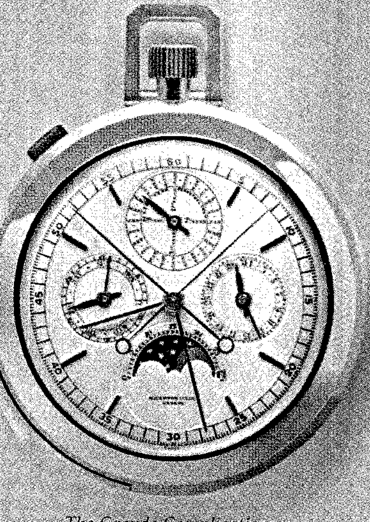

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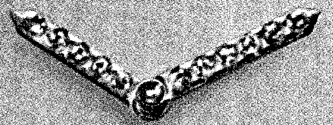

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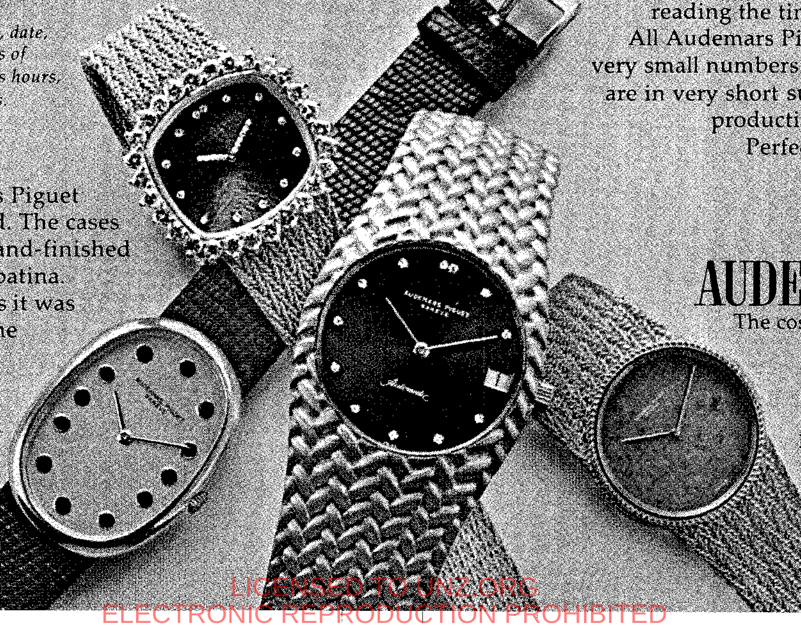

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crippled spacecraft had to be made ready for the plunge through the atmosphere. Kranz, the Flight Director, standing at the front of the room, briefly outlined what he thought were the most important points: The controllers would have to be completely accurate, because the spacecraft would be less flexible and therefore less tolerant of error than ever before. They would have to develop procedures in such a way as to let the LM do most of the work. There might be many ways to do the job but only one that was best, and that was the way that would be easiest on the consumables and easiest on the astronauts. The talk was over quickly, for Kranz's words tended to be terse, like those of the captain of a ship caught in a squall.

Kranz felt that the key to the problem was to conserve the command module's reëntry batteries as long as possible by having the lunar module supply all the electricity for the initial powering up and warming up of the command module; only in that way was there a chance that the reëntry batteries would last through the critical period between the jettisoning of the LM and the splashdown—the period when the command module would be flying alone. Normally, the three reëntry batteries were expected to provide power for about forty-five minutes, but now it was a question of doing so for several hours. Moreover, there were only two and a half reëntry batteries this time, because half of one had been used up after the accident, and, all told, they could provide only ninety-six ampere-hours of electricity. (One amp-hour of electricity, on 110-volt current, would keep a hundred-watt bulb burning for one hour.) Obviously, then, the more the LM could do for the command module ahead of time, the better. Since everything depended on the transfer of power from the LM to the command module, and since such a transfer had never been tried before, as soon as he had adjourned the meeting Kranz beckoned to three engineers. One, from the Grumman Aerospace Corporation, was a chief designer of the LM; another, from the North American Rockwell Corporation, was a chief designer of the command module; and the third was the Lead EECOM, John Aaron, who would be in charge of the power-up. Kranz wanted to get these men together because they had most of the necessary information in their heads: Aaron knew what had to be powered up, the North American man knew how much power it would take, and the Grumman man knew how to de-

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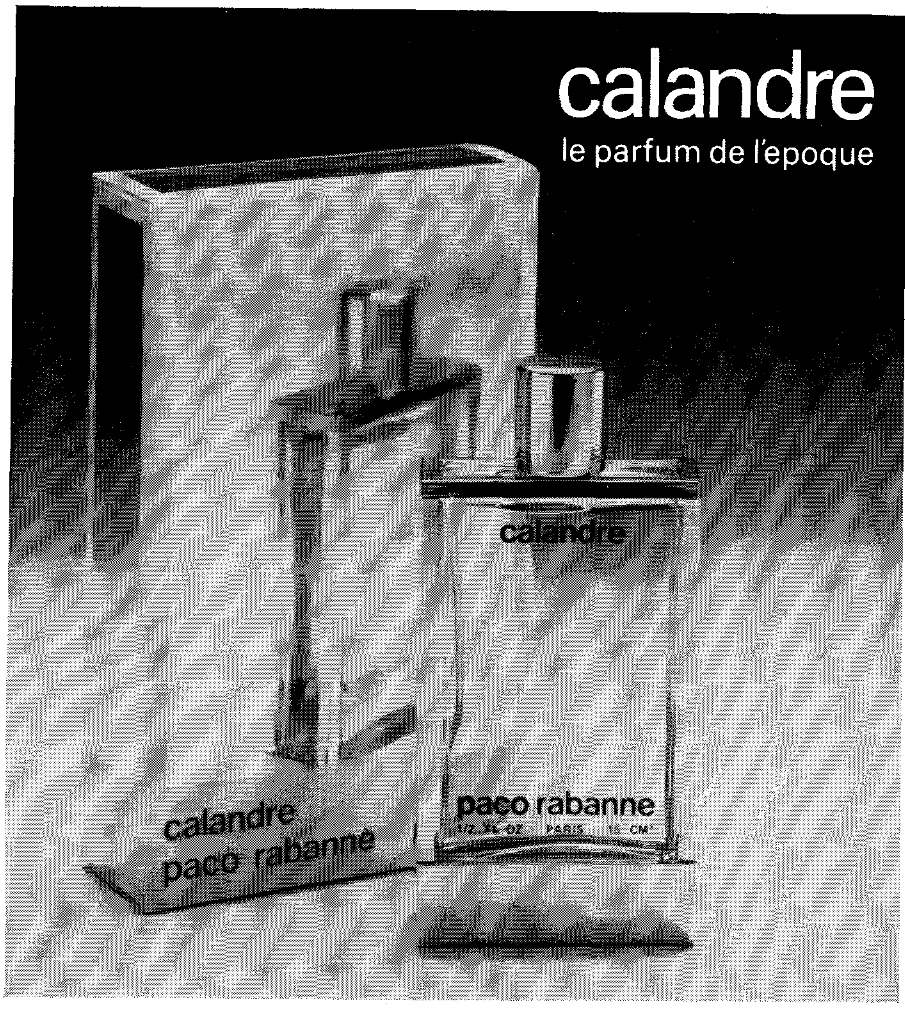
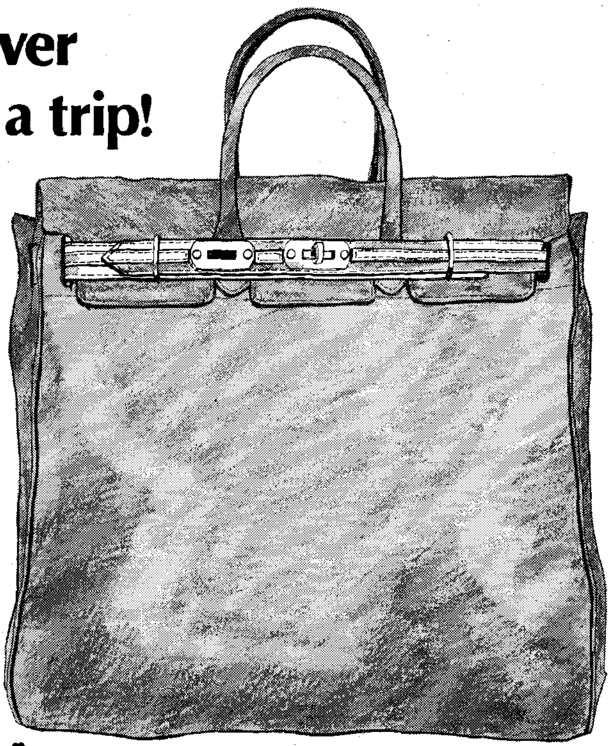
liver the power from the LM. Aaron, a tall, ruddy-faced twenty-seven-year-old graduate of Southwestern State College, said later that the members of the team were all perfectly well aware of how little time they had before the astronauts smacked into the atmosphere but that nobody in the room seemed to have a clear idea of where to begin. People seemed to be wandering aimlessly about. "Suddenly I realized that it all had to begin with *me*," Aaron recalled. Since he knew he couldn't formulate a coherent plan with so large a group, he collected four or five other flight controllers and took them, along with the men from Grumman and North American, over to a quiet corner. Kranz said later that there were only a few things he would do differently if a similar crisis arose again, but one would be to pack off small groups of engineers to other rooms instead of having them all milling around in the same place.

Each of the engineers with Aaron had a chart of the command module's dashboards—one of dozens of charts that had been passed out so that the flight controllers could jot down their ideas for different arrangements of the switches, much as a choreographer might block out the steps for an intricate dance. The power-up was certainly intricate, for a switch might have to be left on for one action and then turned off before the next could begin. At nine that morning, Houston had read up to Swigert the basic arrangement of the switches at liftoff, and it was this arrangement that was printed on the charts. The engineers called it the Square One arrangement, and in figuring out different checklists they always returned to the Square One arrangement; otherwise they and the astronauts would have become hopelessly muddled. With the charts, Aaron and his group began to work on what Aaron called the "strawman timeline"—Aaron's term for a rough outline of what had to be done ("A strawman is something you can throw rocks at," he explained), and how best to use the available power, in particular just before splashdown. The strawman timeline included estimates of when different parts of the spacecraft should be powered up, when the service module would be jettisoned and when the lunar module would be, and how much power should be allocated to each operation. When Aaron had finished the initial calculations, he concluded that the command module would have a margin in its batteries after splashdown of just sixteen amp-hours—none too much, for the Re-

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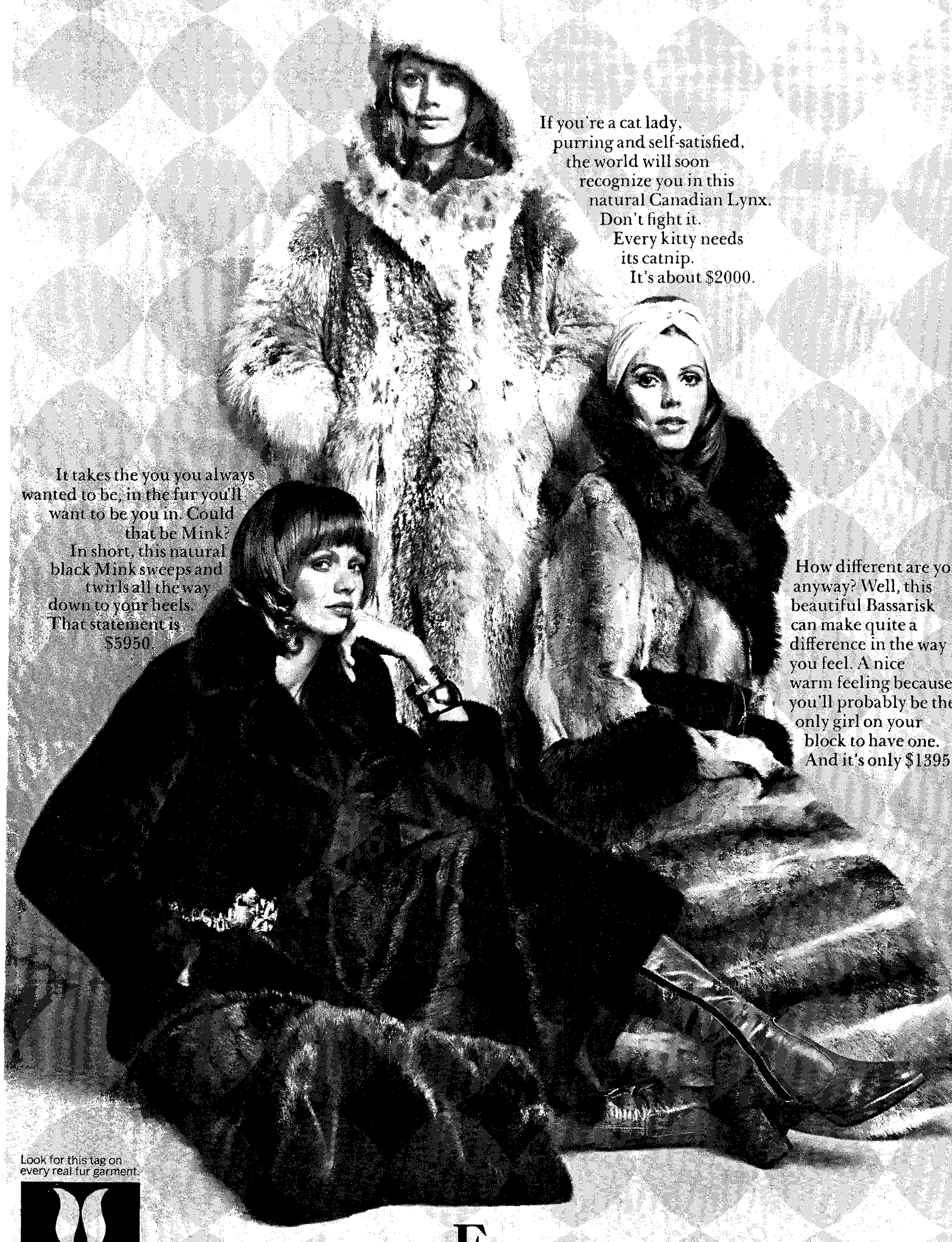

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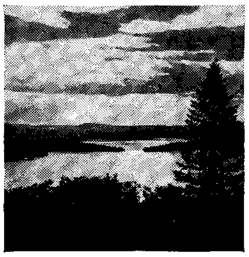

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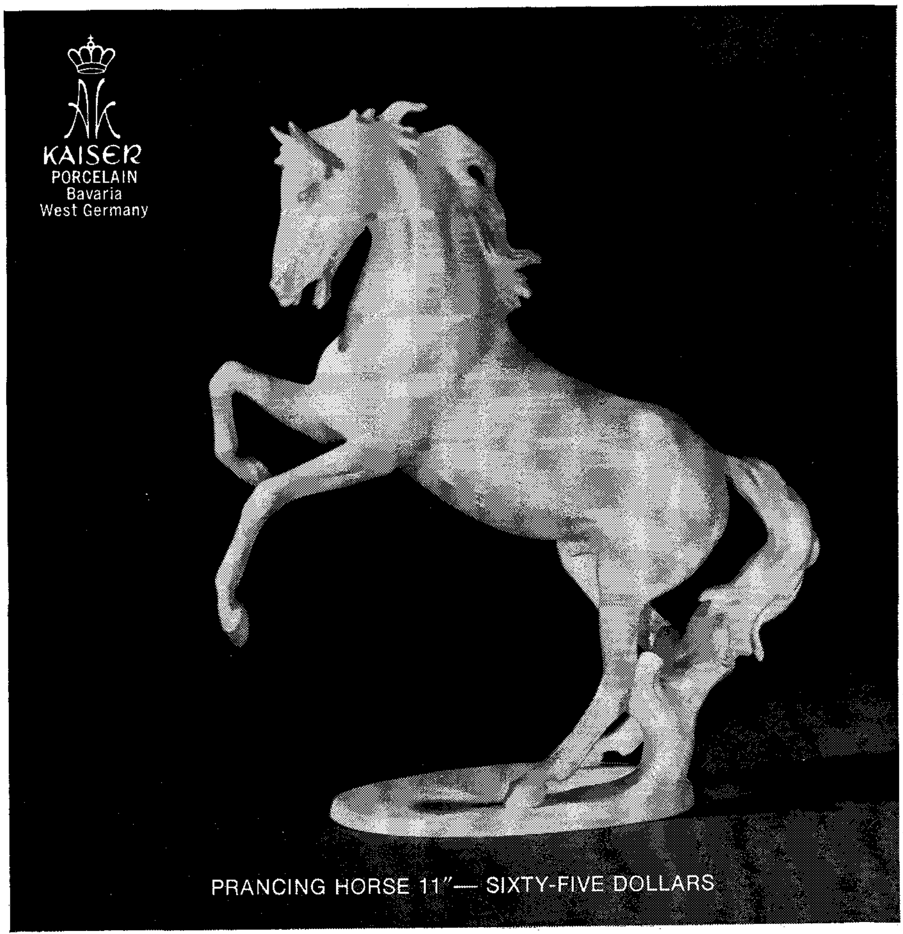

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covery Officers were insisting that there must be enough power to inflate the balloons that could right the spacecraft if it landed upside down, and to power a radio beacon signalling its location when it landed. Aaron's strawman timeline was very rough, and would undergo many changes, but at least it provided a framework that other flight controllers could fit their more detailed checklists into. "Things always overwhelm you until you have a plan," Aaron said afterward. Even with a plan, there were to be moments when Aaron and the others felt overwhelmed.

AT about ten Wednesday morning, Haise, who had been napping in the command module, came into the LM complaining of the cold upstairs. One source of his discomfort, it later turned out, may have been the fact that he was coming down with a kidney infection. It was not the best of mornings. Haise looked mistrustfully at the lithium-hydroxide mailbox that had been built while he was asleep. It added to the clutter in the spacecraft, which was beginning to fill up with polyethylene bags containing the astronauts' wastes; normally, these would have been vented through a special valve in the command module, but this was now probably frozen, and also such venting could disturb the craft's fragile trajectory. Yet even though apparently nothing was being vented overboard except the negligible amount of water used to cool the electronic instruments, the craft's motion continued to be erratic. Haise noticed that the wobble in the thermal roll was worse than it had been the night before when he went to bed. At each revolution, the earth appeared so high in the window that he almost had to get down on the floor to see it, and, conversely, the moon was so low that he had to bob up toward the ceiling to catch a glimpse of it.

In the third-floor Control Room, the FIDO was getting uneasy because the spacecraft's trajectory had been shifting from its predicted course ever since the PC+2 burn; specifically, the trajectory was shallowing out, and this meant that the angle at which the spacecraft would hit the earth's atmosphere was becoming more and more acute. If it got too shallow, the spacecraft would miss the narrow downward corridor it had to hit for reëntry and would skip back out into space, in an orbit so elongated that it would return to the vicinity of the earth perhaps in two weeks, perhaps never. Since no one could account

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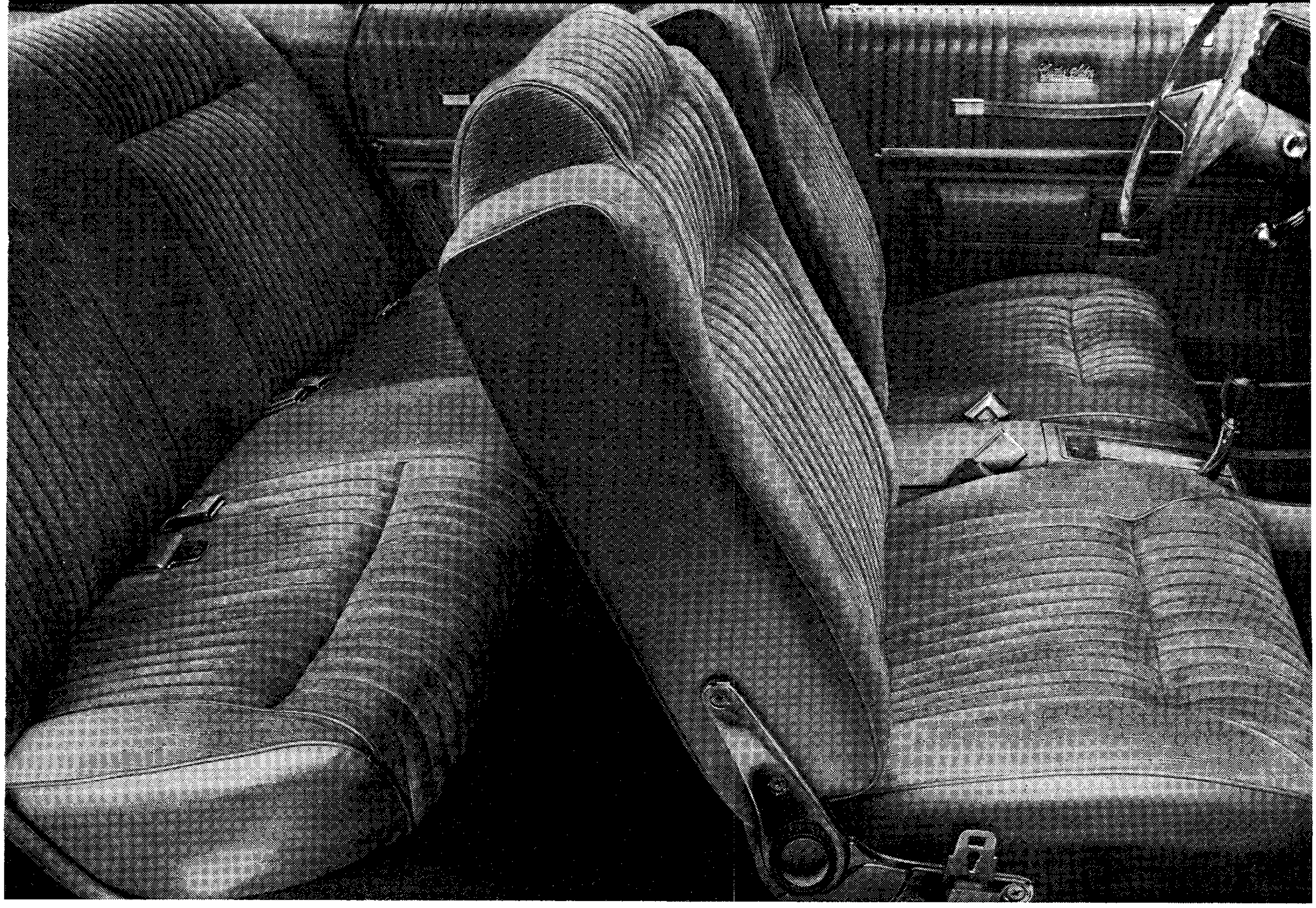

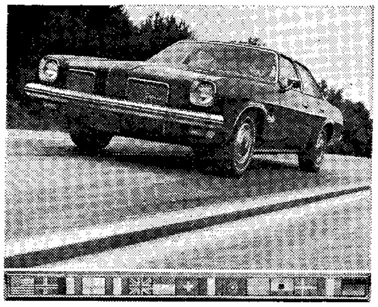

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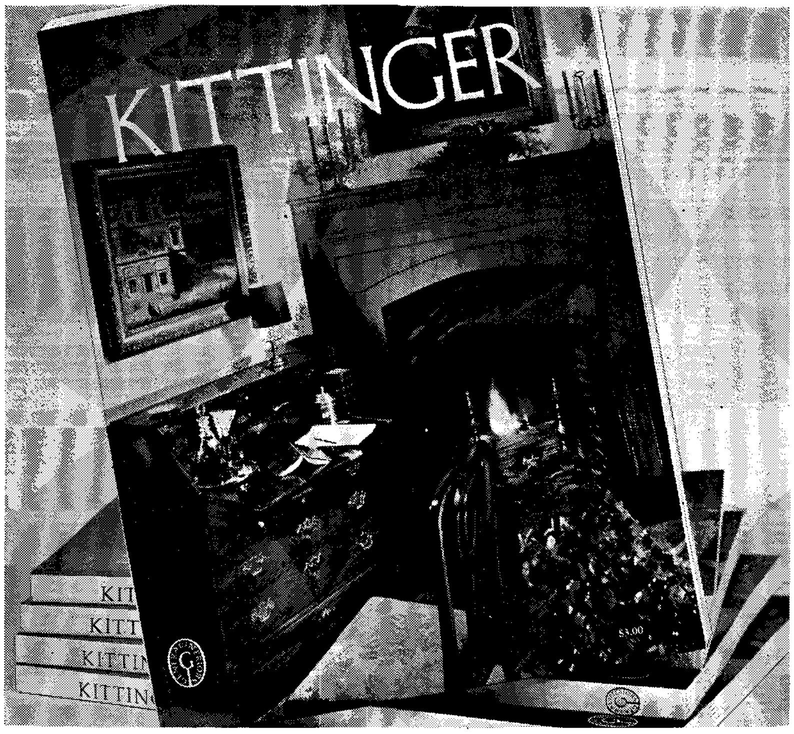
for the shallowing, no one could predict whether it would get better or worse. But, whatever was causing it, something had to be done about it before the astronauts missed the corridor—and the earth—altogether. Accordingly, the FIDO and the Retrofire Officer, or RETRO, responsible for the craft's reëntry into the earth's atmosphere, decided on a midcourse correction, to be made at about nine-forty-five that night.

On the second floor, the Tiger Team engineers, on their own initiative, now began breaking up into small groups and moving into adjacent rooms. There were so many such groups that Reed, the Lead FIDO, had difficulty finding a suitable nook in which to hold a meeting of the Trench—a term used to refer both to the front row of seats and consoles in the Mission Operations Control Room and to those who used them during a mission, the GUIDOs, FIDOs, and RETROs. Then, when he finally did find one, Deiterich, the Lead RETRO, whom he was supposed to be meeting with, had dashed off to another meeting. Kranz kept moving from one group to another, for he felt that his main job was to make sure all the engineers were working in the same direction. There were some forty men involved, each with his own particular area of responsibility, so uniformity wasn't always easy to achieve. Kranz later attributed their success to the intensive drilling they had gone through for months ahead of the flight. Although the flight controllers had never handled either a simulation or a theoretical approximation of anything like the present situation, they had been obliged to solve a great many problems in the course of dozens of simulations, and they had met and divided into groups to do so. During those months of simulations, channels of communication had developed between them, so within seemingly random discussions there was a sort of order, the way there is between the cells in a computer or those of the brain.

ON Wednesday afternoon, the flight controllers began making preparations for the midcourse correction to counteract the shallowing. It would be called Midcourse Correction 5, or MCC 5—a designation referring not to any consecutive number of rocket burns but, rather, to one of several points along the trajectory where a midcourse correction was normally made if it was needed. It wasn't an exact point, and that was fortunate, because the CONTROL had noticed a



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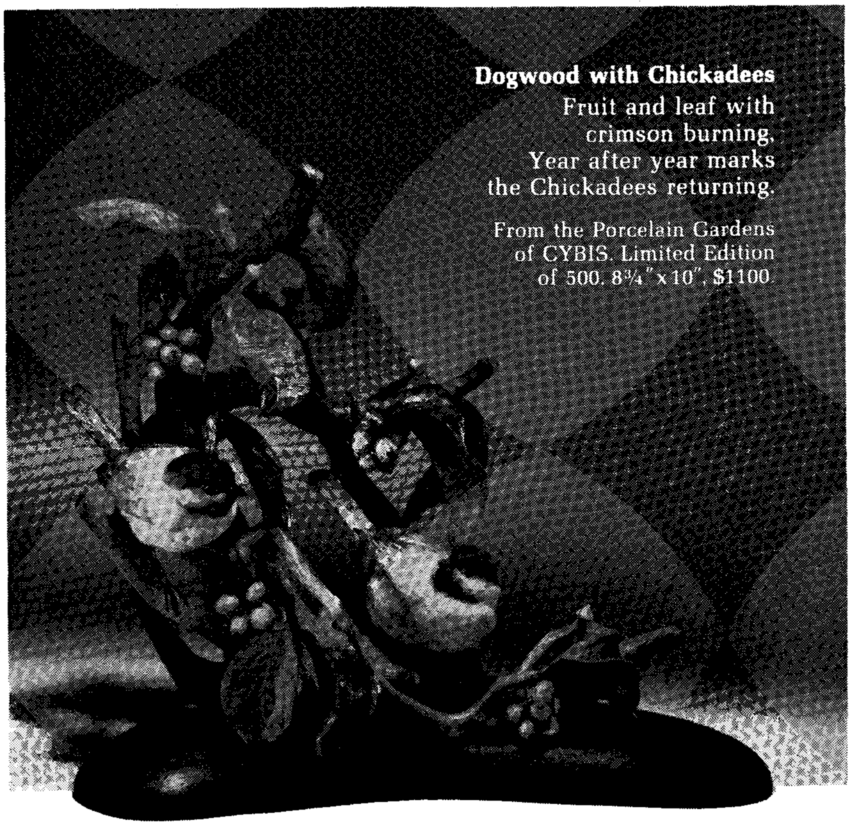

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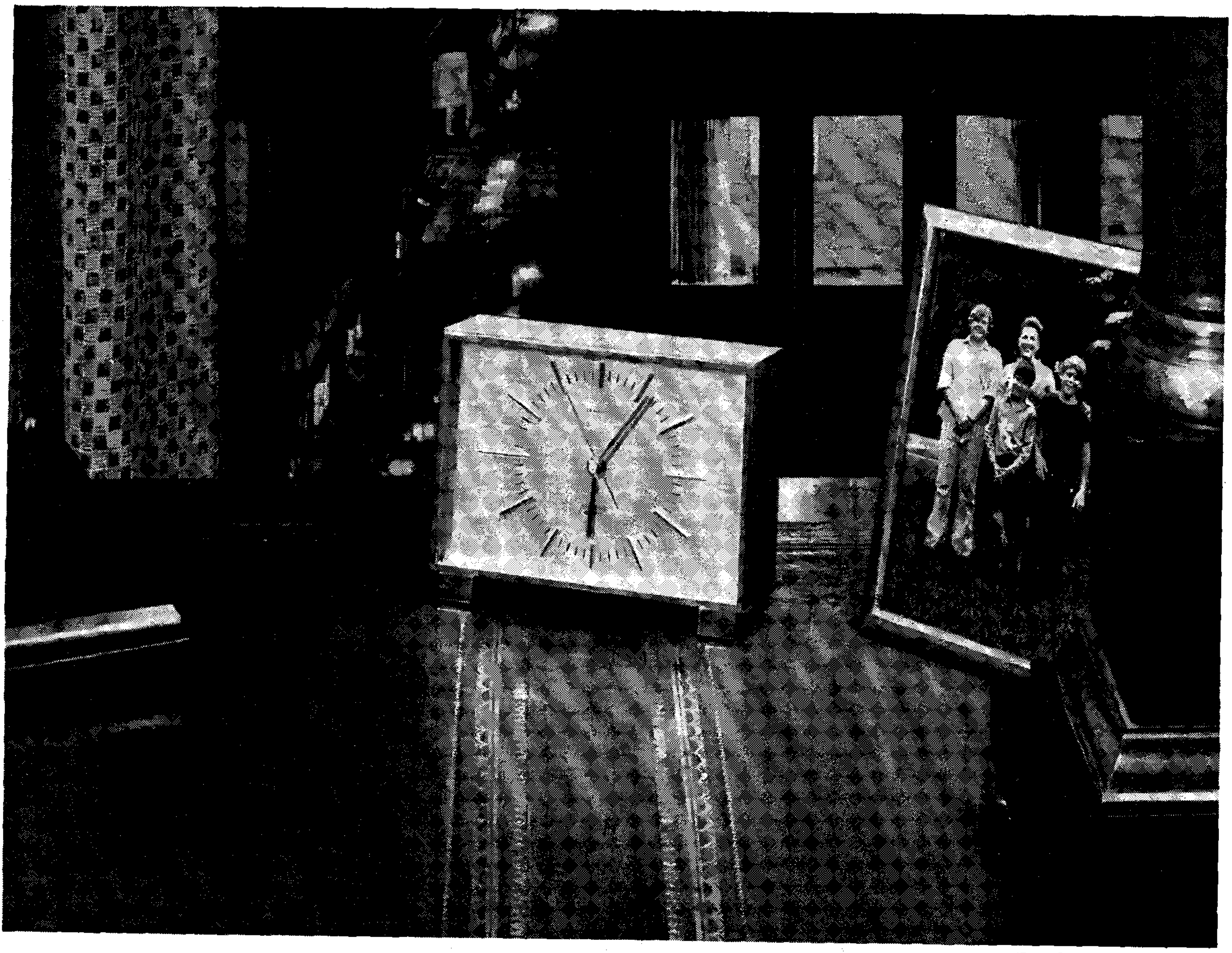

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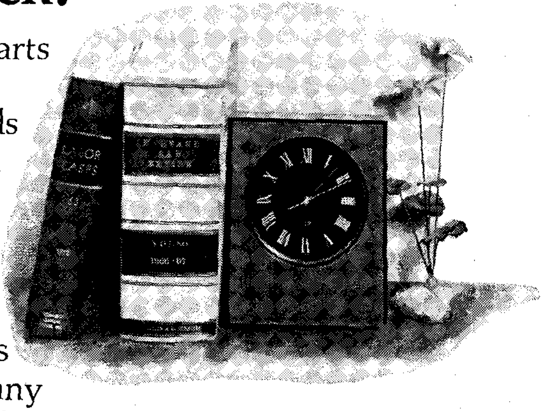

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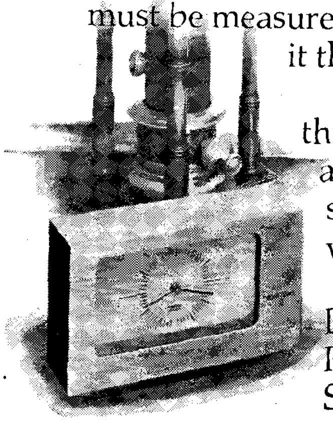

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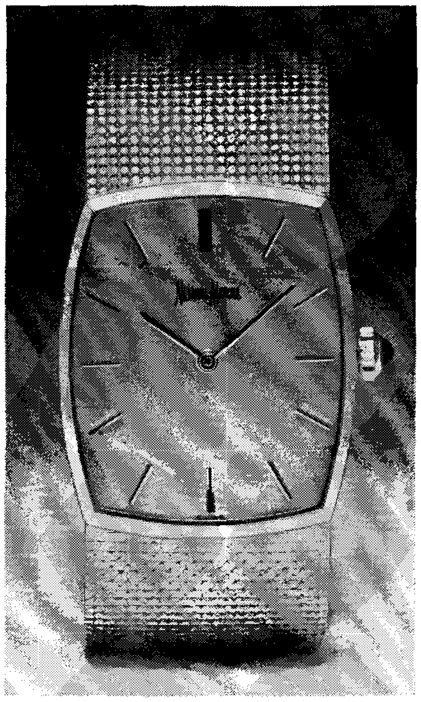

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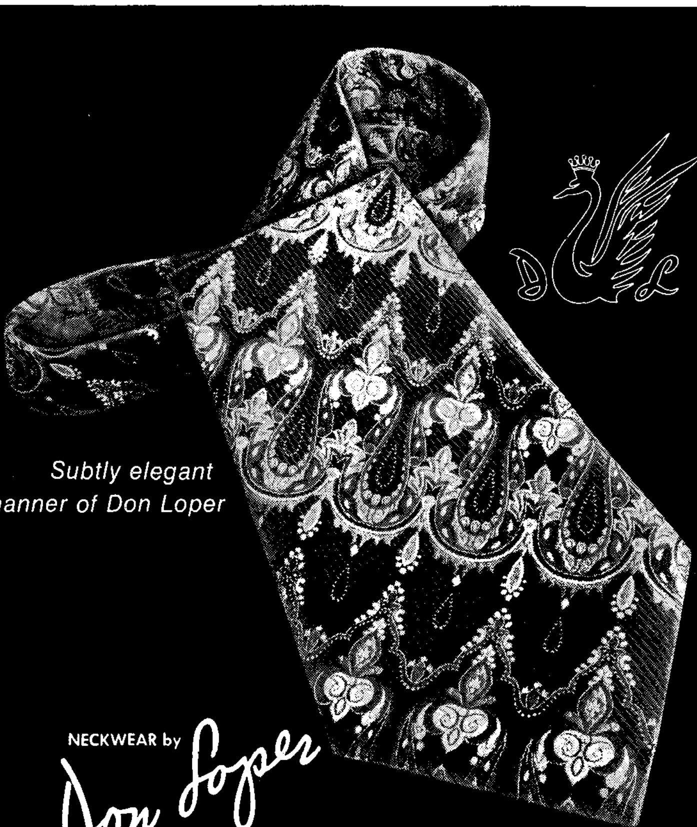

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problem that might require a postponement of the MCC 5 burn. Inside a tank of supercooled helium (used for forcing propellants out of the fuel tanks and into the rocket engine) in the lunar module, pressure was building up to the point where the tank would vent before long. Because this could knock the spacecraft off course again, the CONROL told the FIDO and the RETRO that it might be best to delay the burn until the venting was over. The trouble was that the CONTROL did not know for sure when the venting would take place. A small disc inside a safety valve would rupture when the pressure reached approximately nine hundred pounds per square inch, but no one could predict the precise instant when this would happen; the best guess seemed to be that it would vent at about ten-forty-five—not long after the time for which the midcourse correction was scheduled. In theory, the venting should not disturb the spacecraft, because the helium would blow out through two apertures facing in opposite directions—an arrangement called a "non-propulsive vent." The CONTROL told the RETRO that he didn't have much confidence in the vent's non-propulsive qualities, so the RETRO agreed to delay the burn for an hour—from nine-forty-five until ten-forty-five, so that the LM would be powered up, and the astronauts would have control—just in case.

At two-thirty in the afternoon, not long after this decision had been made, Haise reported hearing a loud thump in the spacecraft, and he told the CAPCOM, Vance Brand, that he saw through the window a "shower of snowflakes," which looked as if they had come from the vicinity of the helium tank. The CONTROL, who was almost as startled as Haise, had the telemetry—the electronic data-transmission system from the spacecraft, most of which had been turned off to conserve electricity—turned on. He reported that the helium still appeared to be in the tank. Haise was not particularly reassured, and neither was the CONTROL, for if the helium hadn't made the thump and the snowstorm something else had. Haise looked up and saw that the moon had moved to the docking window overhead; this meant that whatever had thumped had caused the spacecraft to wobble some more. The occurrence was uncomfortably reminiscent of the original accident. A couple of hours later, Lovell reported that there had been a master alarm indicating trouble in one of the LM's batteries. Many of the flight controllers were strongly reminded of the

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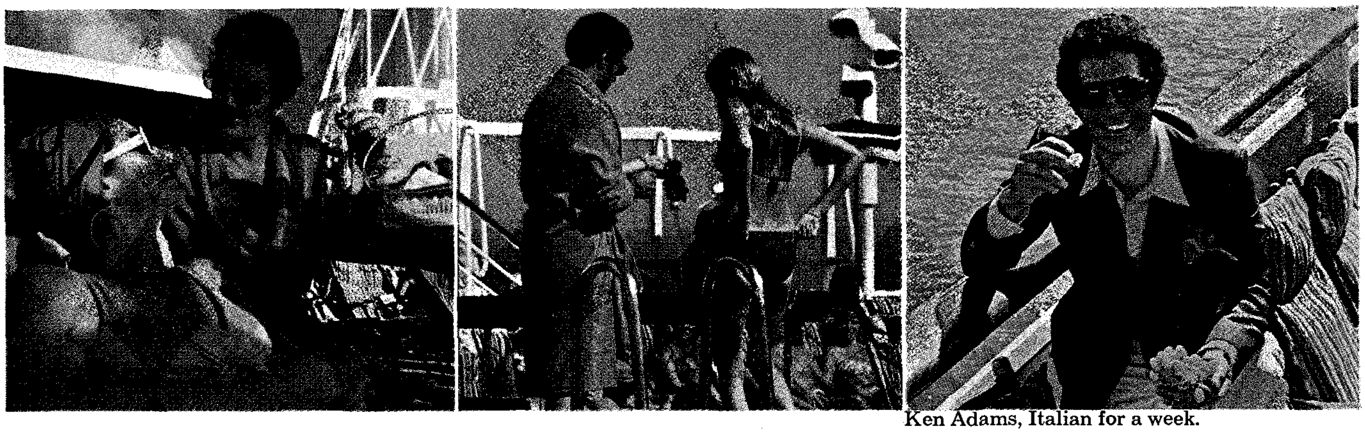

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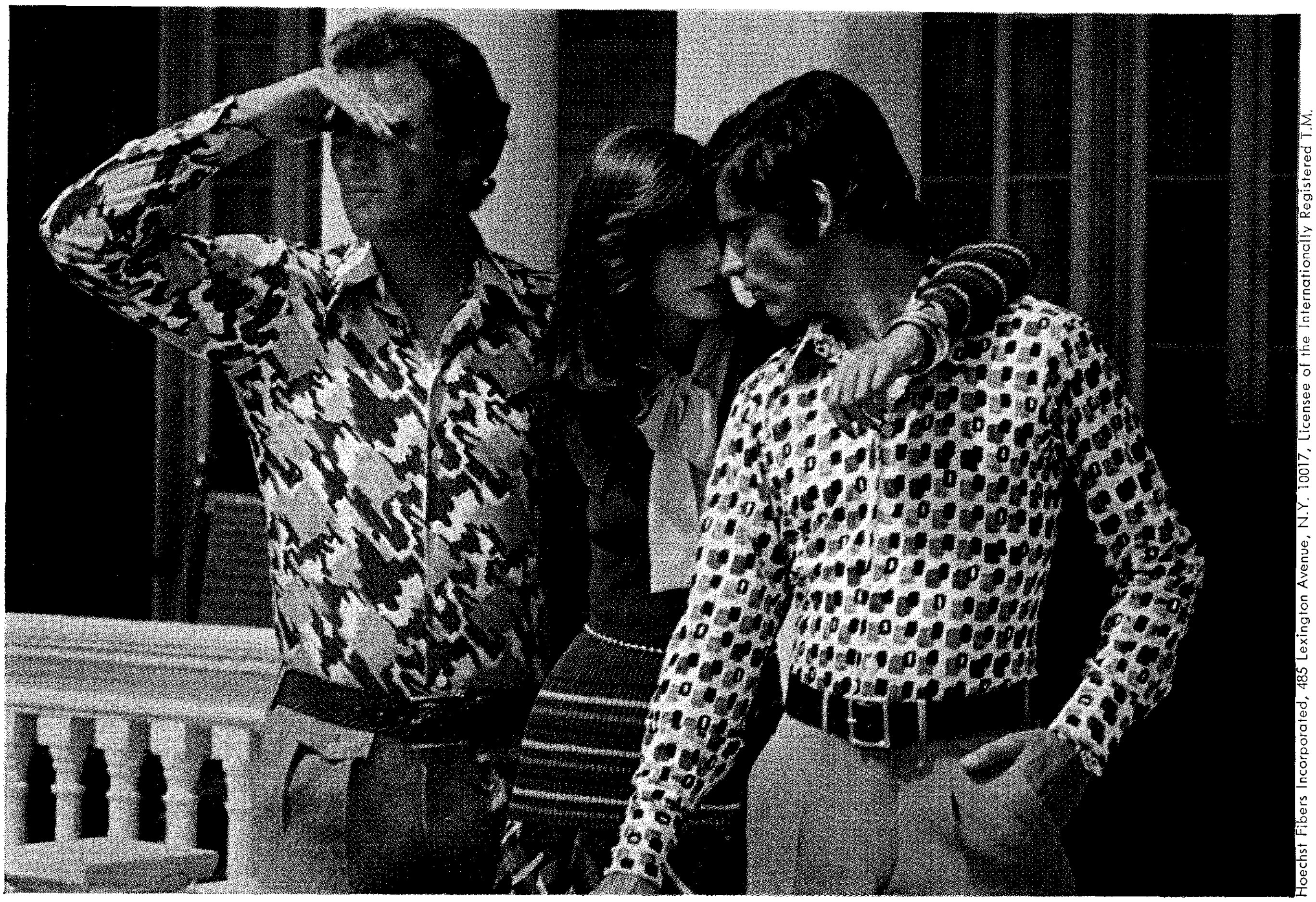

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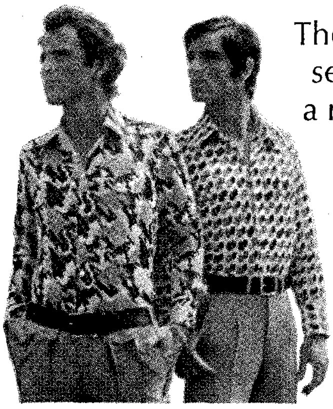

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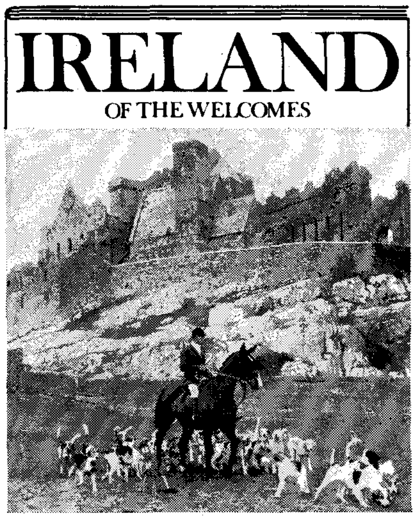
caution light indicating trouble in Main Bus B—one of the two electrical terminal boards—that had accompanied the initial explosion two days before, and they became extremely quiet. Much later, the flight controllers determined that the thump had been made by a malfunction in one of several batteries in the LM. As if history were repeating itself, a supposedly automatic switch had failed and remained on; there had been a short circuit inside the battery; and an electric arc had opened the battery vent valve and sent a shower of liquids into space. This time, however, the damage was much less serious. The TELMU asked Lovell to take the battery off the line for the time being, but it would continue to work after the short circuit even with its vent open.

Then everyone sat back and waited for the helium tank to blow.

DAVID REED, the Lead FIDO, and Charles Deiterich, the Lead RETRO, got together in the Flight Dynamics Support Room, on the second floor, and began working out the steps leading to splashdown. Once the service module had been jettisoned, the next major item would be bringing up the command module's guidance computer and aligning its platform. When the astronauts had a similar problem earlier, they used a sun check, which was accurate to within only two degrees, but now that they were so near the earth they would need far greater accuracy. Their view remained obscured by debris that had clustered around the ship after the explosion, and Kenneth Russell, the Lead GUIDO, was worried about whether they would have proper visibility to make a check on appropriate stars. He proposed that in the event they couldn't make a star check, they base the alignment on the sun and the moon instead of on two stars. Deiterich and Reed didn't care much for the idea, since they felt that two imprecise checks weren't much better than one, but they said they could get by with it if they had to.

The next item would be jettisoning the lunar module—normally an easy job, because it was done in lunar orbit, where there was plenty of time, and where the service module could push itself and the command module away from the LM. Now the service module would be gone, and there would be no second chance, because the spacecraft would be hurtling toward the earth. The morning after the accident, Deiterich had blocked out a way to do the jettison, and he recapitulated it now: When the astronauts shut the hatch of



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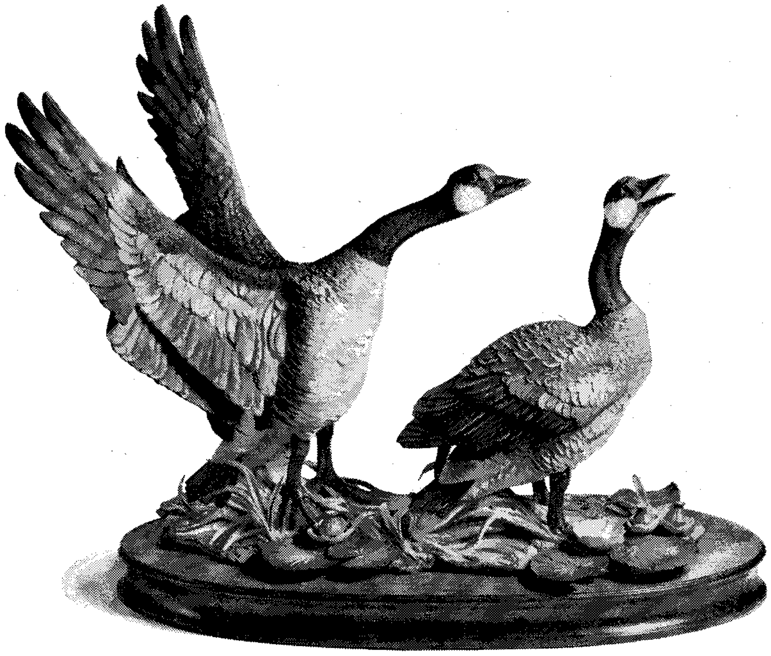

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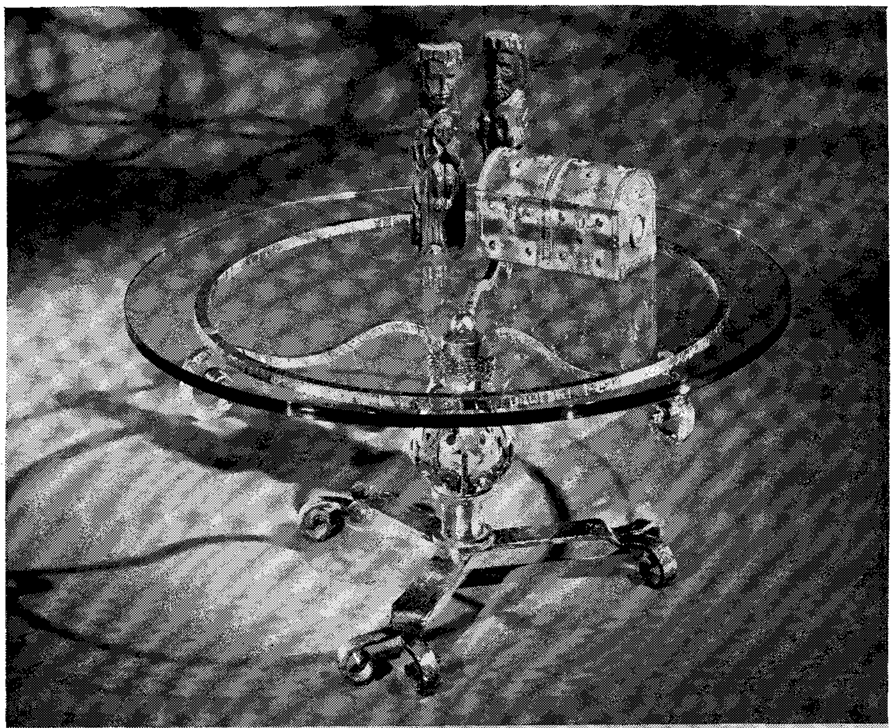

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the lunar module and also that of the command module, air at cabin pressure would be trapped inside the tunnel between the two; then, when the docking mechanism was released, the pressure would blow the two craft apart, in a sort of cosmic sneeze. Reed and Russell liked the idea. So did Peters, the Lead TELMU, and Loden, the Lead CONTROL—the two officers who were responsible for conserving the LM's power and propellants—when Deiterich told them about it a little later, since the plan required absolutely no LM maneuver whatever. Next, Russell brought up another navigational worry. Just before reëntry, the command module—by itself now—would be coming around the dark side of the earth, and that meant that the astronauts wouldn't be able to check their trajectory with reference to the earth's horizon, as they normally did. Deiterich had a thought. Instead of doing a horizon check, he said, perhaps the astronauts could do a "moonset check"—a term he had invented—which would involve noting the moment the moon disappeared over the horizon, to see if it vanished at the predicted instant. Russell said he would look into it.

Upstairs in the third-floor Control Room, the console immediately to the left of the CAPCOM's was occupied by the Chief Flight Surgeon, Dr. Willard R. Hawkins. He and the other Flight Surgeons had not been very busy since the accident, because the biomedical sensors, which normally sent back information on the astronauts' pulses, their breathing, and their temperatures, had been among the first parts of the telemetry to be turned off after the initial accident. Thereafter, the Flight Surgeons had had to rely for medical data on whatever they could pick up from the astronauts' conversation. It had occurred to Dr. Hawkins that the astronauts had probably not been drinking enough water—once a common problem among people in ships' lifeboats—and from time to time he asked the CAPCOM to urge them to take a drink, but he could not be sure whether they actually did. One difference between spacecraft and lifeboats at sea is that astronauts in space don't feel particularly thirsty, even when they badly need water. Some experts say that in the earth's gravity blood tends to pool in the lower legs and feet, but in zero gravity this doesn't happen, so there is more blood around the chest and heart, which the body has to diminish; it does this partly by increasing elimination and partly by decreasing thirst and, hence, the intake of

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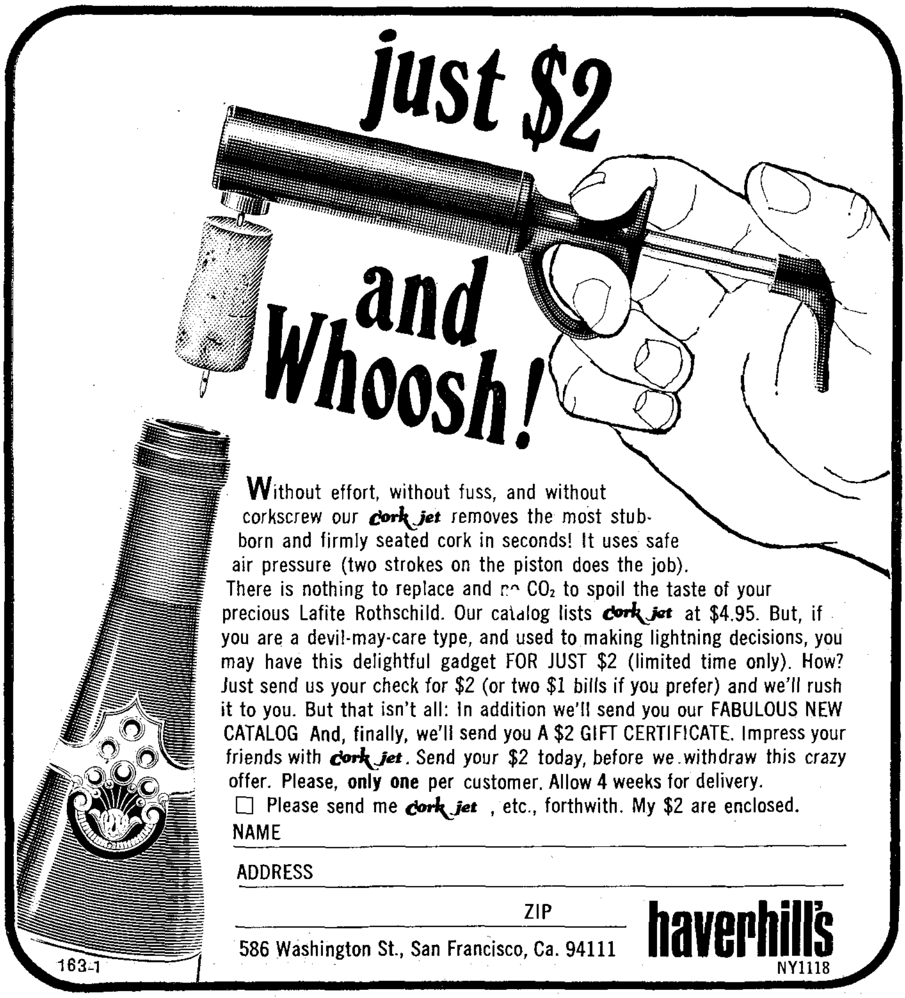

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water. Consequently, astronauts can get seriously dehydrated without knowing it. Because the shortage of water aboard the LM was critical—water was essential for cooling the electronic systems—the astronauts had been rationing their own intake severely and saying nothing about it to the ground, a move that complicated Dr. Hawkins' analysis of their medical problems. However, the doctor had a trick up his sleeve, or thought he had. One of the Crew Systems Engineers remembered that the space suits, which the astronauts weren't wearing, were threaded with tiny capillaries full of water, and all an astronaut would have to do would be to snip off a space-suit toe and drink from it as if it were a wineskin. The astronauts weren't thirsty enough to try that yet.

As the flight controllers developed their plans, they were continually intercepting some of the several astronauts who remained on hand to help, showing them charts of the dashboards on which they had figured out some new arrangement of switches, and asking their opinion about whether a projected maneuver would actually work. Whenever the flight controllers were far enough along with a plan so that they wanted to have it tried out, they sent one of the dashboard charts, with appropriate notations, down to the astronauts on the ground floor who were running the simulators. Charles Duke, working with the LM simulator, was running through Deiterich's proposal for jettisoning the lunar module by letting it sort of fizz away, propelled by the pressure in the tunnel. Deiterich had stipulated that the spacecraft be brought to a specific attitude first, but Duke, wrestling with this change of attitude in the simulator, could never be sure it accurately duplicated the movements of the LM maneuvering the other two modules. He complained that acquiring the new attitude would take too much time. Deiterich, however, insisted that it was important, because the LM carried a metal cask full of radioactive fuel, which had to be aimed so that it landed in deep water. The radioactive fuel had been intended for powering scientific instruments left on the moon, and its cask was the only part of the LM that was strong enough to remain intact during the heat of reëntry; it had been designed this way because during a previous mission such a cask, aboard an unmanned satellite, had scattered its radioactive contents through the upper atmosphere, and four years later these could still be detected around the world. Earlier in the Apollo 13 flight, when it had seemed possible that

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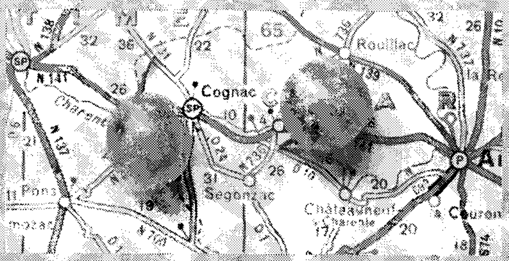

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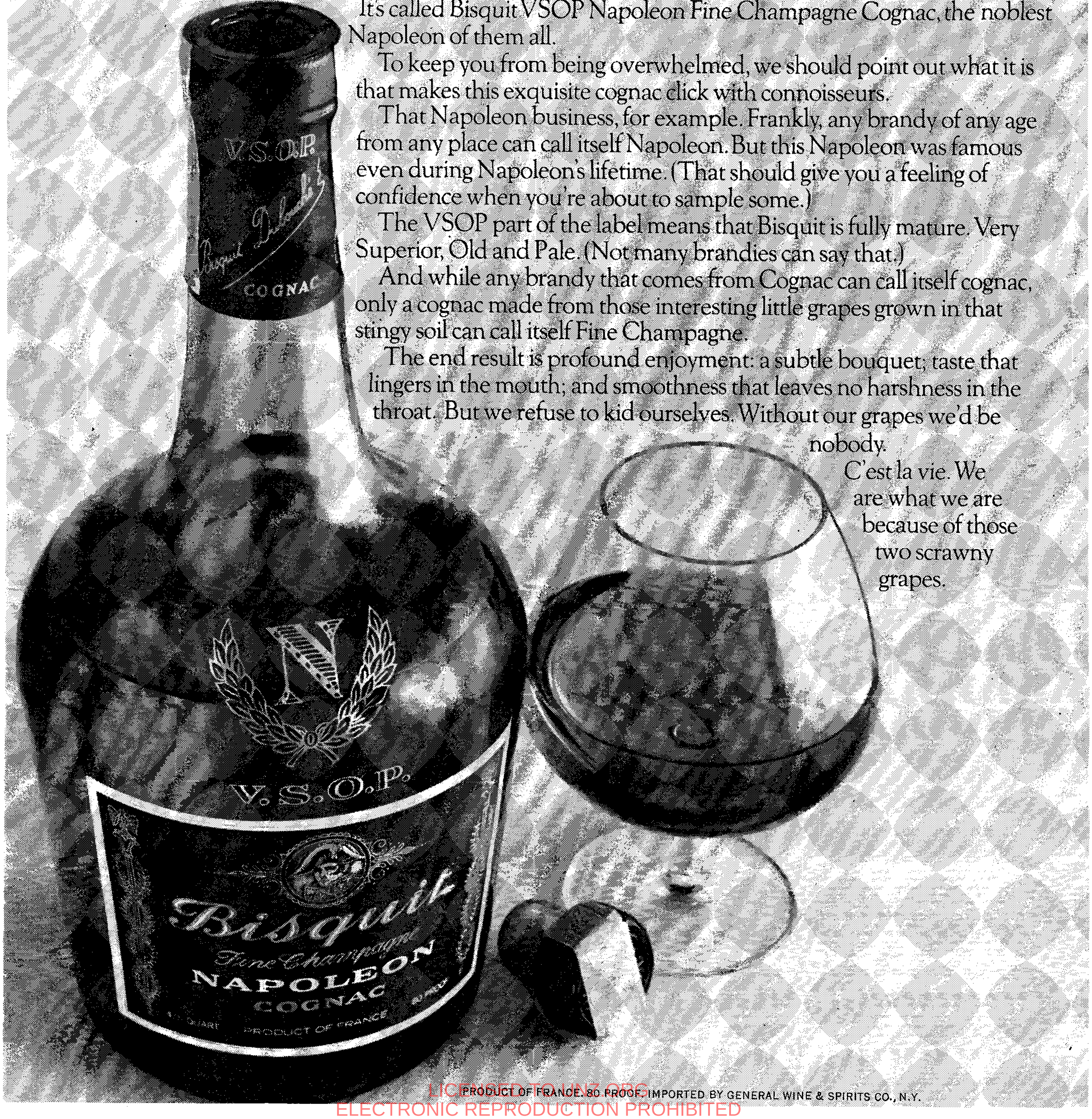

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the spacecraft would come down in the Indian Ocean rather than in the Pacific, the Atomic Energy Commission had sent anxious word that the fuel cask would land uncomfortably close to a populated area of Madagascar. Now Deiterich had assured a representative of the A.E.C. who was present that the controllers would see to it that the cask landed in deep water a couple of hundred miles off the coast of New Zealand.

The White Team's work on the reëntry checklist continued without letup into Wednesday night. One of the busiest flight controllers was John Aaron, because any time one of the other engineers wanted to turn an instrument on in the spacecraft he had to find out whether Aaron would give him the power. Accordingly, Gary Coen, one of the GNCs, who were responsible for maintaining the navigation and propulsion systems that would keep the command module in the narrow reëntry corridor, sought out Aaron to see how much power he could pry loose. The command module had three separate navigation systems, and clearly they couldn't all be powered up. Coen wanted to use its Primary Guidance and Navigation System, or PGNS, which included the guidance platform and computer and was the most reliable, but Aaron wouldn't hear of it; the PGNS used too much power. Coen then asked about the secondary system, which included a set of six small gyroscopes that did the same job as a guidance platform but not as reliably. The secondary system did use less power, but Aaron was not sure he had enough power even for it. The third alternative was a simple meter that indicated gravity forces, or Gs. The astronauts would know they were within the reëntry corridor if they were receiving the right number of Gs, which would increase at a known rate all the way down. If the command module began receiving too many or too few Gs, they could bring it back on course by manually adjusting its tilt so that the command module's flat bottom bit more or less deeply into the atmosphere. When the command module was receiving Gs at the same rate once more, the astronauts would know they were back in the corridor again. The simplicity of this expedient was a link with the days when explorers had no computers or inertial platforms to guide them, but, simplicity or no, none of the flight controllers were happy at the thought that they might actually have to use this method, which they called "riding down the Gs." Coen didn't want to try it unless he had to. About the only

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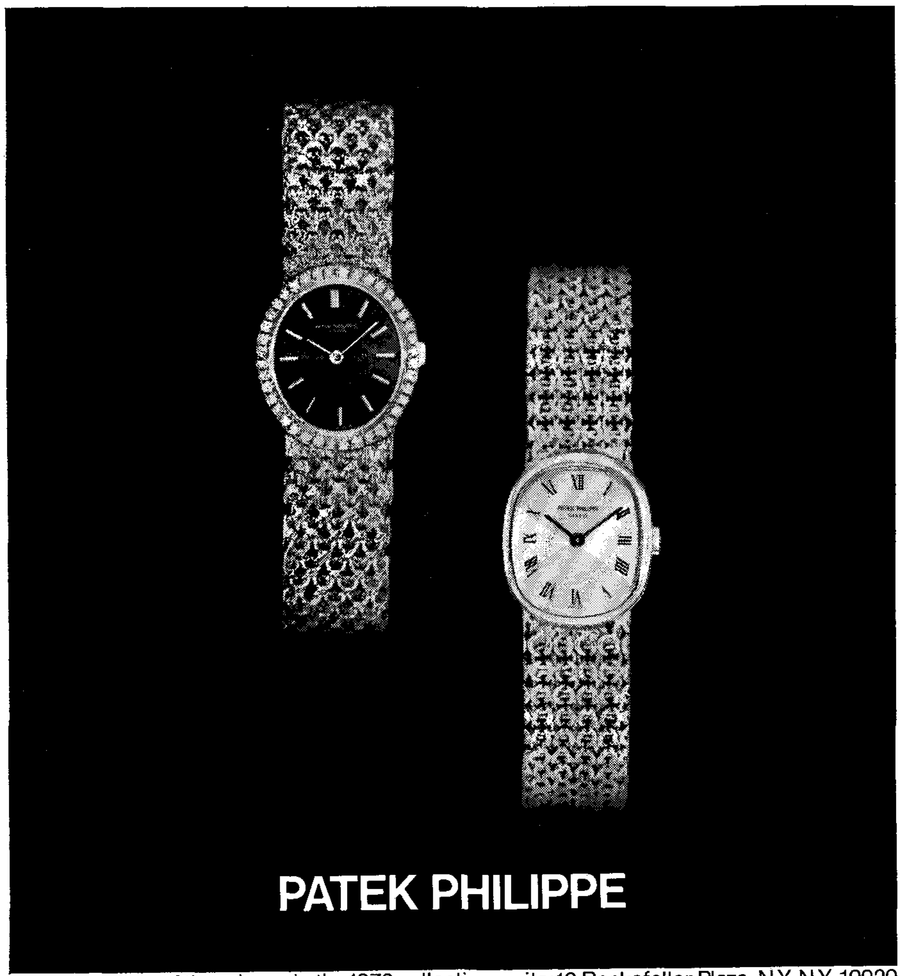

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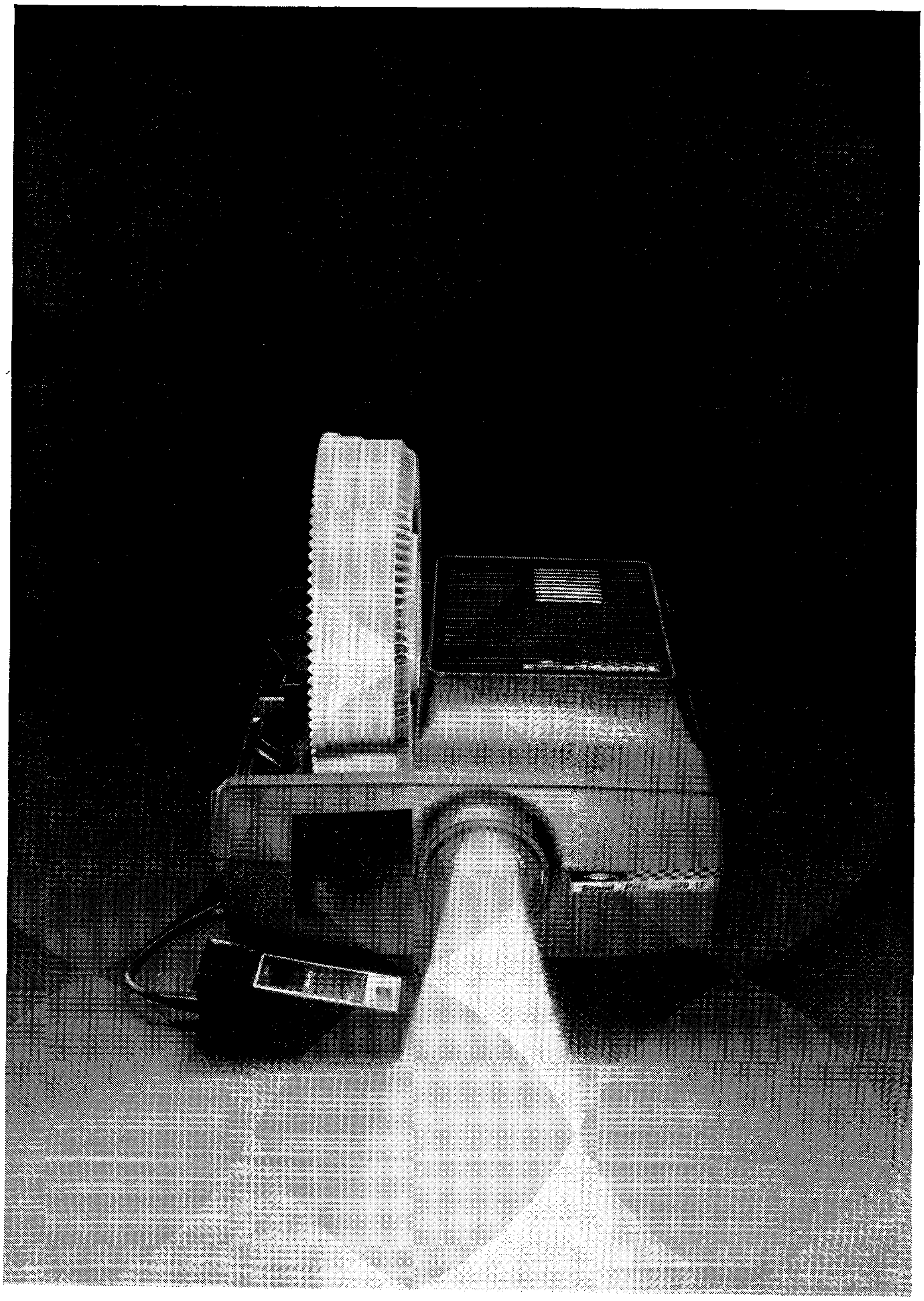

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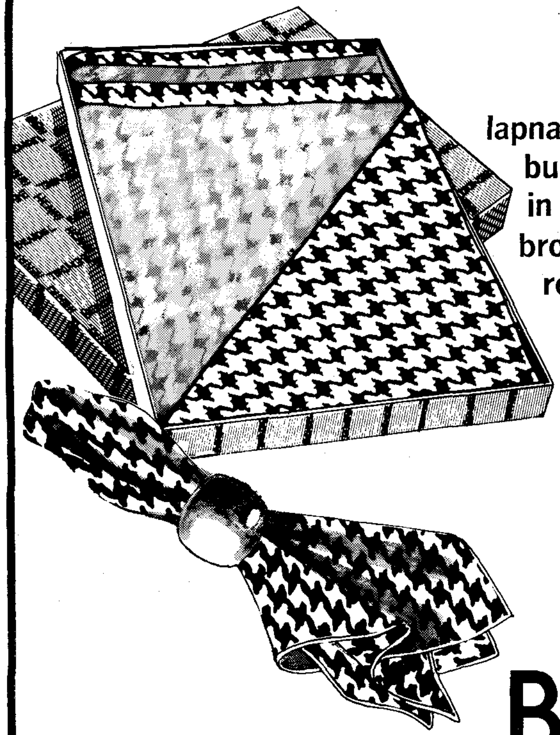

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concession he could get from Aaron was that, in addition to the gravity meter, *half* of the secondary system—three of the six little gyros—could be powered up early enough to be warm at the time of reëntry. That was not much of a guarantee, but Coen let the matter go for the time being. Almost anything was better than a plan that some of the LM systems engineers were hatching, which was to be used in the event that the command module couldn't be powered up at all, so there wouldn't be even a gravity meter. These engineers had figured that if worst came to worst, the LM could place the command module at the right attitude for reëntry and then, before it was itself jettisoned, set the command module spinning at about four revolutions a minute—fast enough to stabilize it as it plunged through the atmosphere.

A LITTLE before ten Wednesday evening, the astronauts began getting ready for MCC 5, the midcourse correction to counteract the shallowing; it would be a small burn, designed to shave seven feet per second off the spacecraft's speed. The spacecraft had crossed over from the moon's gravity into the earth's gravity that morning, and had since been slowly picking up speed as it began the long drop into the Pacific. It was still travelling at less than three thousand miles an hour, but in a day and a half, when it hit the atmosphere, it would be going more than eight times as fast as that.

Everyone was still waiting for the helium tank to vent, which it still hadn't done, but Deiterich said he couldn't delay the burn any longer. Now Lovell found the earth in the telescope. At that time, the earth's terminator caused it to have horns, like a crescent moon, and Lovell had been told to align one of the cross hairs so that it was just grazing the horns. "I hope the guys in the back room who thought this up knew what they were doing," he grumbled. Reed, who had been the one to suggest this alignment, wasn't worried. It was necessary to orient the spacecraft in two directions, and lining up the earth's horns on one of the cross hairs would do the trick, because the shadow was always at right angles to the sun; without this trick Deiterich would never have let the TELMUs turn off the LM's guidance system on the trip back. The method had been thought up as an emergency measure at the time of Apollo 8, the mission in which Lovell and his companions had made the first manned lunar-orbital flight, and when the procedures were read up in the after-

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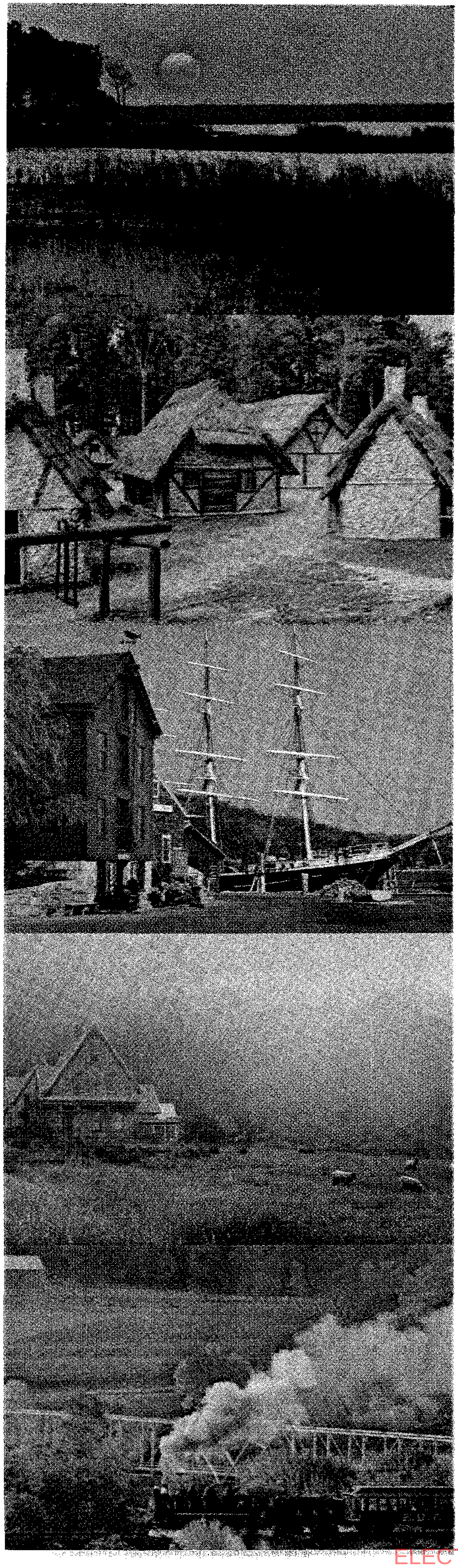

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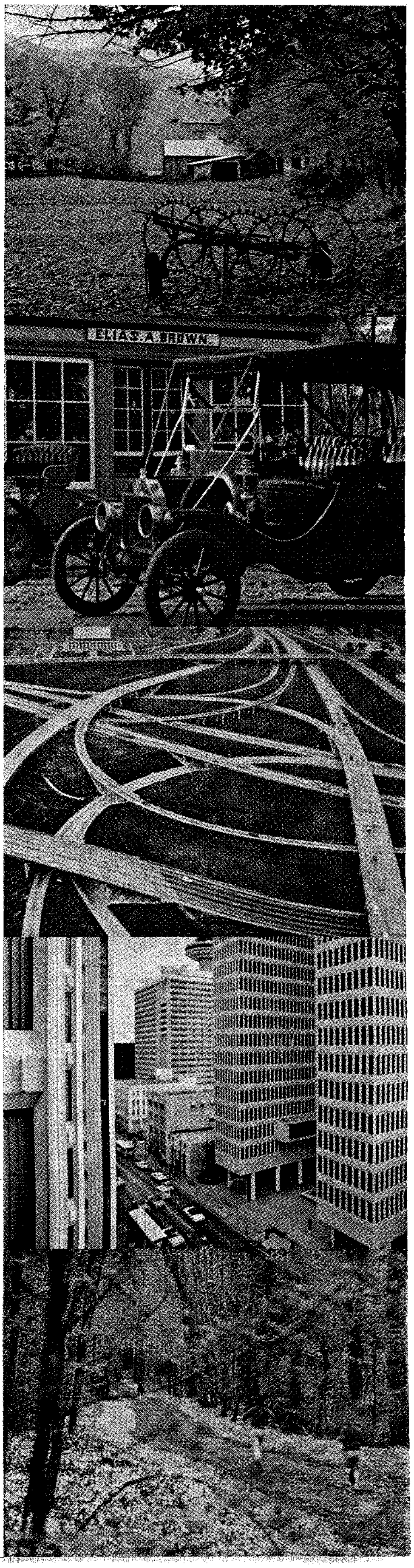

noon of April 15th he couldn't believe what he was hearing, because even when he had first heard them aboard Apollo 8 he hadn't dreamed he would ever have to use anything as risky as that. Meanwhile, Deiterich was battling with the weathermen, who kept predicting that a tropical storm called Helen was approaching the landing site, and who wanted Deiterich to shift the target several degrees to the west. Deiterich said later that he "hounded those guys all over again." He refused to budge the landing site. The maneuver PAD—a NASA acronym for "pre-advisory data"—for the burn was already copied down in the spacecraft, and, besides, he felt he could fly over any storm the weathermen could produce simply by tilting the spacecraft's attitude at reëntry so that it skipped more in the atmosphere.

The astronauts were evidently a little nervous about the burn, for when Haise, who was to give the signal, called out that there was three minutes to go he then corrected himself, saying that there was just two minutes. (Brand had made the same kind of mistake before the PC+2 burn.) Because the burn was such a small one, the big DPS rocket in the lunar module would be run at only ten per cent of its capacity, and the steering would be done with the thruster rockets instead of by aiming the DPS. With all the automatic equipment powered down, everything was done manually. All three astronauts were needed in this process, and it was as though several people were driving a car at the same time—one working the brake, one the accelerator, and one steering. Swigert kept track of the time for Lovell, and at Swigert's word Lovell pushed the button that started the rocket. Haise kept the telescope cross hair just touching the horns of the earth, and made sure it stayed there by adjusting the spacecraft's pitch, roll, and yaw with the hand lever that fired the thrusters. Since the spacecraft was perpendicular to its trajectory and the earth, the burn made it skid like a speedboat on a turn. The burn was completed at 10:31 P.M.

AT about two o'clock Thursday morning, the helium tank finally blew out. The CONTROL noticed it almost as soon as Lovell did, and had Lousma ask him if he could see anything. Lovell reported lots of what he called "sparklies" going by outside the window. The spacecraft was wobbling about like a toy balloon jetting through the air. Lovell asked if that was really what they called a non-propulsive vent,

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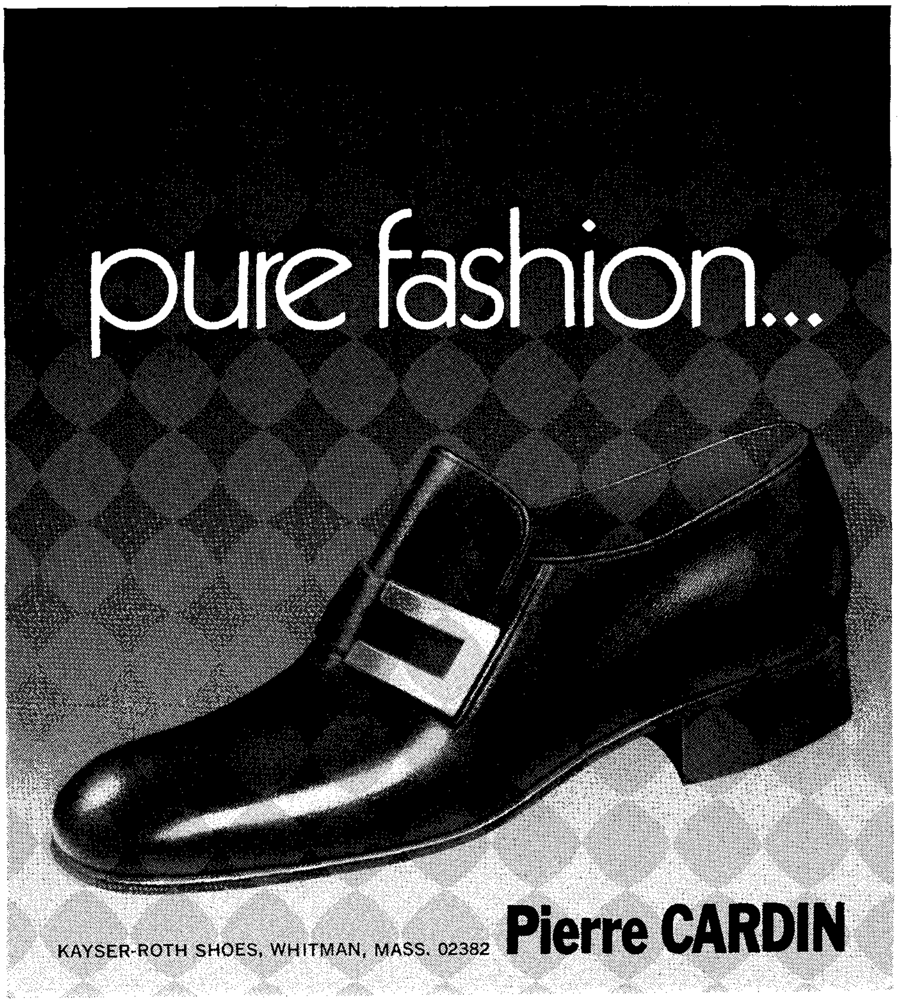


and Lousma, after hearing what the effects had been, said he'd hate to see a propulsive one. When it was over, Lovell had to set up the passive thermal-control roll again. As he tried to get the earth and the moon following each other in the window, he and Lousma—both quite bleary-eyed—had a hard time deciding whether it was the earth or the moon that Lovell saw floating by.

"The moon went by the window at six degrees," Lovell reported to Lousma.

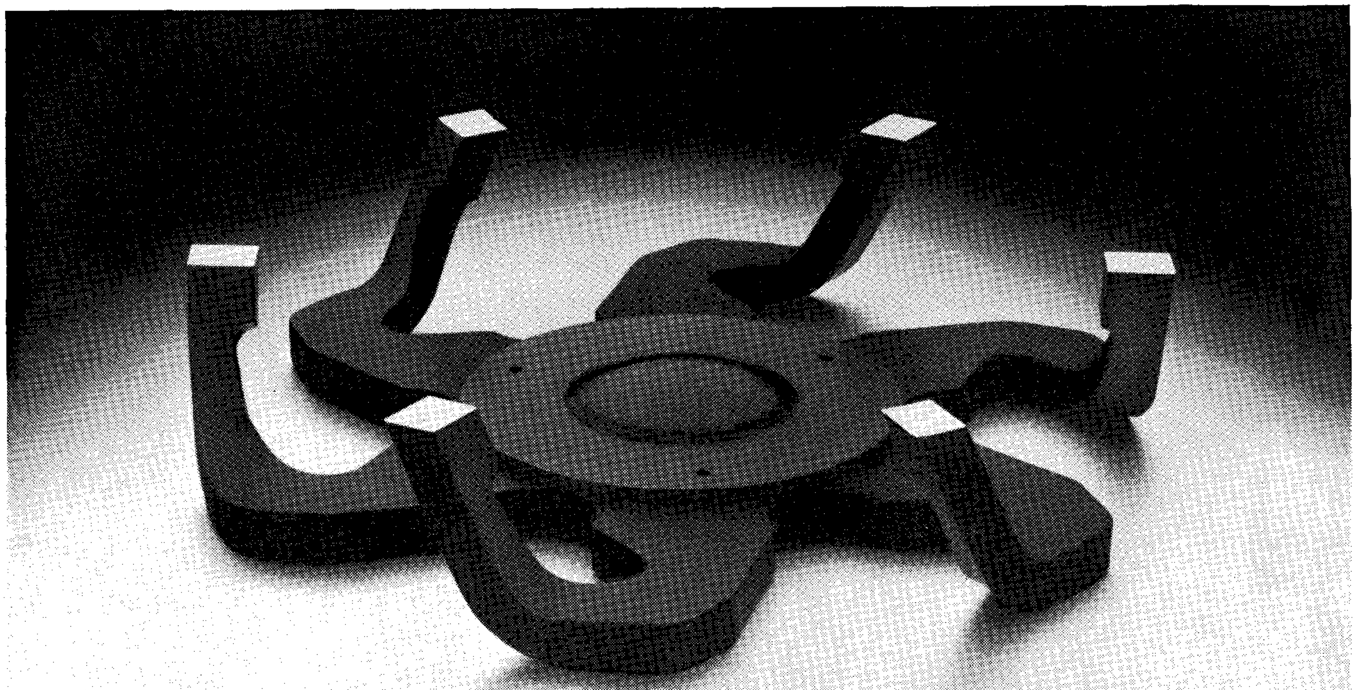
"O.K. Earth at plus six. Thank you," Lousma repeated.

"That's the moon. The *moon!*" Lovell corrected him.

"O.K., the moon. Thank you," Lousma acknowledged.

When the CAPCOM asked about the other crew members, Lovell reported that Haise was lying in the tunnel with his head on the ascent-engine cover and Swigert was resting on the floor, tied down with a restraint harness. It was now three in the morning.

A few hours earlier, Aaron had presented his strawman timeline to a meeting of the entire Tiger Team. He jotted down the main points on a blackboard that had been set up at the front of the Support Room. Almost immediately, Commander John Young, the astronaut who was in command of the backup crew for Apollo 13 (and who, along with Duke, landed on the moon last April during the Apollo 16 mission), raised his hand to object that Aaron had set the jettison of the service module too close to the jettison of the lunar module. The period between the two would be the busiest for the astronauts, he said, and they would need more time. Kranz agreed, and Aaron compromised by setting the service-module jettison an hour earlier. The meeting turned into an intricate bargaining session between the other flight controllers, who needed power, and Aaron, who didn't want to give it to them. Sometimes Aaron won a clear-cut victory, but usually the results were mixed. Aaron wanted to delay starting up the command module's instrument-cooling system until just an hour before reëntry, but Willoughby wanted to turn it on two and a half hours ahead of time. Aaron compromised at an hour and a half. He then had to find two amp-hours to keep the command module's air-purifying system running for thirty minutes, because Dr. Hawkins pointed out that there might be pockets of carbon dioxide that the air-purifiers had missed. What with losing a few amp-hours here and gaining a few amp-hours



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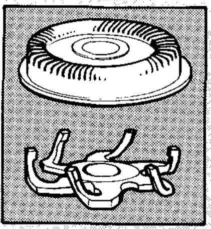

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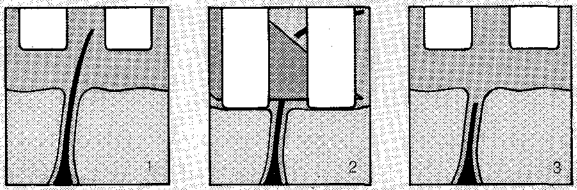

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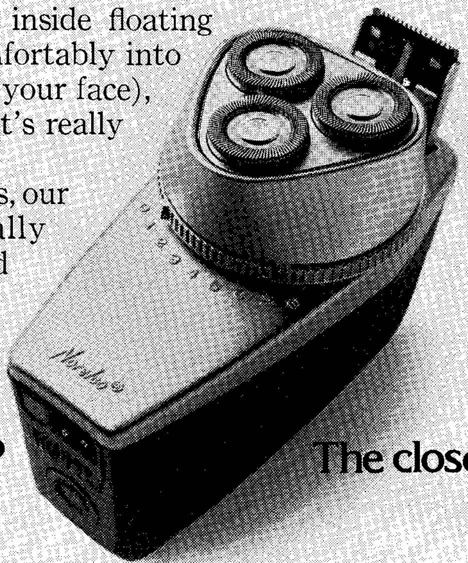

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there, Aaron was never exactly sure where he stood, but when the meeting ended he figured that he still had the sixteen-amp-hour margin that the Recovery Officers needed after splashdown.

Several hours later, Aaron had a bad scare for Lieutenant Commander Thomas K. Mattingly II—whose susceptibility to measles had led to his replacement on the flight by Swigert, and who was later to be the command-module pilot for Apollo 16—had been running the revised timeline through the simulator, and he reported that instead of a margin of sixteen amp-hours there was a deficit of ten. Aaron began looking over the timeline to see what else could be cut, but as he was doing so Peters, the Lead TELMU, sought him out to tell him he could have a little more power from the LM. As the astronauts neared the earth, more and more possibilities for trouble were ruled out; for example, there was no longer any possible chance that the flight would last an extra day—an eventuality the controllers had been saving consumables against. The TELMUs, however, would release only a little power to Aaron, for something could still go wrong—a point that Aaron was in no position to argue, since he liked to use it himself with flight controllers who wanted him to cut into his reserve electricity supply. However, Peters did release enough power to Aaron so that he could recharge the reëntry battery that had been used the night of the accident and was twenty amp-hours short of capacity. He suddenly found himself with a margin of ten amp-hours.

THE astronauts became increasingly uncomfortable as the flight continued. The temperature within the command module had reached thirty-eight degrees. The astronauts stopped referring to the command module as "the upstairs bedroom" and began calling it "the refrigerator." Some hot dogs they found there seemed to be frozen, they said. Lovell reported that any metal he touched conveyed the cold of space; it seemed to draw heat from his body and dispel it to the stars. Haise, with his kidney infection, was chilled to the bone; once, he shivered for four hours straight. Swigert's feet were still cold because he had spilled water in his shoes two days earlier; the other astronauts, who were equipped for walking on the moon, had pulled on their lunar overshoes, but Swigert had none. Once again Lovell refused a suggestion from the ground that the men put on their space suits; not only would

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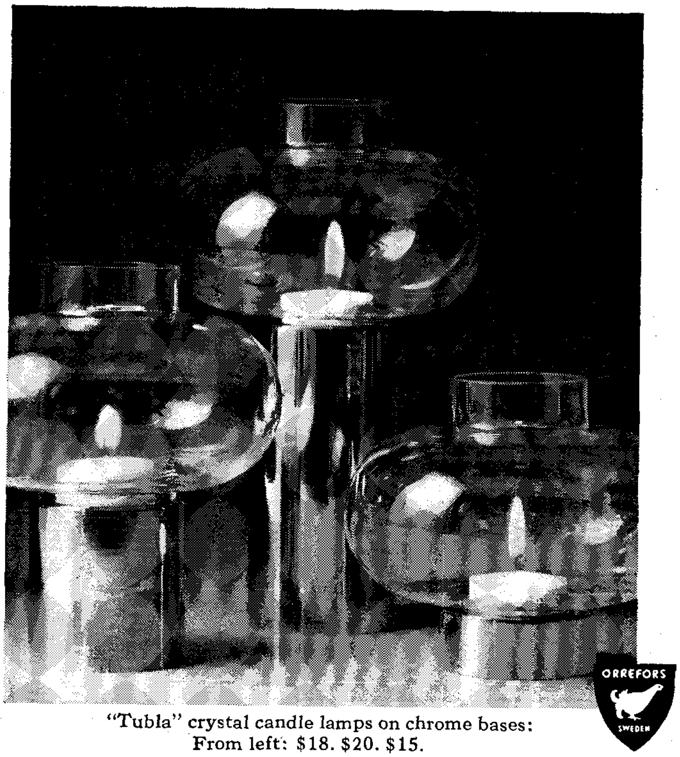

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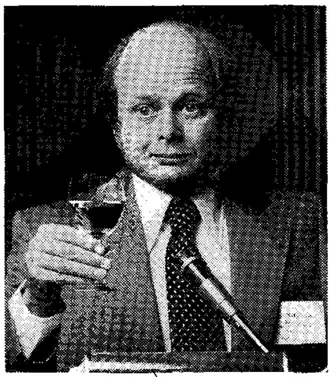

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WHY WE CALL IT "TOAST."

In the year 450 A.D., a pretty Saxon maiden offered King Vortigern a mazer full of toast and ale and said, "Waes Hael," Saxonese for "to your health." Thus, the first toast was proposed.

Of course they didn't call it a toast then, because there was no reason to call it anything. But people began prefacing their drink with a few kind words for each other, and the name "toast" stuck.

HELP YOURSELF TO THESE TOASTS.

Most toasts are short and sweet, like Salute, Salu, Salud, and Chin Chin; Italian, Spanish, French, and Chinese respectively for "to your health."

Other short ones include "Cheers," and "Here's mud in your eye," a toast which refers to the sediment in the bottom of a wine glass, a common occurence before modern filtering techniques.

Wordsworth said simply:
"Drink, pretty creature, drink."

Richard Sheridan avoided a long winded toast by offering:

"Let the toast pass.
Drink to the lass.
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for a glass."

Then there's always:

"Here's to you and here's to me,
And may we never disagree.
But if by chance we ever do
Then here's to me and to hell with you."

And finally,

"May you be in heaven a half an hour before the Devil knows you've died."

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In order to render the dish more digestible, it should be seasoned with one or two witty anecdotes, perhaps describing a mutual prank at the age of ten, or making fun of a personal idiosyncrasy in a kindly, lighthearted way.

Sugar with several eulogistic phrases, and flamber with a few eloquent and affectionate words designed to set off a chorus of "Bravos!"

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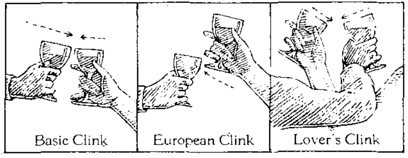
After every toast comes the clink of the glasses. The clink is the exclamation mark of the toast. Everybody loves the clink of the glasses, especially the glass industry, so we've illustrated the three most popular clinks.



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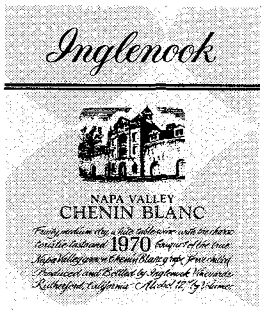

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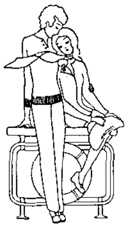

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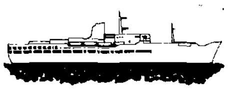

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the suits be impossibly clumsy but because of the shortage of power they couldn't be ventilated; the astronauts would perspire and might catch pneumonia. The walls and windows were dripping with water that had condensed from the cabin air; it was like an icy rain.

The cold in the LM prevented the men from sleeping, and lack of sleep made them feel even colder. Sleeping in the LM was further prevented by noise from the craft's instrument-cooling system, which rattled and hissed like the pipes of a locomotive as the water slowly steamed into space. Moreover, a napping astronaut was bound to wake up whenever one of his mates was talking to the CAPCOM; without an amplifier, an astronaut had to shout to make the CAPCOM hear him. The Flight Surgeons worried, because sleeplessness could reduce the astronauts' efficiency. During the three and a half days between the accident and the landing, Lovell had eleven hours' sleep and Swigert had twelve—an average of about three hours a day, and none of it was what either astronaut could describe as "good" sleep.

Sometimes Dr. A. Duane Catterson, the Deputy Director of Medical Research and Operations at the Manned Spacecraft Center, would join the Flight Surgeon at his console, and the two would listen in silence to the astronauts' voices. The doctors worried as much about the astronauts' systems as the flight controllers did about the spacecraft's. The cold and the exhaustion wouldn't seriously harm the astronauts, but lack of water would. A water tank in the command module, which Dr. Hawkins had thought the astronauts could tap, had now frozen solid; the spacecraft was carrying an internal iceberg. In the four days between accident and splashdown, each of the astronauts drank about a pint and a half of water; they were allowing themselves only six ounces a day—less than a fifth of the normal daily minimum requirement of thirty-two ounces. Dehydration alters the body chemistry with respect to blood, enzymes, and steroids in a way that makes it more difficult to cope with emergencies, but since the astronauts were not particularly thirsty, they would have no warning of this situation. Dr. Catterson worried specifically because water is essential for dissolving certain electrolytes in the body that are important for the transmission of impulses along nerves; without liquid, thought and movement deteriorate. Dr. Hawkins, for his part, worried because the body excretes more potassium when

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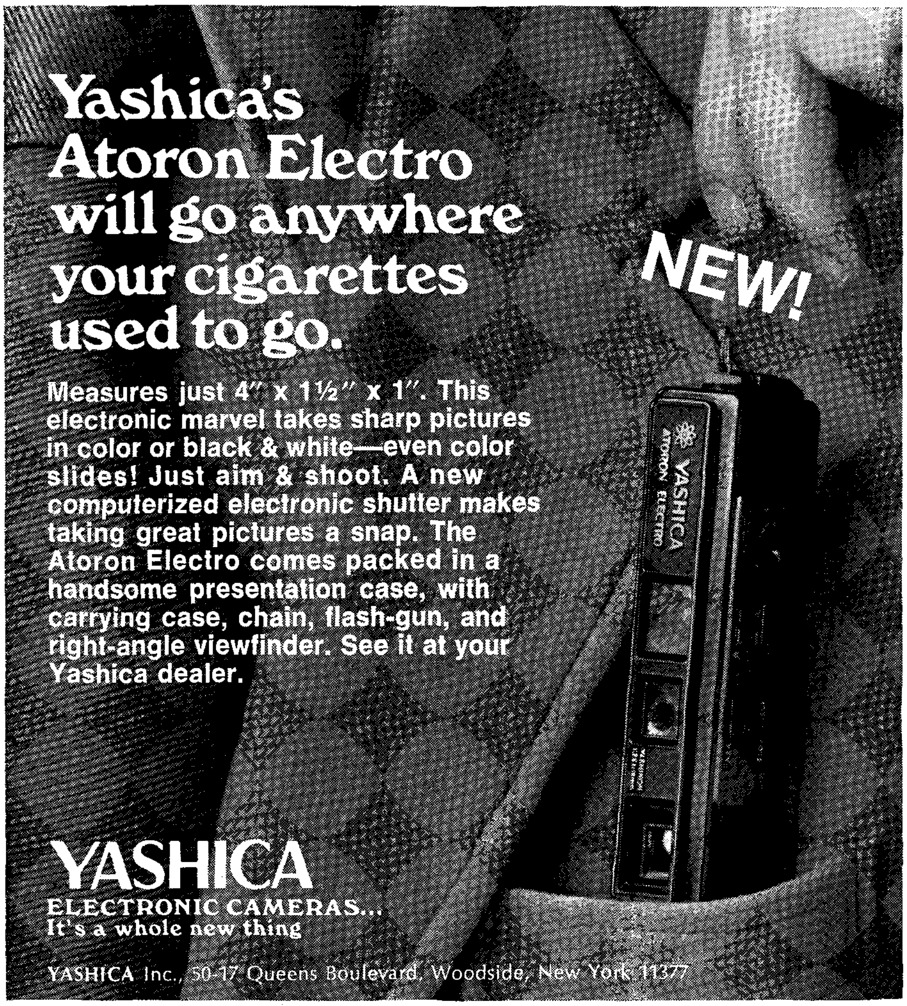

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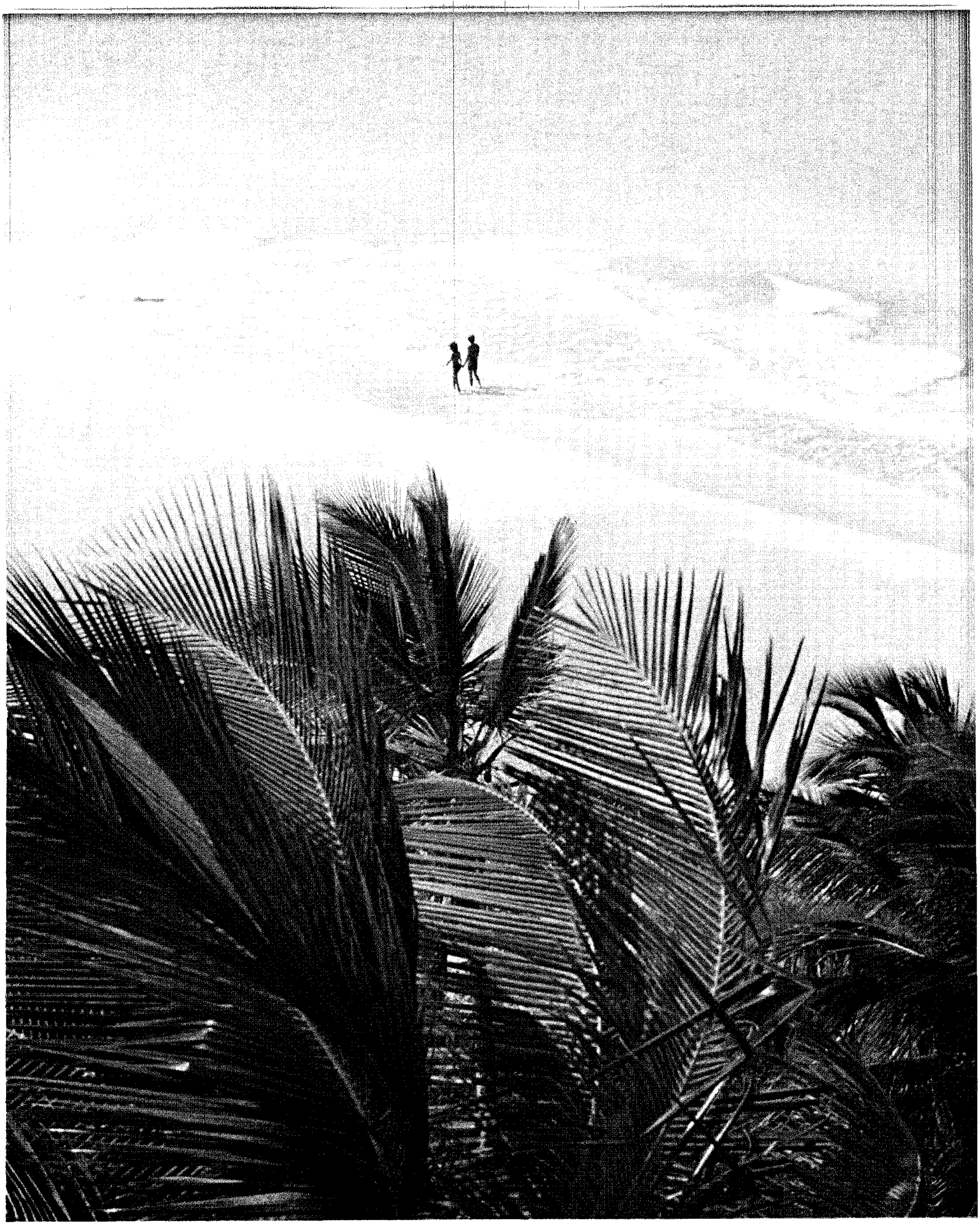
it is dehydrated, and potassium is a vital electrolyte in brain cells. Both doctors feared that the astronauts would start making errors, and, as it turned out, their fears were justified.

Dehydration was a problem in another way as well, for electrolytes are part of the body's defense against disease, and both Dr. Catterson and Dr. Hawkins worried because lack of water could make the astronauts more susceptible to infection. The likeliest place for such an infection, they knew, was the kidneys, which try to retain fluid and consequently never purge themselves. The doctors were unaware that Haise was already developing a kidney infection. Afterward, Dr. Catterson said that if the flight had lasted much longer Lovell and Swigert would almost certainly have developed similar infections, or infections of other sorts, and the astronauts would have been increasingly unable to cope. In their exhausted condition, their nervous energy would have deserted them at some point, and, in spite of themselves, they would just have drifted off to sleep.

As for what the astronauts were actually feeling around that time, it was as much as anything an incessant worry about their reëntry to earth. The flight controllers were worried, too. Fears crowded in from all directions. Around three o'clock on Thursday morning, a dozen members of the White (or Tiger) Team gathered at the CAPCOM's console in the third-floor Control Room while the CAPCOM asked the astronauts some questions that the White Team had prepared about the reëntry, which was still projected for noon Friday. In the spacecraft, Lovell was the only one up. The White Team was not absolutely certain that the seal of the command module's hatch was airtight, and the flight controllers had to find out whether Lovell wanted the crew to wear space suits during the reëntry. If the hatch wasn't tight, the astronauts would lose their oxygen. (A failure of this sort was to kill three Russian cosmonauts in 1971.) They would run a test on the hatch's integrity just before reëntry—a standard procedure—but at that point there wouldn't be enough time for them to get into their space suits if the hatch was found to be leaking. The White Team suggested to Lovell that the astronauts put on their space suits at the very beginning of the reëntry procedures, some six hours before splashdown. Lovell was worried that the ground knew something about the hatch that he didn't know, but Lousma assured him it didn't. Lovell pon-



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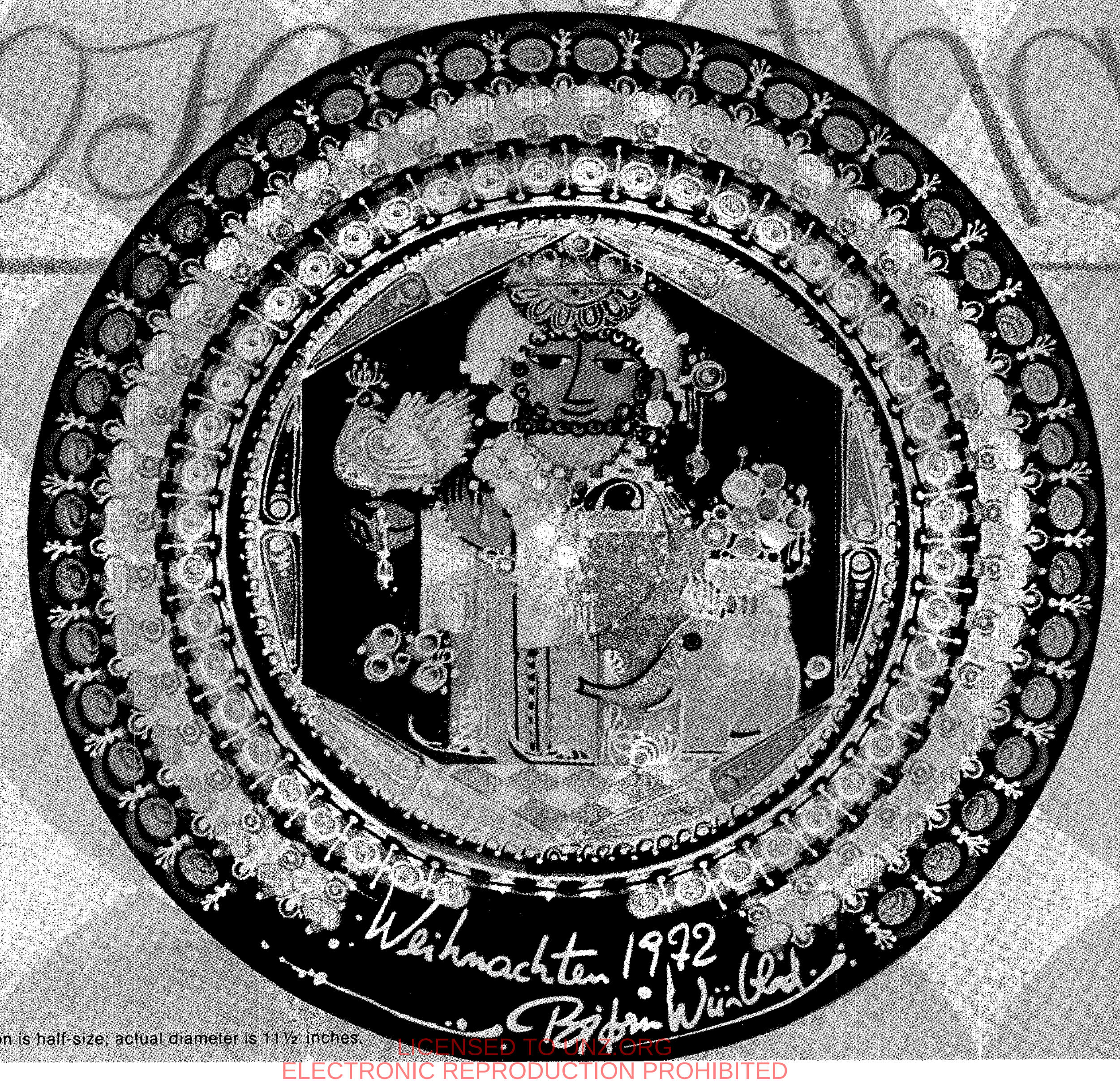

Illustration is half-size; actual diameter is 11½ inches.

Rosenthal

The Rosenthal Collector's Christmas Plate may be purchased in the following stores. If none are in your area, please write: Rosenthal U.S.A. Ltd., 411 East 76th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021, or call 212-249-1400.

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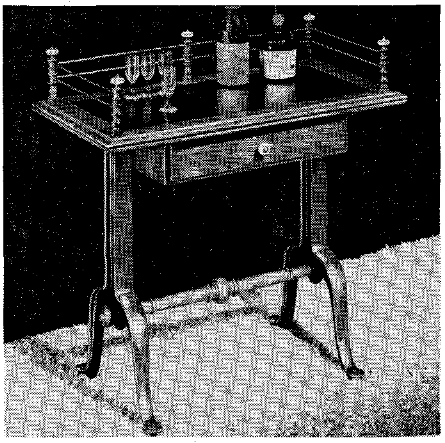
dered the matter for some time, and in the end he decided against the space suits, for the same reasons as before—their bulk and stiffness.

As Thursday dawned in Houston, the astronauts in the spacecraft were trying to get some rest. At about eight o'clock, Kerwin, who had replaced Lousma, accidentally pressed a switch in front of him, called the "king switch," that set off a loud beeping in the spacecraft—a signal that the astronauts were wanted on the radio. Swigert answered, and Kerwin apologized for bothering him. In the desultory conversation that followed, Kerwin told the astronauts about another worrisome matter: the FIDO was tossing around the idea of doing another midcourse correction, five hours before reëntry. Unaccountably, the trajectory was shallowing out again.

JUST before noon, Lovell radioed down to Kerwin that, with about twenty-four hours to go before splashdown, it would be nice to have the reëntry checklists up in the spacecraft, so that he and Swigert and Haise would have a chance to look at them. The day before, Kerwin had told the astronauts that the lists would be ready "by Saturday or Sunday at the latest." Kerwin was now able to tell Lovell that the checklists were in good shape ("They exist," he said) but that there was still some work to be done on them. By noon Thursday, one final job remained: the checklist for the lunar module and the checklist for the command module had to be tested out together in a computer called the CMS/LMS Integrator, which, as its name implies, would insure that the instructions for the two modules dovetailed—that there were no conflicts between them. This final simulation, which was being run by Mattingly, would take at least four hours more.

The astronauts had plenty to keep them busy while they were waiting. They had to set their cameras to photograph the service module as it was jettisoned the next day. They had to move equipment that was to be brought back to earth (such as the film they had taken behind the moon) from the lunar module into the command module. Then, they had to transfer quite a lot of unneeded equipment from the LM into the command module, because Deiterich was afraid that without the hundred-odd pounds of moon rocks they had expected to have with them the command module would be unbalanced on its plunge through the atmosphere. As fast as Lovell moved such items into the command

KNOB CREEK



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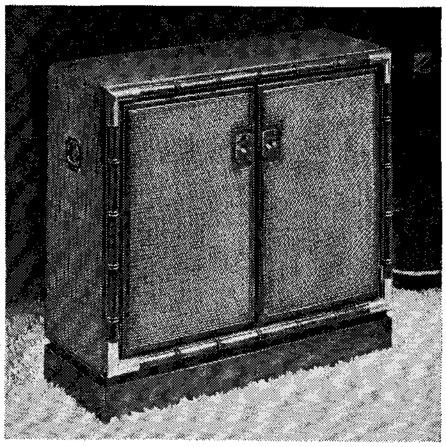

KNOB CREEK

module, Haise was moving garbage—discarded lithium-hydroxide canisters, bags of wastes—into the LM. The work warmed the astronauts a little, but when they stopped they grew cold again. The temperature in the LM had fallen to forty-five degrees—only ten degrees higher than that now prevailing in the command module. The CAPCOM said it sounded like a cold winter's day and asked if it was snowing yet.

At about six-thirty Thursday evening, or less than eighteen hours before splashdown, Vance Brand, who was back on duty as CAPCOM, said that the checklist was about ready to be read up. The members of the Tiger Team were assembling in the third-floor Control Room to listen in; their work on the checklist wouldn't be complete until it had been delivered to the astronauts. Brand told Lovell that the read-up would start with the part of the timeline that dealt with the command module, so Lovell put Swigert, the command-module pilot, on the radio. "He'll need a lot of paper," Brand said.

When Swigert had pen and paper ready, Brand told him to wait a minute; Aaron, the Lead EECOM, wanted a copy of the checklist, so that he could follow it as it was read up. Swigert was irritated by the delay; he knew that there had never been a checklist quite like this one, and he wanted to get on with the job of copying it. To pass the time, Brand recited the titles of the different checklists spread out on the console in front of him: one for the service-module jettison, one for the lunar-module jettison, and one for aligning the command module's guidance platform. Now there was another delay as Deiterich, Reed, and Russell arrived from the ground floor. To the astronauts, the wait seemed interminable. The checklist was their only passport back to earth, and the earth was looking closer, and more solid, every minute. In reality, they were still about a hundred thousand miles away—not much more than halfway back—but they were travelling at four thousand miles an hour now, and the increasing pull of the earth's gravity would get them back in about seventeen hours.

While Brand waited for the Tiger Team engineers to find seats, he "voiced up"—in the NASA phrase—some housekeeping details. Several more minutes passed, during which Brand asked Swigert for some read-outs from the battery that was charging, but before Swigert could comply Lovell burst in to say, "We can't just wait around here to read the procedures all the time up to the burn! We've got to get them

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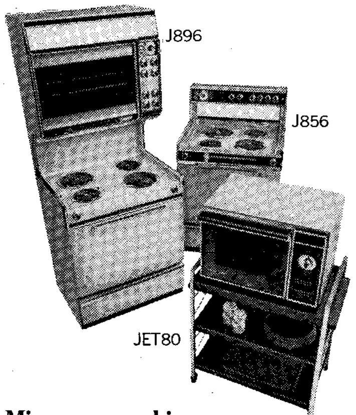

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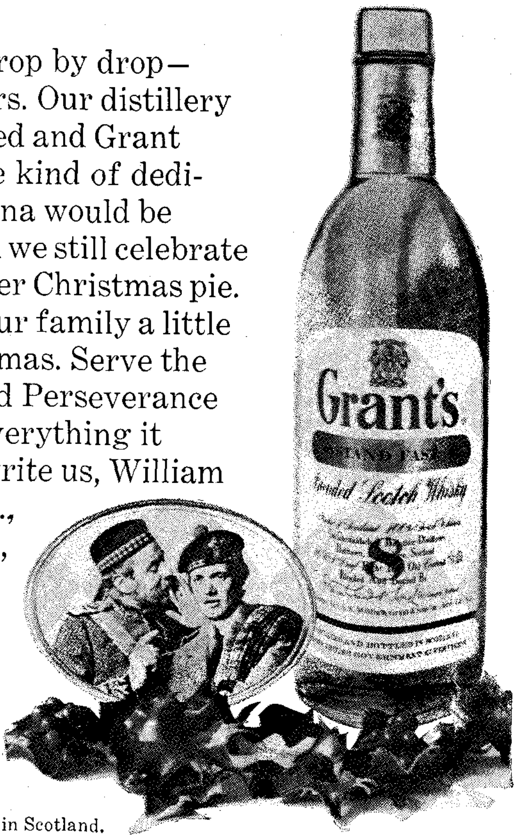

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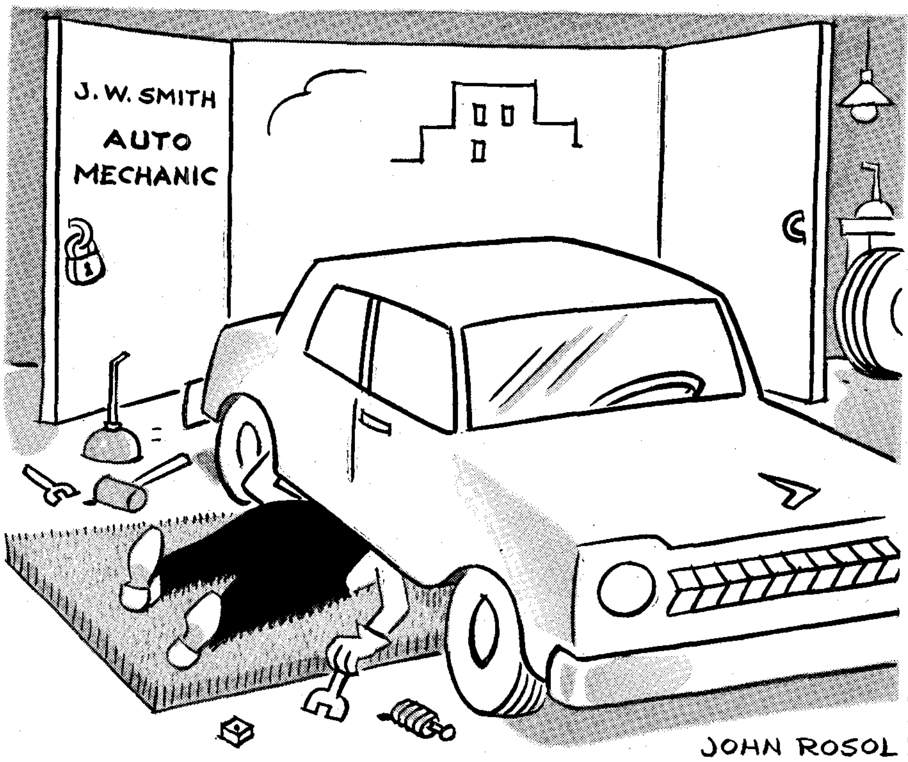

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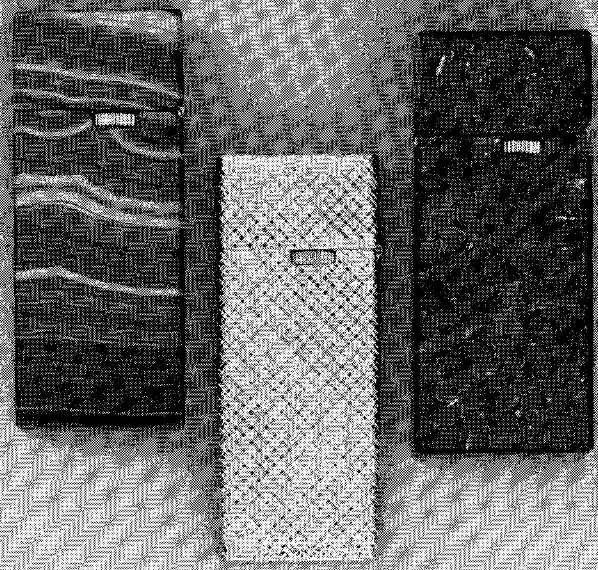

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up here, look at them, and then we've got to get to sleep!" Brand said everybody should be ready to start the reading within five minutes; there weren't enough copies of the checklist for all the engineers that had just come into the Control Room, and someone had gone to get more.

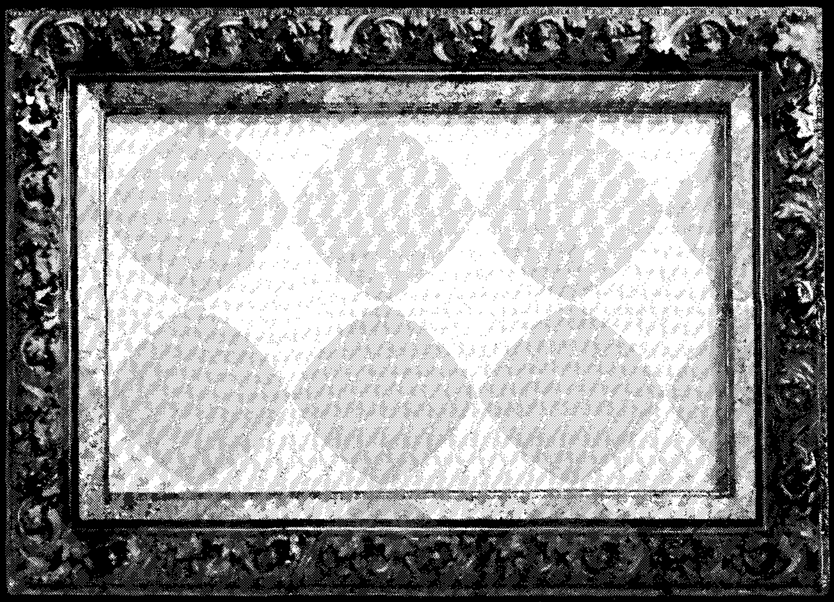
Kranz was aware that the astronauts were tired and impatient, but he went along with the delay. "I knew communications were getting terse," he said later. "Everyone gets to that point. It's nothing personal—just frustration. When you're passing data to the crew, there's no substitute for accuracy. It's difficult to know what the proper tradeoff is, but the key thing is to be right."

At last a door opened and several more engineers entered the Control Room, bearing stacks of multilith copies of the checklist, and these were passed out. The last to enter was Lieutenant Commander Mattingly. The astronauts in the spacecraft kept tabs on his health by occasionally asking, "Are the flowers in bloom yet in Houston?" The flowers never did bloom. Mattingly, a tall, partly bald man, took a seat next to Brand at the CAPCOM console; he had just run the entire checklist through the CMS/LMS Integrator and presumably knew it better than anyone else, so, in violation of the usual procedure, he was to read it up. Brand gave him the microphone.

The read-up to Swigert took almost two hours. "O.K., let me take it from the top here," Mattingly began briskly. "It assumes that we're getting LM power to Main Bus B in the command module." He continued, "And the first item, then, after you get ready to start this checklist, is to install lithium-hydroxide canisters inside the command module. . . . On Panel 8, we want to turn the floodlights to 'Fixed.' "

Swigert, who had already fallen behind, said, "O.K., wait a minute here. You're going too fast."

Mattingly's main concern throughout the reading was to see to it that Swigert, who was exhausted, got things right. Mattingly slowed down, reading the checklist line by line and pausing at the end of each line to wait for Swigert to read it back for confirmation. For accuracy, Swigert wanted to copy every word, using few abbreviations, and this made the reading go even slower. The word used most frequently over the next three hours was "O.K.," which prefaced each remark to confirm the last one. The material was detailed and tedious, and Swigert frequently had to ask Mattingly to repeat items. Once, Swigert broke off and said, "Ah, Ken, I— I didn't get it. We had to change



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omnis again." The spacecraft still rolled unpredictably, so that its omnidirectional antennas, one of which was always supposed to be aimed at the earth, often lost contact and Swigert's voice trailed off. Mattingly and the flight controllers following the transcript had to be constantly on the watch for errors, and, even so, as time went by errors inevitably crept in.

An hour and three quarters after Mattingly started reading the command-module procedures, he reached the end. "Thank you. This does it, huh?" Swigert asked, exhausted. He wanted to know whether Mattingly had had any trouble with the checklist in the simulator, and Mattingly said there had been no problems, though the pace was bound to be wearing between the jettisoning of the service module and that of the LM.

When Mattingly was through with Swigert, he had to start over again and read up procedures for the LM to Haise. These were shorter, and he finished within an hour. It was almost 11 P.M., just six and a half hours before the astronauts would start putting the checklist to use. For the next two hours, the ground made no calls to the astronauts, in the hope that they would get some rest. On the ground, most members of the White Team went home to get what sleep they could before taking over the Control Room for the final descent. Other members of the team continued to fret about details. In their view, the checklist was not really finished; that would require another three months.

At two in the morning, Lousma, who had replaced Mattingly and Brand on the CAPCOM console, called up to the spacecraft. He had some changes that the engineers wanted to make in the checklist. Swigert answered sleepily.

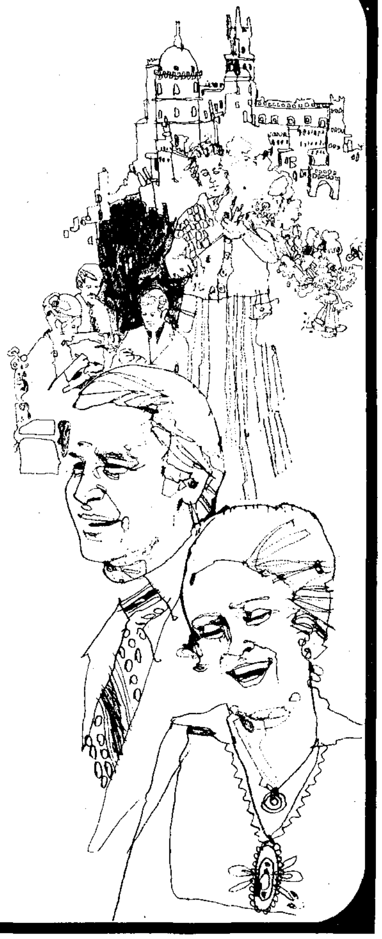
"How much sleep did you get, Jack?" Lousma asked.

"Oh, I guess maybe two or three hours. It was awful cold, and it wasn't very good sleep," Swigert answered.

"You plan to try to get any more?" Lousma asked.

"Well, if I get everything done, I'll try, but I'll tell you, it's almost impossible to sleep," Swigert said. "All of us have that same problem. It's just too cold to sleep. . . . We'll try to sleep, but it's just awful cold."

Lousma's call had awakened Haise and Lovell, too, and they were up now, rubbing their hands together for warmth. Lousma read up a couple of the checklist changes to Swigert, and then asked to talk to Haise; he had a couple of changes for him, too. Then Lousma had another change for Swi-



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gert, who had gone back to bed. Lovell, however, had had enough. He came on the radio saying, "O.K., Jack, this is Jim. I just want to make sure that any . . . of the changes to the checklist that come up, you make sure that they're absolutely essential. When we don't have procedures we can only do it one time, and we can't make changes at the last minute. . . . Unless the changes are really essential, don't bother sending them up." At times, Lovell seemed more fretful than the others, perhaps because of his responsibilities as commander.

After Lovell's outburst, Donald K. Slayton, the Director of Flight Crew Operations, came on the line. Slayton was one of the few men on the ground who were allowed to interrupt the CAPCOM, and he did so now, evidently, because he thought a strong hand was needed. He said, "I know that none of you are sleeping worth a damn, because it's so cold, and you might want to dig out the medical kit there and pull out a couple of Dexedrine tablets apiece." This was a prescription the Flight Surgeons had been considering for some time but had been reluctant to suggest, because Dexedrine is a powerful stimulant, which leaves one severely let down when it wears off. The astronauts were reluctant to take the Dexedrine, too, but they dutifully told Slayton—who, they knew, had a paternal interest—that they would do so. However, they did not take the pills until a couple of hours before splashdown, when they were so exhausted that the Dexedrine had no appreciable effect.

When Slayton had returned the microphone to the CAPCOM, Lousma said, "If we could figure a way to get a hot cup of coffee up to you, it would taste pretty good about now, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, it sure would," Lovell said. "You don't realize how cold this thing gets."

Lousma replied, "Hang in there. It won't be long."

At two-thirty in the morning—a bit less than ten hours before splashdown—Lousma radioed, "O.K., Skipper, we figured out a way for you to keep warm. We decided to start powering up the LM now." The night before, the TELMUs had concluded that matters were going so well that they could loosen up some more on their consumables. The astronauts were told to turn on some of the equipment in the lunar module now, including the window heaters, which spread warmth rather in the manner of the defrosters in a car.

All three astronauts were up and

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about. "It's going to be an interesting day," Haise radioed. "The earth's a lot bigger, and the crescent is a lot more pronounced than it was yesterday."

The sun was shining brilliantly through the overhead window. Lovell remarked that it already seemed to be getting a little warmer in the LM. Lousma answered that duckblinds were always warmer when the birds were flying.

THE White Team took over the third-floor Control Room shortly after four o'clock Friday morning, but most members of the team had come in long before that. Aaron had arrived a little after two to figure out what he would do if the command module used too much power (he called this kind of thinking "playing 'what if' games"), and Deiterich had come in at about the same time to draw up alternative maneuver PADs in case anything went wrong with the reëntry. When Reed arrived, around two-thirty, he went straight to the FIDO's console to look at the latest vectors—points in space where the spacecraft is known to have been and which together give a FIDO what he calls "a hack on the trajectory." Because of the continued shallowing of the trajectory, the RETROs had definitely decided on one more midcourse correction—MCC 7—to be done about four hours before entry interface. The idea was to alter the trajectory by first tilting the spacecraft and then firing forward, and since the shallowing was even greater than Reed had expected, he and Deiterich now decided to increase the burn from one and a half feet per second to two feet per second; the effect of the burn would be to steepen the reëntry angle.

At four, Kranz officially took over. His earphones had the longest cord in the room, because he liked to pace back and forth at tight moments. He would be doing a great deal of pacing during the next eight hours. Still, he looked surer of himself and more determined than he had the night of the accident; the square set of his jaw might have been that of a commander who had been routed in a sneak attack and had now returned to the scene with what he believed to be an overwhelming force. He claimed later that he had had no worries. "In our preparations, we never believed we couldn't get the men back," he said. "I thought that as a group we were smart enough, and clever enough, to get out of the problem." However that may have been, almost every one of his flight controllers would have a problem during

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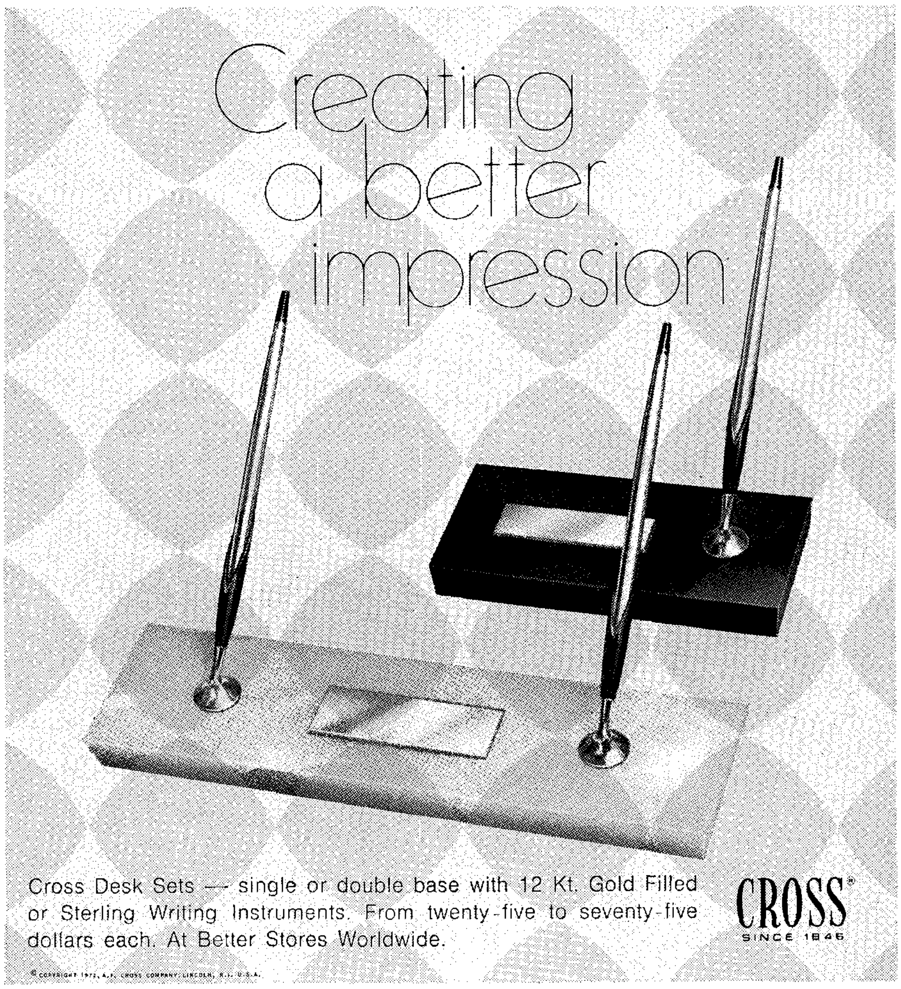

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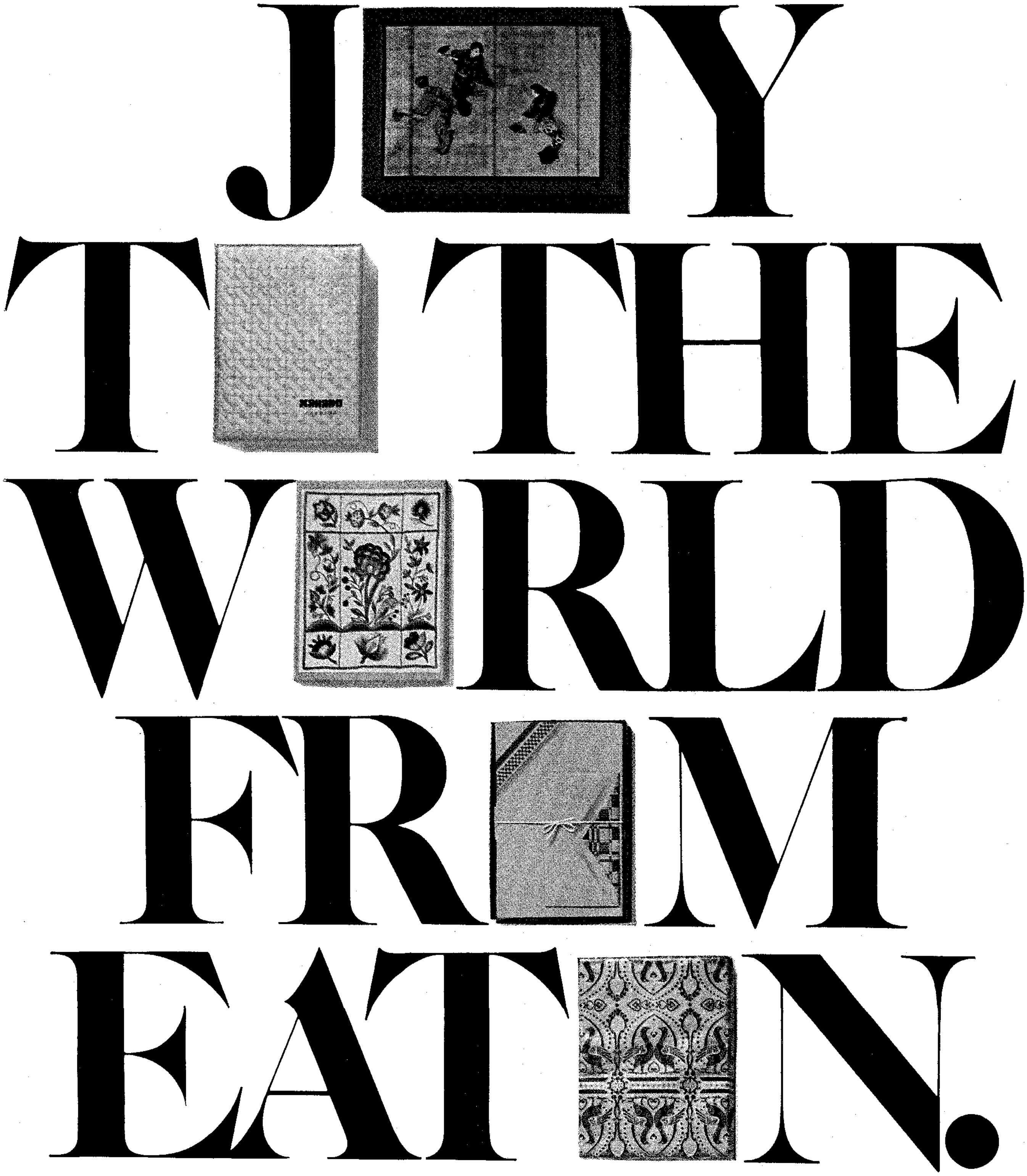

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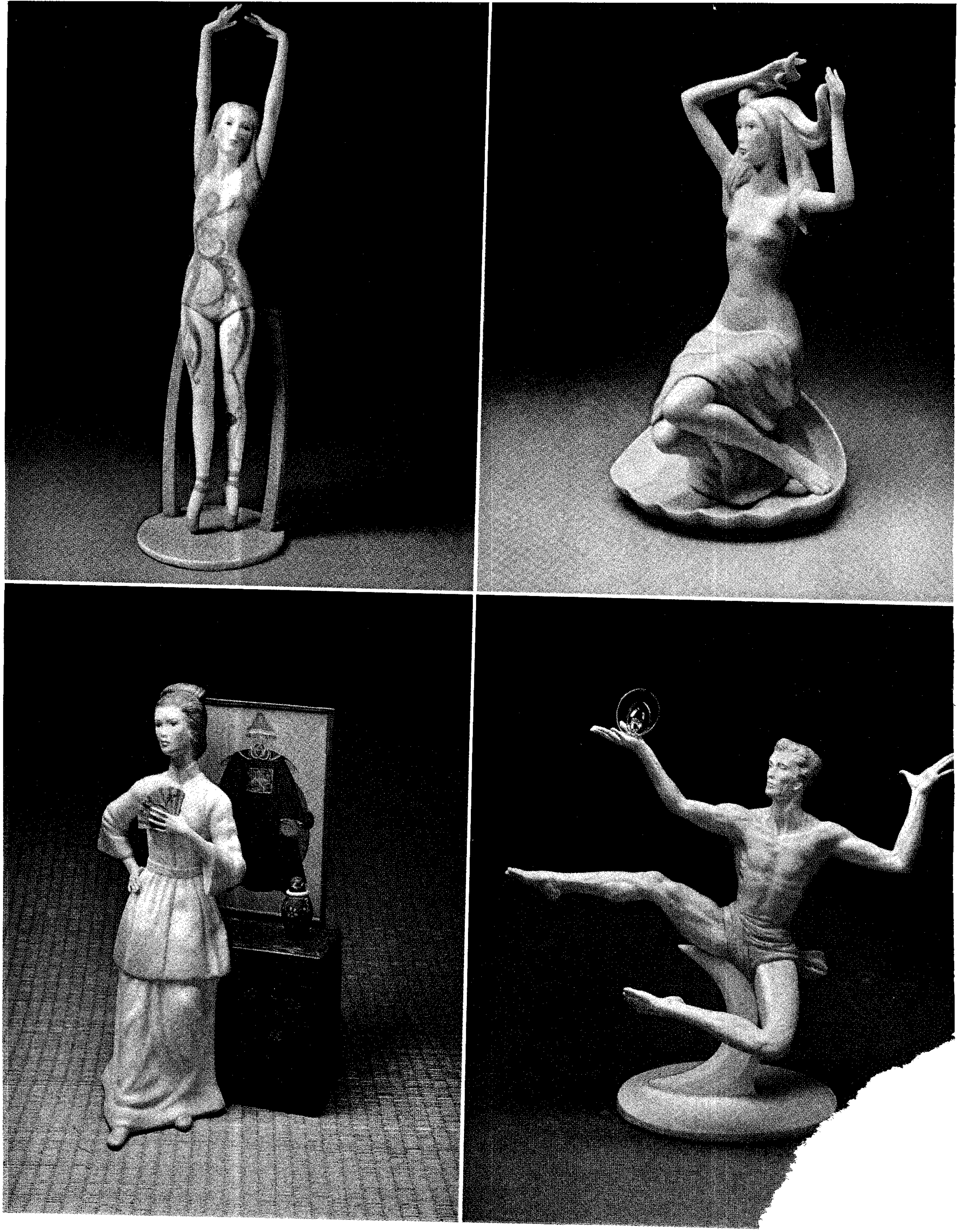

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the next eight hours that he wasn't at all sure he could get out of. Most of the flight controllers were closer than Kranz to specific parts of the spacecraft, and were therefore apt to be more concerned when something went amiss. Kranz was generally able to take a longer view, and in this he may have been helped by his position in the Control Room—in the third row, a little behind and a little above the others.

Lovell said later that he could never forget for an instant that "we had a dead service module, we had a command module but it had no power in it, and we had a lunar module that was a wonderful vehicle but it didn't have a heat shield." The spacecraft was indeed in what Lovell called "an unusual configuration," and there wasn't much time to set it right. It was only fifty-eight thousand miles from earth now, and its velocity had increased to fifty-nine hundred miles an hour. In the next eight hours, this figure would more than quadruple. Contemplating the universe in man's usual egocentric way, Swigert told the CAPCOM that the earth—rather than the spacecraft—was whistling in like a high-speed freight train.

When Kranz took charge of the Control Room, he was surprised to find that the astronauts were aligning the LM's guidance platform on the sun and moon. According to the checklist, the LM's Primary Guidance and Navigation System, of which the platform was a part, was not supposed to be powered up—only the LM's secondary guidance system. What had happened was that during the night the TELMUs had found themselves to be what they called "fat on power," and had told the previous shift that it would be O.K. to bring up both of the LM's guidance systems. In one way, Kranz was pleased, because if the astronauts could get a good alignment on the LM's guidance platform now, they could transfer it to the command module later—as they had done in reverse the night of the accident—and this would save time during the most crowded part of the timeline. He didn't object to alterations in the checklist; it was not binding if a better way of doing something came along. What did bother Kranz was that, now that the primary system was up, the FIDO and the RETRO would want to use it for the MCC 7 burn, which was a couple of hours away. He suspected he would have an argument on his hands from the Control Officers, who would maintain that there wasn't enough fuel for that; they would want to stick with the more economical

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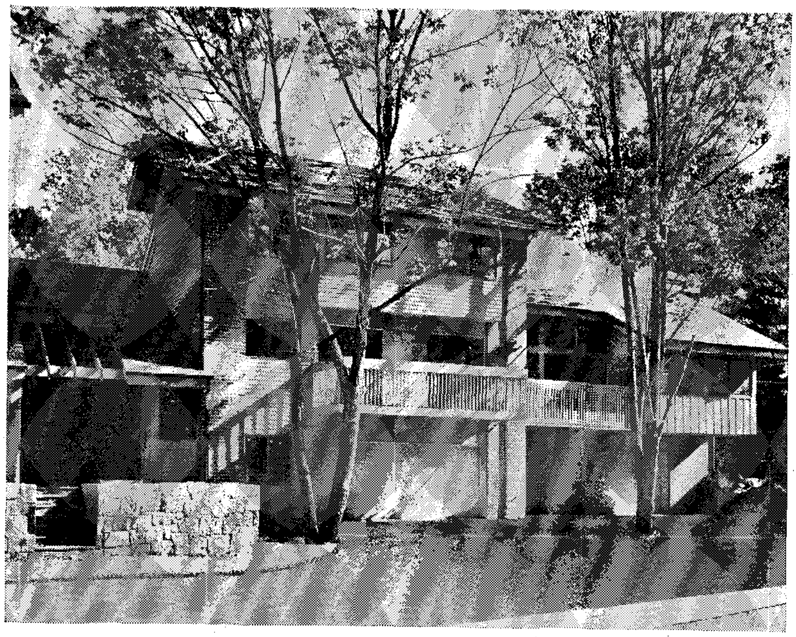

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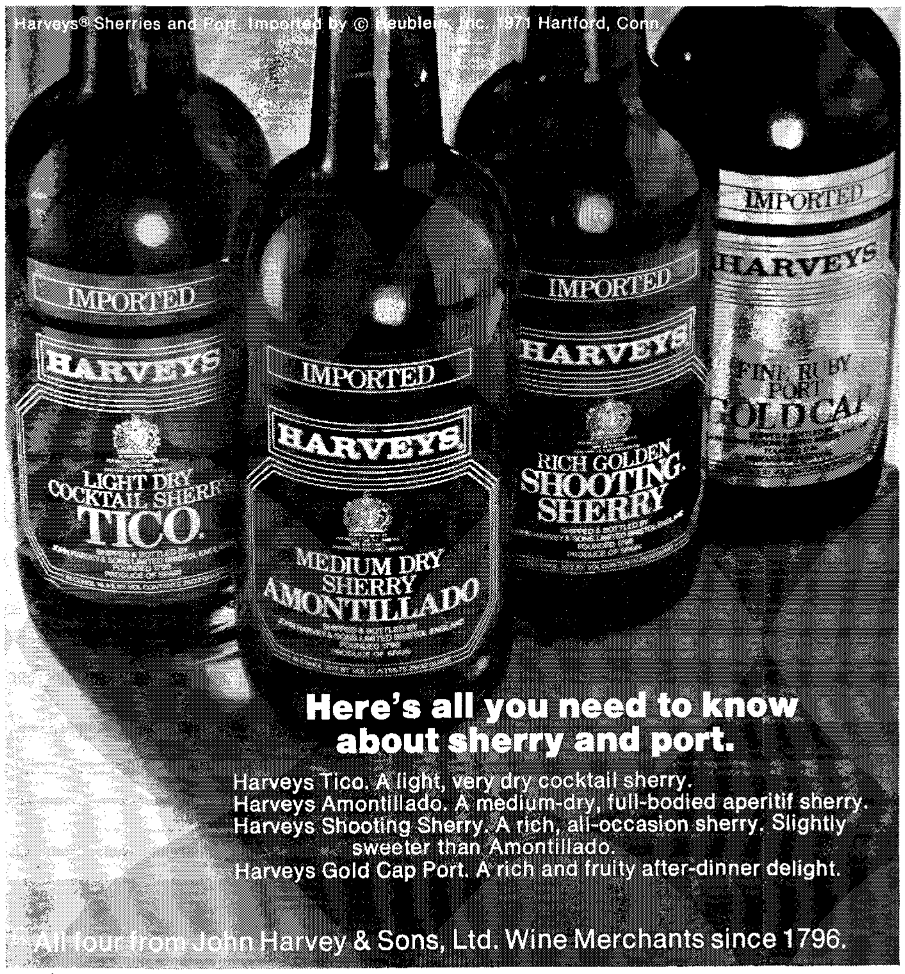

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secondary system, as stipulated in the checklist. The issue was important. To save the command module's power and fuel, the LM would be performing all the spacecraft's maneuvers until it was jettisoned, six hours from then, and since there would be a lot of maneuvering, the Control Officers would be quite right in wanting to hang on to the LM's propellants.

Just as Kranz expected, he got a call from Reed, the Lead FIDO, who asked if there was any chance of using the primary system for the midcourse correction, because it would make for a more precise burn. Kranz said that he would consider it but that first he had to check with the CONTROL. To his surprise, the CONTROL on duty (the Lead CONTROL, Harold Loden, was not present) gave his approval. Kranz then checked with Russell, the Lead GUIDO, who also went along with the idea, so Kranz gave Reed permission to use the primary system, though he wasn't sure he had heard the end of the matter. Kranz liked to arrive at decisions by consensus, but as he asked a question here, answered one there, and passed an instruction to the CAPCOM to transmit to the astronauts, there could be no doubt that he was the center of the whole operation. As a rule, the conversation on the loop was terse, with long silences. Kranz's eye would rove around the room, and every once in a while he would seek information from one man or another. Once, he broke the silence to ask the CONTROL how he was coming; the CONTROL answered that the astronauts had already begun to use the LM's primary guidance system to hold the spacecraft at the proper attitude. After another, longer silence, Kranz asked Peters, the Lead TELMU, how he was doing; Peters replied that he was doing fine, though the LM's batteries were beginning to shade off a bit as a result of the LM's early power-up.

So far, the LM had not begun to supply power to the command module, apart from recharging one of its reentry batteries. A little after five in the morning, Swigert entered the command module to start drawing a little electricity from the LM—enough to turn on some of the heaters to warm electronic equipment inside the command module and, in particular, to de-ice the thrusters on the outside. For the first time since the accident, he felt as if he had something to *do*. The night of the accident, just after the command module had been powered down, Swigert told the other two that it was up to them to get the spacecraft home; now it would be largely up to him. As

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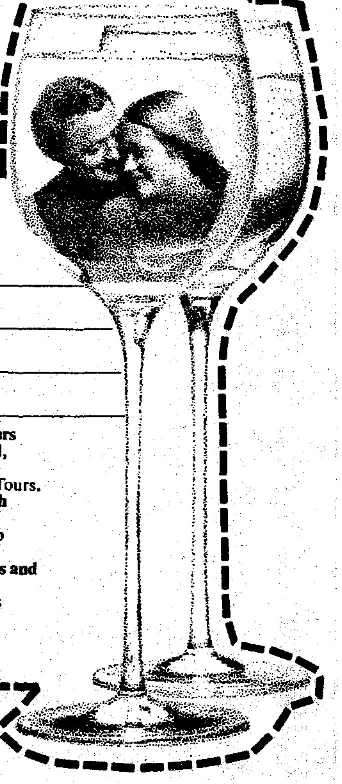

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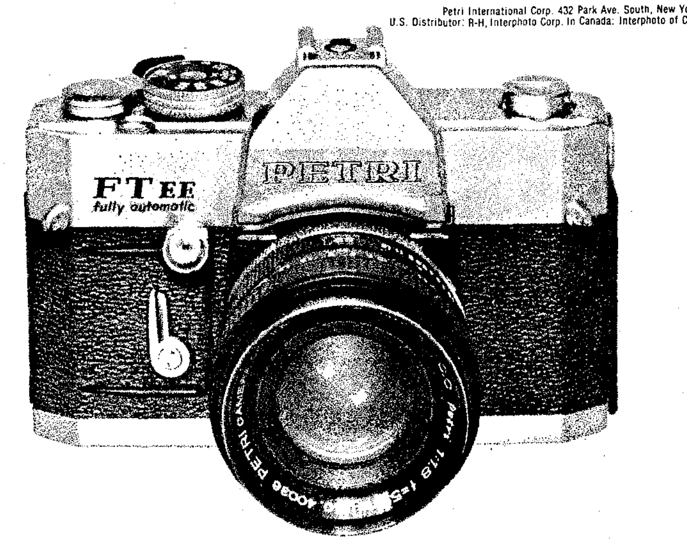
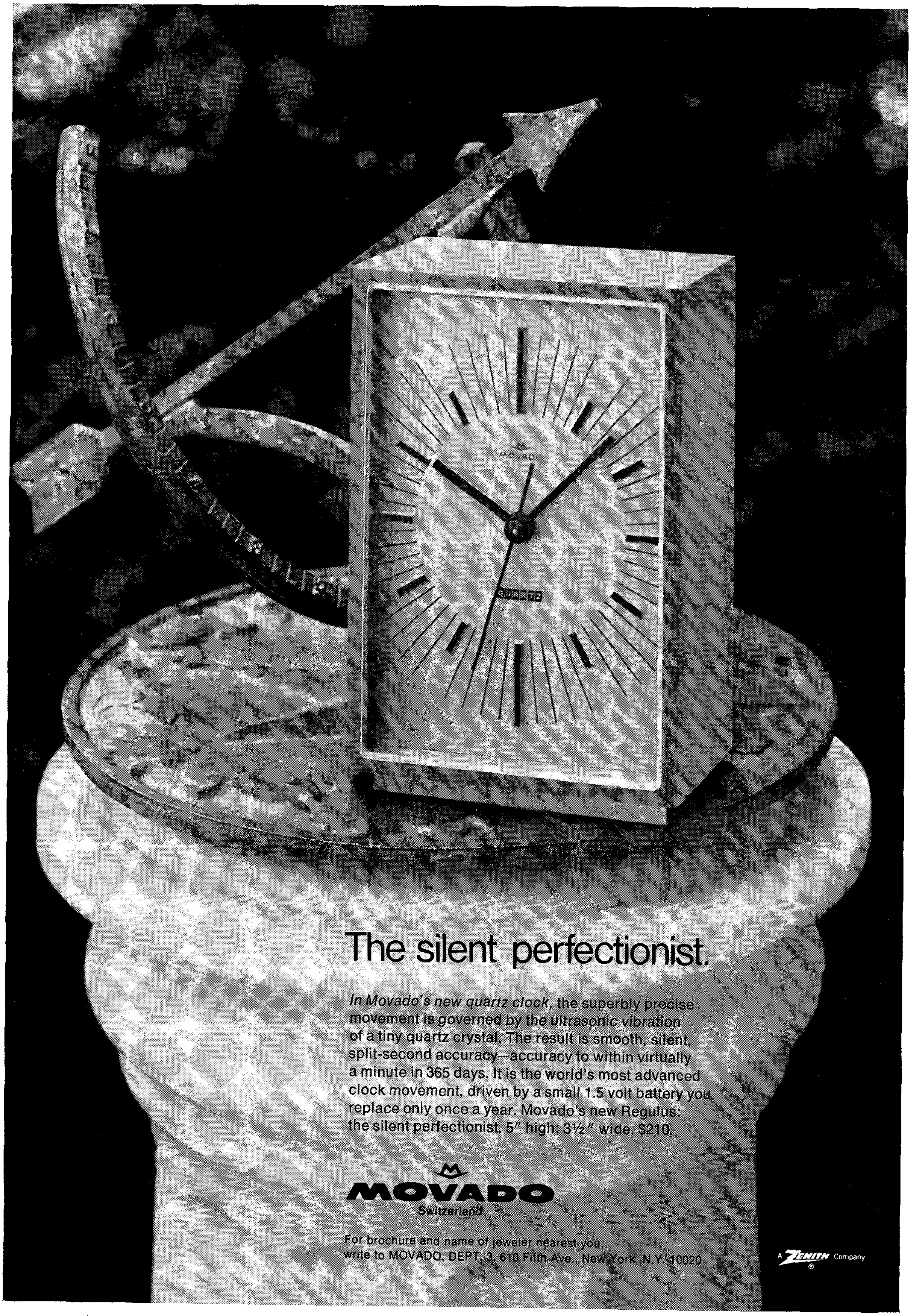


no matter how little it costs.

Swigert took his seat in the command module, Mattingly took a seat in the Control Room next to the CAPCOM. Although Mattingly had been working on the simulations to verify the checklist almost incessantly for the past three days, he looked spotless and crisp. At about the time that Swigert and Mattingly took their seats, Kerwin relieved Lousma as CAPCOM.

BY six-fifteen, the glassed-in gallery at the back of the Control Room was beginning to fill with visitors who wanted to be present for the midcourse correction. This time, in addition to the NASA brass, there were a number of congressmen. The burn, less than an hour away, would be a small one, done by the lunar module's thrusters, which would fire forward to alter the trajectory. One reason for the burn was that Deiterich wanted to make sure the astronauts landed as near the recovery ship as possible; the sooner the astronauts were picked up the better, if only because Tropical Storm Helen was still charging erratically about the Pacific. The spacecraft might have come in all right without the burn, but on its present course it would come dangerously close to the shallow top of the corridor, and Deiterich wanted to center it against any further shallowing—if the rate increased, it might *not* stay within the corridor. Indeed, Reed was then finding that the trajectory was a good deal shallower than it had been when he arrived, four hours earlier, and he still couldn't figure out why. He and Deiterich therefore decided to increase the burn from two feet per second to three. Even with the increase, the burn was still small enough so that it could be done with the LM's thrusters. However, they would have to fire for twenty-three seconds—a long time for thrusters—and Loden, the Lead CONTROL, was worried about running out of fuel.

Loden, wearing a bright-yellow shirt, had just taken over the CONTROL console; he had been working elsewhere on some other matters and therefore had not been involved in the decision to use the LM's primary guidance system for the burn instead of the more economical secondary system. The astronauts had been using the primary to hold their attitude, and it was on an automatic setting, so the thrusters fired short bursts every time the attitude strayed. Since the LM had to juggle the command and service modules as well, the use of fuel in the automatic setting was more than Loden could tolerate. He complained to Kranz; he said they should switch



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over and hold their attitude manually as they waited for the burn. Kranz agreed. Then, when it appeared that some trouble in the primary guidance system could not be cleared up, Loden suggested that they do the burn with the secondary system. "Do the burn in secondary?" Kranz asked. The argument he had avoided earlier was about to start up. Reed, the FIDO, gave a distressed laugh and asked to have matters left the way they were. Kranz was quite good at settling arguments. He tended to listen quietly, ask a question or two, and then suddenly announce a decision. In this case, after a brief discussion, he told Reed no.

Although the MCC 7 burn was the smallest the astronauts had done, they had the most trouble with it, for exhaustion and dehydration were wearing them down. The flight controllers had to watch the astronauts' every move closely. On the telemetry screen at his console, Russell, the Lead GUIDO, was concentrating on following some data that Lovell was punching into the LM's computer for the correction. The numbers had been prepared by Deiterich, and Russell had a copy of them. Suddenly, Russell spotted on the telemetry screen the code number "P 40" where a "P 41" should have been. Lovell, who had stinted himself on water even more than the two other astronauts, had erroneously ordered the computer to use the LM's big DPS rocket instead of the thrusters. "Should be forty-one, I believe, Flight—not forty," Russell said quietly to Kranz, and Kranz told the CAPCOM to take note.

The MCC 7 burn caused trouble almost up to the moment the rockets were fired. In bringing the spacecraft to the attitude for the burn, Lovell rolled it sixteen degrees in the wrong direction. Deiterich, the Lead RETRO, didn't notice the error until he heard someone else mention it over the loop. Then, before he could say anything himself, he heard a second flight controller say that the error was unimportant, because the midcourse correction wasn't sensitive to being sixteen degrees out of attitude. "That griped me. During a landing, everybody in the Control Room thinks he's a RETRO," Deiterich said later. He came on the loop and said the burn certainly *was* sensitive to being sixteen degrees out of attitude. This was not the only time the astronauts made such an error. Moreover, the people on the ground seemed to catch their increased proclivity for errors. When Kerwin was telling Lovell how much time there was before the midcourse correction, he

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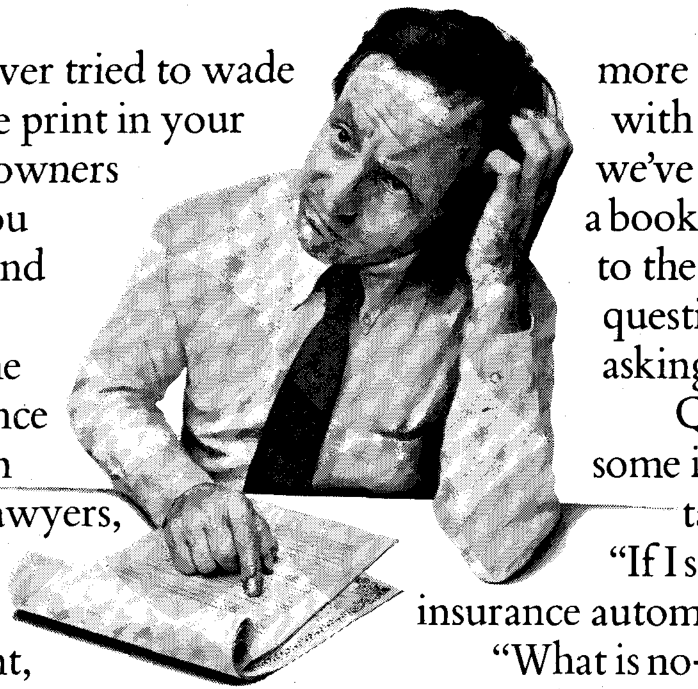

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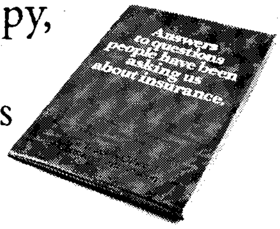
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THE TRAVELERS

gave him a mark of ten minutes and then corrected himself, for the burn was only nine minutes off. Kerwin had been looking at the wrong electronic clock at the front of the room; there were several of them, counting down the time to different events.

The burn itself, however, went off smoothly, and almost immediately Reed began checking vectors. He was able to get a hack on the trajectory sooner than before, because the spacecraft was approaching earth so much faster and the trajectory was beginning to curve slightly as it did so, making more of a difference between vectors. Besides, the spacecraft was near enough now for smaller radar dishes in the tracking network to get a line on it, and therefore the quality of radar data available to Houston was better. In a few minutes, Reed reported to Kranz that the spacecraft had apparently been *tweaked back to the center of the* corridor, despite the use of the less accurate guidance system. The spacecraft was only forty-one thousand miles away now, and its speed had increased to seven thousand miles an hour. The astronauts reported that the earth almost filled its window.

The real business of getting home was about to begin.

AS Haise and Lovell, in the lunar module, maneuvered the spacecraft to the correct attitude for jettisoning the service module, Swigert, in the command module, made preparations for firing the explosives, called pyros, that would sever the service module from the rest of the spacecraft. Swigert was flicking a number of switches in front of him to open the circuits leading to the explosives—an operation called arming the pyros. It was risky, in the same way that taking off the safety catch of a gun is; if Swigert wasn't careful, the pyros could explode if he pulled one more switch. Normally, the ground checked the pyros before the arming, but at the moment it couldn't, because there was no telemetry from the command module. As a number of different pyros were on the same circuits, there was danger that the wrong thing might be jettisoned—the lunar module, for instance. In fact, the switch for jettisoning the LM was right next to the switch for jettisoning the service module, and the previous day Swigert, afraid he might press the wrong one, had put a piece of tape over the LM-jettison switch and attached to it a slip of paper bearing, in big red letters, the word "NO." Then he got Haise to verify what he had done. Now

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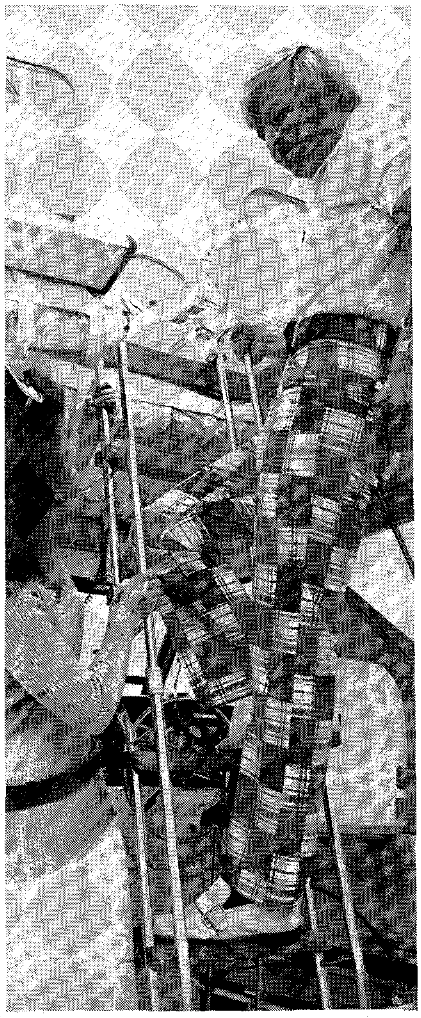

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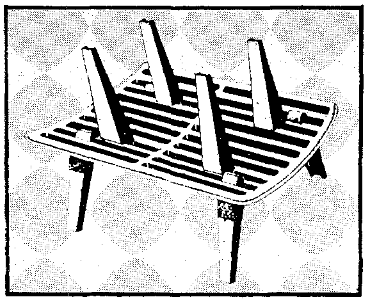

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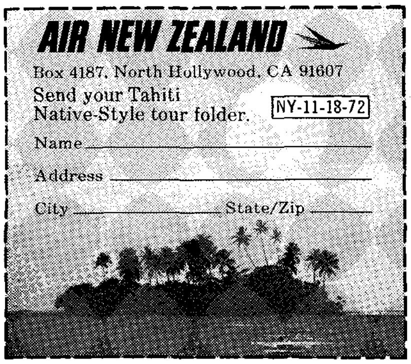

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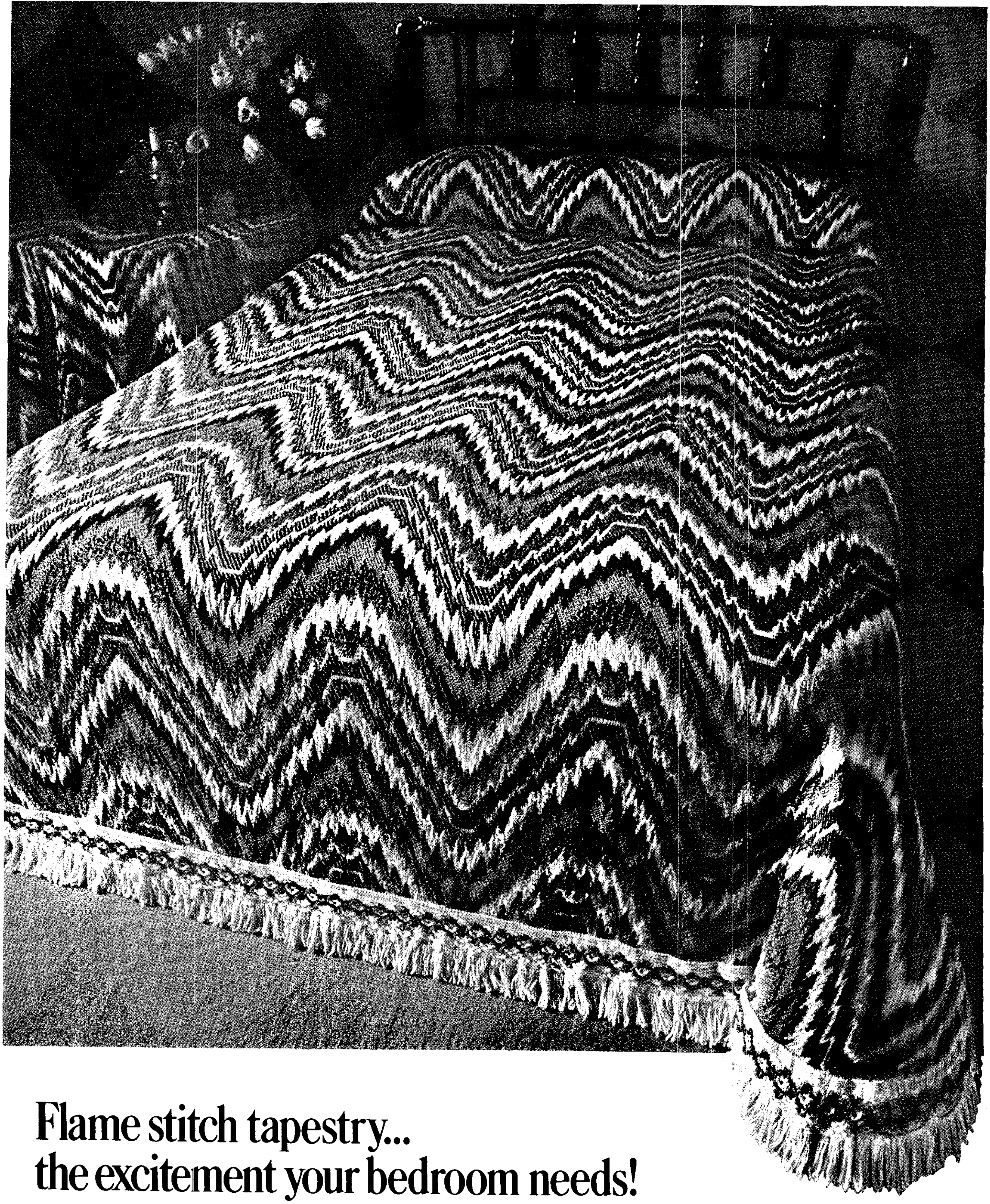

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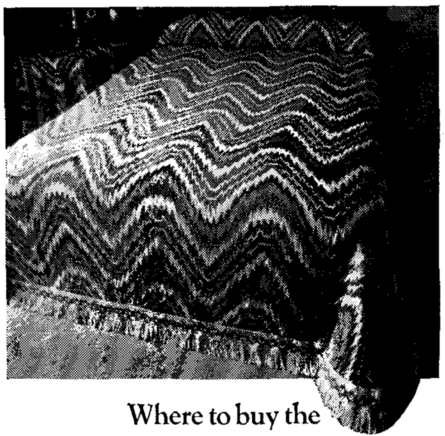

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Haise, who wanted to be sure nothing went awry, and didn't want to be in the wrong module if it did, floated into the command module to help Swigert with the jettison. He asked Swigert whether he shouldn't check with the ground before arming the pyros, but Swigert, pointing out that there was no telemetry, told Haise just to stand by and put his fingers in his ears.

The jettison involved all three astronauts. Haise returned to the lunar module, and he and Lovell fired the LM's thrusters so that the spacecraft moved forward, with the service module at the front, at half a foot a second; then Swigert, in the command module, fired the pyros to separate the service module; and, finally, Lovell and Haise reversed the thrusters so that the service module and the rest of the spacecraft parted, at half a foot a second. Deiterich had made sure the speed was slow enough so there would be time to photograph the damage. The day before, Charles Duke, in the simulator, had calculated that the best view of the service module would be from one of the windows in the command module, and, accordingly, Swigert was stationed there with the best camera, a Hasselblad equipped with a telephoto lens. But now when he looked out the window, his camera at the ready, he saw nothing but black sky. Since a command module had never before jettisoned a service module while it was itself attached to a lunar module, no one had been able to predict exactly what would happen. When Swigert fired the pyros, the craft had rocked unexpectedly at the explosion—the astronauts later described the movement as a "rippling"—and none of the modules wound up quite where they were expected to.

Swigert heard excited voices from the lunar module, where the others had just caught sight of the service module. He heard the whir of Lovell's movie camera and the steady click of Haise's still camera, which had been loaded with color film. Neither of those cameras had the resolution of Swigert's Hasselblad. The service module—a squat silvery cylinder with a huge rocket nozzle at one end—was spinning fast. Lovell, who had been the first to spot it, said, "O.K., I've got her. . . . And there's one whole side of that spacecraft missing. . . . Right by the high-gain antenna, the whole panel is blown out, almost from the base to the engine." That was the first anyone knew of the service module's having burst open. The gash ran down its length like a long slice in the hull of a ship. Lovell strained to get a look inside the dam-

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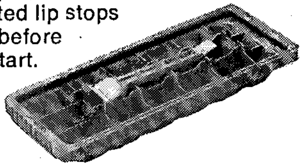

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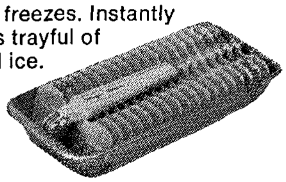

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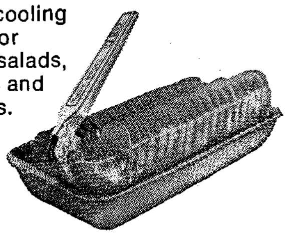

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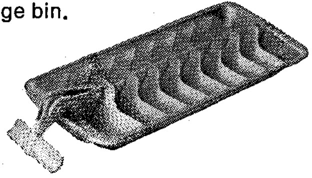

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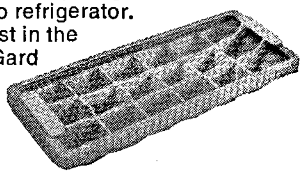

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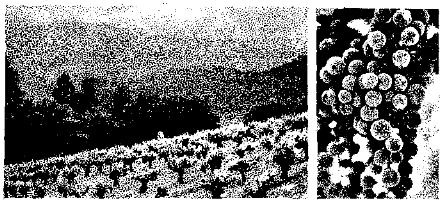

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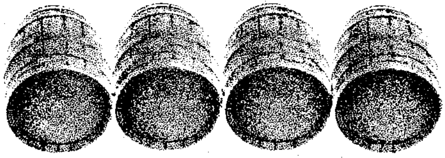

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aged hull, but by the time it came into view it was a hundred feet away, and it was rolling so fast that peering in was difficult. Two of the three fuel cells—canisters like depth charges—glinted as the sun struck them, but on the shelf supporting them there was such a welter of broken metal and jagged bits of Mylar insulation that Lovell couldn't make out whether the oxygen tanks were there or not.

Haise caught sight of the rocket at the rear of the service module. "It looks like it got to the [rocket], too. . . . Just a dark-brown streak. It's really a mess," he said. As the service module kept rolling and pitching, he saw debris hanging out of the gaping gash in its side. It looked to him as if the explosion had gone through several stages. As Deiterich listened to the reports on the force of the explosion, one thought filled his mind. He knew that the ruptured oxygen tank had been quite near the ceramic heat shield at the bottom of the command module, and now that the tank failure was shown to have been so forceful, he was gripped by the fear that the command module's heat shield had been damaged, possibly even cracked. "I think everybody in the room had the same idea at the same time," he said later. "Everybody knew where the oxygen tank was. Nobody said a word about it. There was nothing anybody could do." Up in the spacecraft, the same thought was occurring to Haise.

Lovell shouted to Swigert that he should bring his telephoto camera into the lunar module; Swigert hurried in and practically climbed on Lovell's shoulders to get his shots. Because the service module was tumbling, the damaged part was usually obscured by shadows so dark that it was impossible to photograph the wreckage, and because the lunar module itself was rolling, the service module wasn't always in sight. Swigert had to run back and forth as it kept popping up at one window and then another. The astronauts wished they could steady their attitude for photography, but, in order to obtain the best tracking data, Deiterich had prohibited use of the thruster jets. For a time, they lost sight of the service module behind the command module, and when it reappeared it was over four hundred yards away and receding rapidly. The moon was in the background now, glaring white. They shot away with their cameras until the service module was the merest speck in the distance, the way shipwrecked sailors might keep gazing at the spot where their boat had sunk.

Kranz did not spend much time

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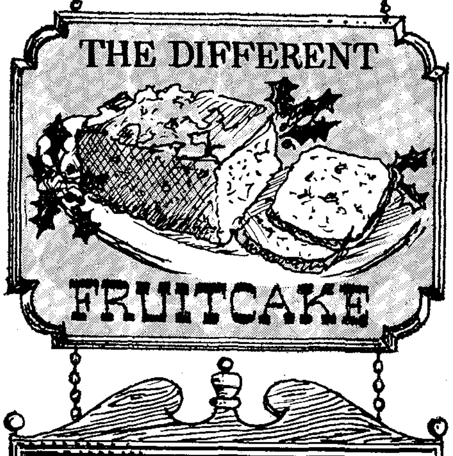

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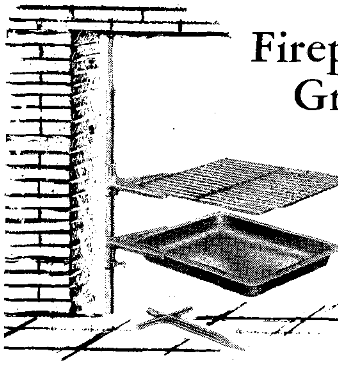

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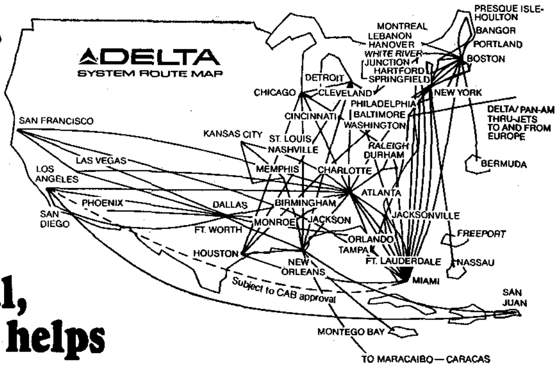
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thinking about the explosion and the gash in the service module, for he regarded the mission as a flight of stairs to climb, and now that he was close to the top he didn't want to concern himself with anything that had happened on the bottom step. The time was approaching when Swigert would start drawing electricity from the reëntry batteries to power up the equipment that the command module needed for reëntry. Because the LM was supplying power to Main Bus B, the reëntry batteries would initially be plugged into Main Bus A, and Aaron now told Kranz he would like to get Swigert to test Main Bus A by plugging one of the reëntry batteries into it and taking a voltage reading. Kerwin passed the request to Lovell, who shouted it through the tunnel. (It would be some time before the command module's radio was powered up.) A couple of minutes later, Swigert passed word back that he was getting a reading of two amps on the bus, and Kerwin said that sounded good to him.

It didn't sound good to Aaron, for it meant that some bit of equipment in the command module was on when it should have been off, and until he found what it was it would continue to draw current that would be badly needed after splashdown—for the radio beacon that would signal the craft's location and for other, unforeseen circumstances. "We'd blown half our margin. That really threw us," Aaron said later.

Without telemetry from the command module, it was almost impossible to find out what piece of equipment had been mistakenly left on. It was precisely to avoid this type of situation that Kranz had earlier got Swigert to read off the position of each of the switches in the command module. Now there wasn't time to do that again. And at this point Aaron didn't particularly want Swigert to know he was worried about the drain, for the solution might yet prove to be a simple one and he would have alarmed the astronauts unnecessarily. Aaron did spell out his fears to Kranz, however, and Kranz didn't seem unduly alarmed—the way a skipper on a ship wouldn't be concerned with a problem in the engine room; at least, until it was shown to be insoluble. He had half a dozen other problems to think about. He knew that his flight controllers were naturally nervous about problems in their own areas, and he had enough confidence in them to assume that they would find the trouble and fix it.

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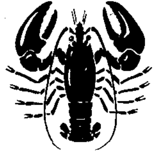

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make the problem on the lower deck any easier. Confident though Kranz may have been about his Lead EECOM, Aaron and the other EECOMs were "sweating blood," as Aaron said later. They tried to guess some of the most obvious items that might be on when they should be off, such as certain lights in the command module. Swigert reported that they were off. Next, the EECOMs suggested that some of the heaters for the command module's thrusters might have been mistakenly plugged into Main Bus A, but that was not the case. Since it looked as if it would be some time before the EECOMs came up with the right answer, Aaron asked Kranz to have the reëntry battery disconnected and avoid wasting any more power now.

As the time for the power-up with the reëntry batteries drew closer, Kerwin, who was anxious to get on with it for the sake of Swigert's nerves, brought occasional gentle pressure to bear on Kranz. "Shall I give 'em a go?" Kerwin asked. Kranz was determined not to do so before the checklist said to, and he was watching one of the electronic clocks at the front of the Control Room. He told Kerwin to wait. Aaron, who was still fearful that the batteries would be weak, reminded Kranz that the astronauts should not draw very much power from them at first. He told Kranz he had a list of equipment that could be turned off if the batteries showed signs of flagging.

"What do you say now, Flight?" Kerwin asked.

Kranz waited until the electronic numbers indicated that there were precisely two and a half hours until splashdown. "O.K., go ahead," Kranz said.

In the command module, Swigert switched on the reëntry batteries and then shut off the power coming from the LM. Lovell and Haise shut down some batteries in the LM that were no longer needed. Then Haise joined Swigert to help him turn on more of the command module's equipment.

Now, with the command module's reëntry batteries on the line, the power-up could really get under way. And it was high time, everyone felt, because its computer had to be loaded, its guidance platform aligned, the LM jettisoned, and a number of other things done before entry interface, the point, four hundred thousand feet above the earth, where the first thin traces of the atmosphere begin. It was from this point, just two and a half hours away, that the spacecraft would start its final descent. Even with this much time, getting the guidance and navigation equipment, the radio, and all the

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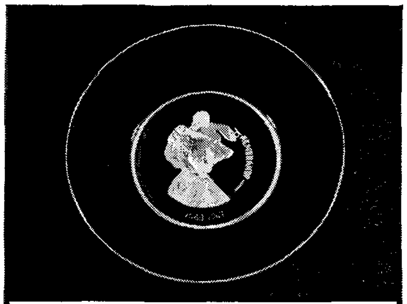

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rest of the systems up and on the line would take some time, particularly in view of Aaron's caution about not overloading the batteries at first. Nevertheless, both the astronauts and the flight controllers seemed happier now. There was even some laughter. Swigert, as he pressed the switches, felt like a captain who had been given a new ship after his first one had sunk. Aaron felt the same way, and so did Seymour Liebergot, the EECOM who had been on duty when the command module was shut down; he was sitting next to Aaron now. About the first piece of equipment that Swigert turned on was the command module's telemetry, and soon the electronic displays on the EECOM's console flickered on. To Aaron and Liebergot, this was the moment when the spacecraft really came alive again. "You saw it was cold, and you could see it warming up," Liebergot said later. "It was like having the machinery in a ship's engine room suddenly come to life."

When Russell, the Lead GUIDO, took a look at the first telemetry coming from the command-module computer, he saw signs of trouble; there was what he called a "flashing thirty-seven"—the number thirty-seven, which was the code for a serious malfunction, flashing from a field of other numbers to attract attention. It made him wonder whether the computer had been damaged by its prolonged exposure to cold. However, the trouble turned out to be merely that Swigert had failed to hold down long enough one of the buttons he had pressed to get the computer started.

The telemetry continued to be weak and unsteady, so the INCO, the flight controller responsible for the spacecraft's radio, asked Kranz to get the astronauts to switch to another omni antenna. The change didn't help, and large parts of the telemetry were lost. Even so, the EECOMs began scanning their screens for clues to what might be causing the power drain. At length, they found the trouble: the astronauts had inadvertently turned on a couple of switches, among them one for part of a backup control system. Aaron asked Kranz to have them turned off. Swigert flipped the switches, without fully realizing the importance of the request.

With his margin regained, Aaron settled down to follow the power-up. On his console he had a sheet of graph paper on which he had drawn a descending blue line representing the maximum amount of power the astronauts could use at any time during the

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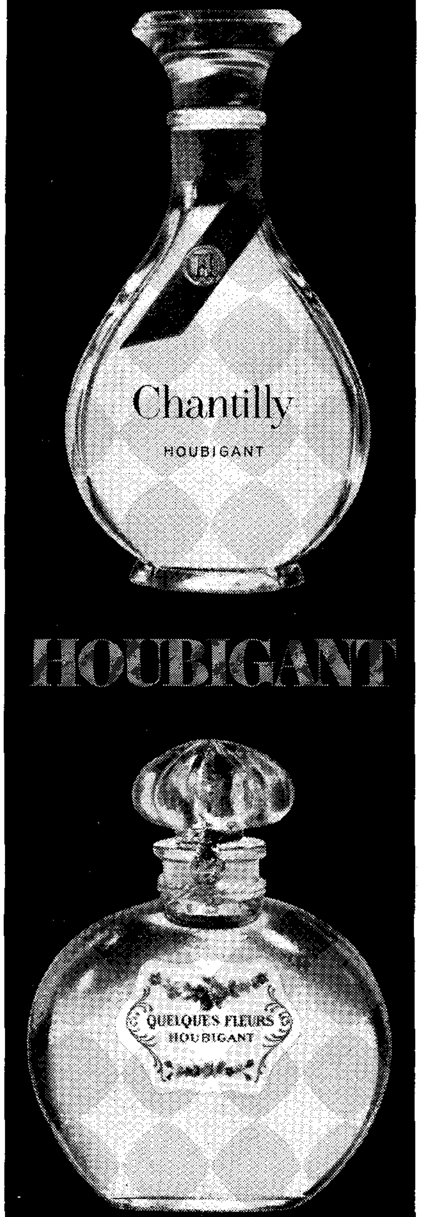

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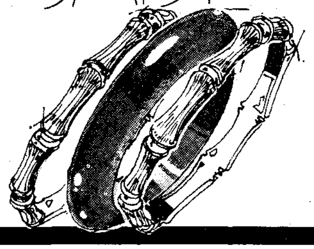

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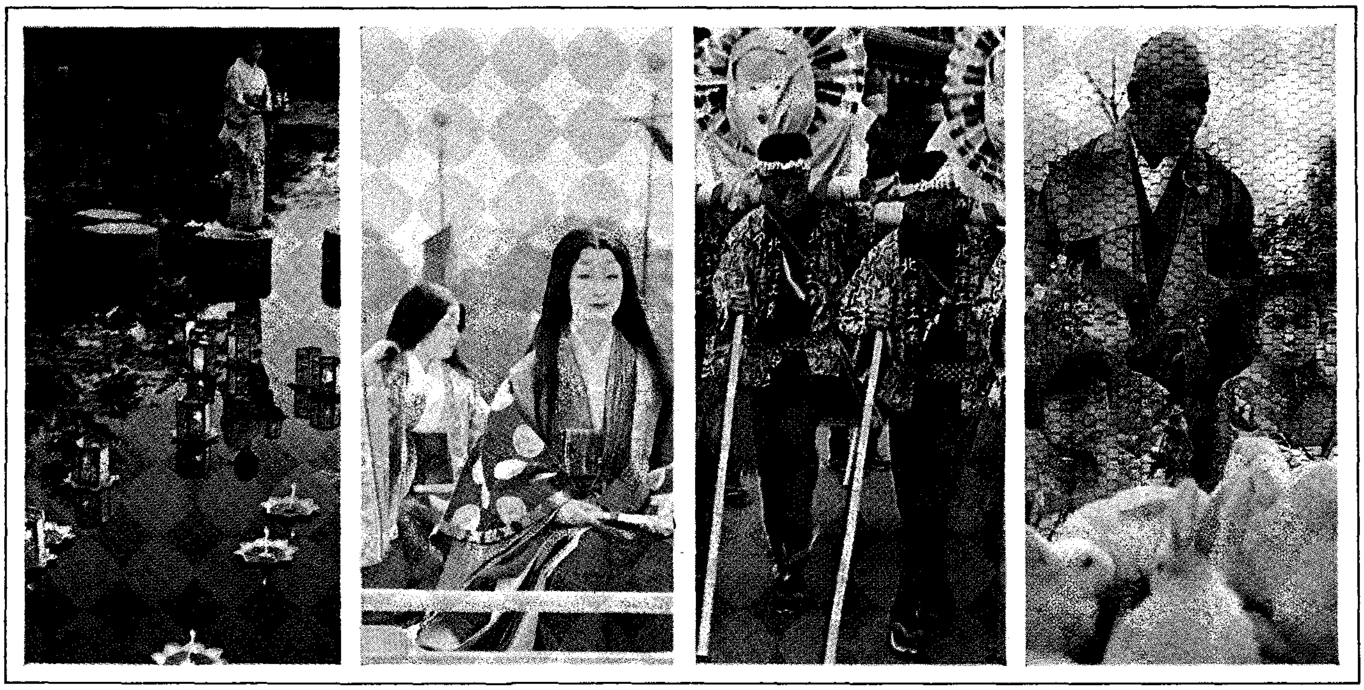

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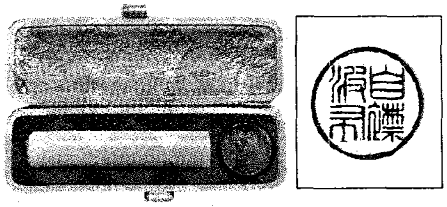

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next two and a half hours and still have enough left after splashdown. As Swigert turned on more equipment, Aaron put dots on the graph to indicate the amount of electricity left, and he connected the dots with a pencil line. As the new line lengthened, he was reminded of some of the discussions of the last few days. When Swigert turned on the fans for the command module's lithium-hydroxide system, Aaron noted that the air in the command module was already clean—scrubbed by the mailboxes in the LM, just as he had told a Flight Surgeon it would be. The argument had cost him two amp-hours.

As Swigert moved on down the list, he saw he was getting to the point where he would have to align the command module's guidance platform. It was the most critical alignment of all, because the guidance system would have to keep the spacecraft precisely within the reëntry corridor, which was only one and a half degrees wide. As Russell had realized earlier, the big problem would be getting a precise navigational fix, preferably on the stars. But whenever Swigert looked out the window, all he could see was a blizzard of what he called "little fluffy white objects"—presumably nuggets of ice that had formed from condensed steam from the LM's instrument-cooling system. Kerwin thought it sounded as though Swigert would have to forgo the star check and settle for a less accurate one based on the sun and moon. Russell had been holding on to the maneuver PAD for the sun-and-moon check, in the hope that it wouldn't be needed. Deiterich felt it was not reliable enough for the kind of accuracy required this close to the earth. Kerwin asked for the PAD now, and Russell handed it to him. Since there was a greater possibility of the astronauts' landing off target if the sun-and-moon check was used, the Recovery Officers now began plaguing Aaron for a commitment on the amount of electricity that would be left after splashdown; the radio beacon might have to beep for some time.

The astronauts could still *try* to get the more precise star check, though, and Kranz asked Kerwin to begin sending up Russell's coördinates for positioning the spacecraft, so that it could find the guide stars, any two of which Swigert would need in order to get the fine alignment. In the meantime, Russell was sending information to update the spacecraft's computer, and after he sent the first of four uplinks he got no acknowledgment back to indicate that it had been safely

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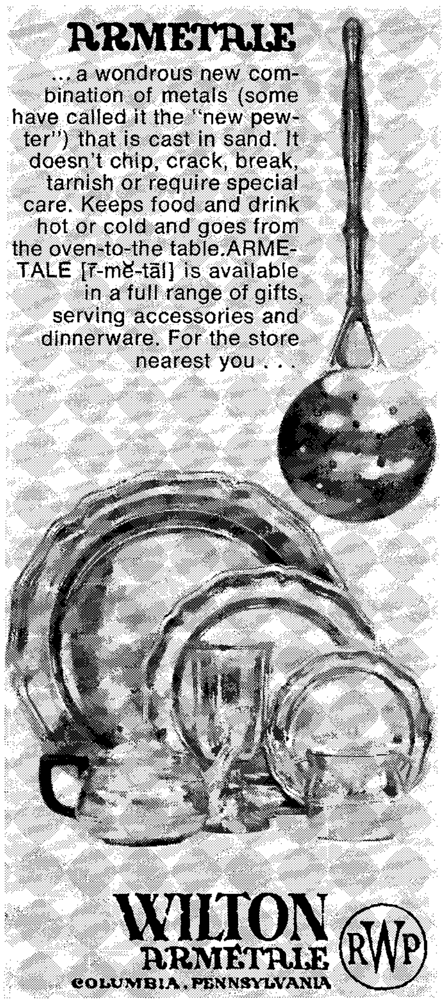
loaded. The main problem just then had to do with radio communication, which still had not been firmly established with the command module. Russell listened in on the loop over which radio technicians at NASA's network of tracking stations around the world could talk to each other. Some technicians at the station in Honeysuckle Creek, Australia, were having trouble with what they called lockup—locking their antenna onto the spacecraft's signal. They kept picking up the signal and then losing it. A technician with an Australian accent was repeating over and over again the refrain "We've got lockup. . . . No, we don't!"

Kranz asked the INCO if he had any idea what the trouble was. The best idea the INCO could come up with was that perhaps the lunar module was causing interference by getting between the command module's antenna and the station in Australia—a possibility that had never been anticipated, because lunar modules were not normally brought back to earth. The INCO suggested that the astronauts bring the spacecraft to a different attitude to get the LM out of the way. Russell was against this proposal, because the spacecraft was now at the proper attitude for the star check and he didn't want to lose it. Fortunately, the radio problem cleared up a little later, when the NASA tracking station at Guam took over communications with the spacecraft. (The INCO's guess about the LM's causing interference was afterward proved correct.) Now voice communication was established with the command module, and Kerwin could talk directly to Swigert without having to relay messages through the LM.

When Kerwin finished sending up the coördinates for the star check, Swigert was as skeptical as Kerwin and Russell had been about his chances of getting even one of the stars lined up in the command module's sextant. He peered through the sextant, which was set through the spacecraft's hull just above his seat and could be swivelled without the need for moving the entire spacecraft. Swigert reported that the snowstorm of fluffy white balls glinting in the sunlight was still obliterating all the stars. He was already more than five minutes behind the timeline, and the earth outside the spacecraft window was getting bigger. Swigert had already transferred to the command module the alignment from the lunar module's guidance platform which Lovell and Haise had set up earlier that morning. It was not a very reliable one, not only because it was already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several hours old but also because errors could have crept in during the transfer. Lovell and Haise had shouted the angles through the tunnel, and if the spacecraft had rolled, pitched, or yawed before Swigert could punch them into the command-module computer there would have been errors.

One of the flight controllers suggested to Kranz that they recommend a couple of guide stars on the side of the spacecraft away from the sun, where the spacecraft's shadow could cut the glare. He handed Kerwin the sextant angles for two such stars, Altair and Vega. Swigert swivelled the sextant toward Altair. Doing so was a departure from the usual way of aligning the platform, which was done by asking the computer to aim the sextant at a particular star, but Swigert felt that his present alignment was so crude that he didn't want to waste the time it would take the computer to guide the sextant to a position that could only be the wrong one. When he put his eye to the lens, he still couldn't see anything at all. Kerwin advised him to turn off a light, in the hope that he could see better. Meanwhile, Lovell, in the LM, who could see from the window that the earth was getting bigger at an alarming rate, shouted to Swigert to hurry up.

With the light off, Swigert found Altair easily. Occasionally, a fluffy speck of ice—black now, in the absence of sunlight—eclipsed the star, but otherwise Altair stayed firmly in view, a solid benchmark in the sky. As soon as he had it centered on the sextant's cross hairs, he ordered the computer to find the same star and then sat back to wait until the amount by which the computer was off—the platform error—appeared in the gauge. This had five windows for numbers, but when the five numbers appeared they were all zeros; Swigert said he got "five balls." There was no error at all. Haise's and Lovell's rough alignment on the sun and moon and its transfer to the command module after several hours had been entirely accurate—an extremely unlikely circumstance. Quickly, Swigert found Vega and repeated the check; he got five balls there, too. Suddenly, the astronauts were five minutes ahead of the timeline.

For the first time, Kerwin said later, he let himself think that they were going to make it.

As soon as the command module's guidance platform was aligned, Lovell, alone now in the lunar module,

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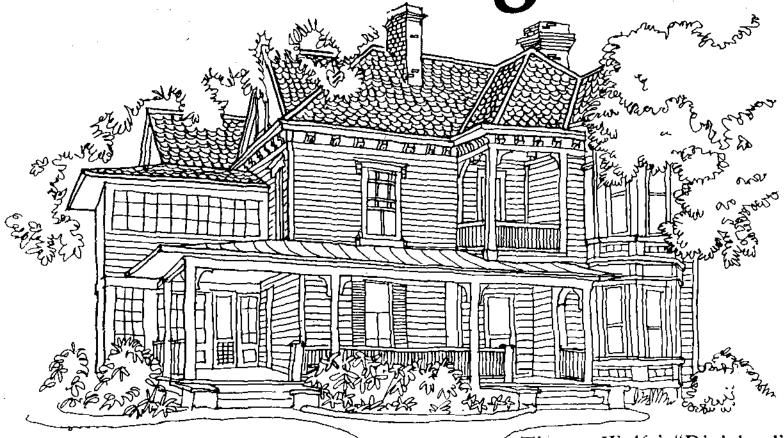

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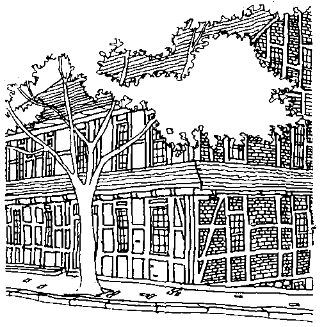

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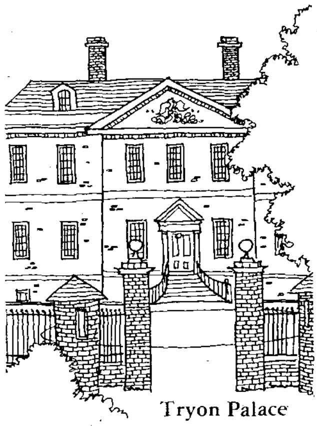

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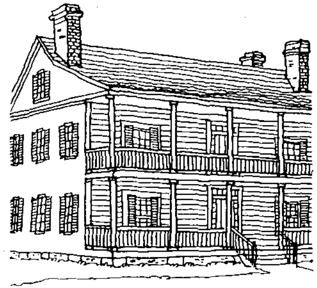

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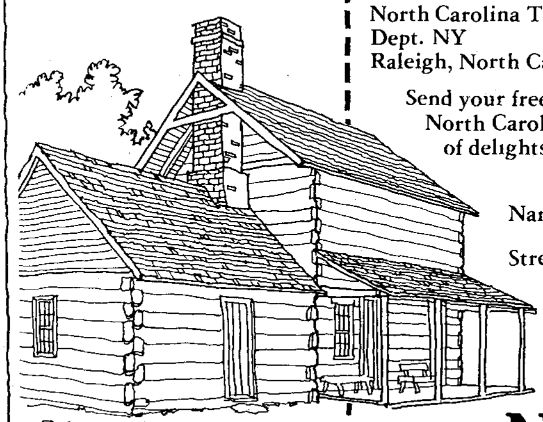

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began to maneuver the spacecraft to the right attitude for the jettison of the LM. Following a method that Charles Duke had found to be practicable in the simulator, Lovell rolled, pitched, and yawed the spacecraft so that he could see a succession of guide stars out the window, as if they were buoys leading him to port; since he wasn't looking at them through a sextant, he wasn't as bothered by glare as Swigert had been. As it turned out, the guide stars were less like buoys leading to a safe harbor than like buoys skirting a shoal, for the path he was following from star to star brought the LM's guidance platform close to gimbal lock—the position in which the gimbals for its gyroscopes would stick permanently. Whenever Lovell was about to jam the gimbals and lose the platform alignment, Loden, the LM's Control Officer, called out a warning to Kranz, and Kerwin relayed it. Then Lovell would back up a bit to pick a new route. It was slow going, and Lovell was getting impatient. Entry interface was just an hour and a half off; they were only about eighteen thousand miles away now, and their speed had increased to almost eleven thousand miles an hour.

Though no one was aware of it, the command module's guidance platform—more important now than the LM's—was being maneuvered close to gimbal lock, too. The flight controllers, with their attention focussed on Lovell and the LM's platform, forgot all about the alignment that had just been set up in the command module, until Swigert called out that it was in danger of being lost. So much time and effort had been invested in aligning this platform that some of the flight controllers thought Swigert must be joking, but he wasn't. He shouted to Lovell to stop the maneuvering, and then he called some directions through the tunnel, rather as if he were a pilot guiding a big ship around a sandbar. "A little more pitch! A little more pitch!" he called, and when the danger was past he shouted, "Now you can begin to roll!" Lovell grumbled to Kerwin that he had picked a lousy attitude for jettisoning the LM, and Kerwin told him to take his time, since they were a little ahead of the timeline.

Lovell, however, was in no mood to wait. The earth was looking less and less like an ethereal celestial body and more and more like a big solid landmass dead ahead. When at last he got the spacecraft to the proper attitude, he put the LM's Primary Guidance and

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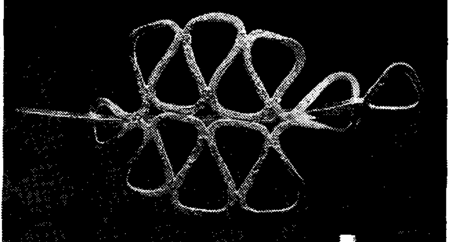

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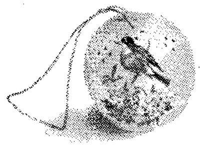

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Navigation System on its automatic setting, so that the LM would be maintaining the spacecraft's attitude until it was jettisoned. Then he told Kerwin he was planning to bail out of the LM. Kerwin said he couldn't think of a better idea. Before scrambling through the hatch, Lovell took a last look at the LM's cockpit, crammed to the ceiling with debris collected during the six days of the flight. He thought that it looked like a packed garbage can. He shut the lid, the LM's hatch, behind him.

The three astronauts were together now in the command module. Swigert switched on the oxygen surge tank that Kranz and Liebergot had hastily ordered isolated the night of the accident, and the command module's own oxygen flooded the cabin. On the ground, too, everyone's attention turned to the command module. Kranz asked Aaron how it was doing on power, and Aaron, after consulting his chart, said that it was doing well—that if things kept on going the way they were going then, there would be plenty left after splashdown. Moments later, however, he had to amend his estimate, for he found another unexplained drain on the batteries. After some digging around in the telemetry, he discovered that Swigert had left on the power that ran the sextant. With this remedied, the margin was in good shape.

Buck Willoughby, the Lead GNC, had a more serious problem. Willoughby's telemetry was indicating that at least two of the command module's thruster jets were still cold, though Swigert had turned on their heaters a couple of hours before. If fuel had become frozen inside their nozzles, they wouldn't be able to keep the command module at the right attitude during reëntry. Willoughby told Kranz he would like to test-fire the thrusters now. Kranz, however, didn't want to risk knocking the spacecraft out of the jettison attitude that Lovell had had such a hard time setting up. Kranz asked Willoughby if he couldn't wait to test the thrusters until after the LM was separated, a wait of less than half an hour.

When Deiterich checked his telemetry to make sure the spacecraft was at the right attitude for jettisoning the LM, he thought that things didn't seem quite right. Under the best of circumstances, nothing upsets a RETRO or a FIDO more than an attitude error, but this time there was the added problem of aiming the cask of radioactive fuel that Deiterich had promised the

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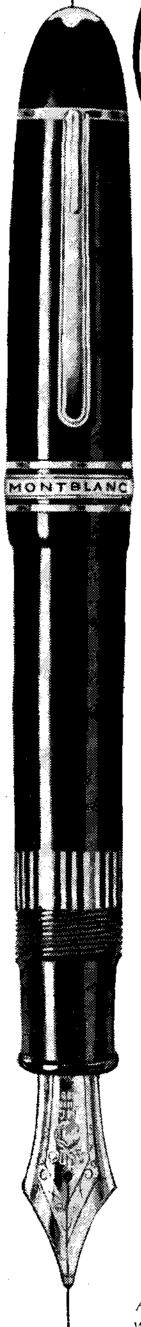

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Atomic Energy Commission he would set down off New Zealand. Deiterich asked Reed, the Lead FIDO, what the correct attitude angles were supposed to be, and together the two flight controllers discovered that Lovell had brought the spacecraft's angle of yaw ninety degrees from where it should have been. The error meant that the lunar module was going to be jettisoned toward the northeast instead of the southeast.

Reed took the matter up with Kranz.

"How far off are we?" Kranz asked.

Reed told him, and added that the error should be corrected.

Kranz replied that any correction would be difficult now, because the lunar module had been closed up and it would take too much time to open it again. Kranz asked Reed exactly how the attitude error changed the situation, and Reed told him it would alter the point where the spacecraft hit the atmosphere.

Kranz thought that Reed was talking about the point where the LM would hit the atmosphere, and asked him if the radioactive-fuel cask was what he was worried about.

Reed said no—that he was concerned about where the command module would hit the atmosphere, for if the LM went off course to the north, the command module would go off course to the south. It would, in fact, go farther off course than the LM, for it was lighter and so would get a harder push when the two modules were blown apart by the air in the tunnel. Reed said that this error could affect the astronauts' passage through the corridor and where they landed, but Kranz disagreed. He told Reed he felt that the error in the command module's trajectory could be corrected later, so he was inclined to leave things alone now. However, he wanted to hear what Deiterich had to say.

Deiterich was still worrying about the fuel cask, possibly because he felt the gaze of the A.E.C. man on the back of his neck. He rapidly figured out where the cask would come down under the new circumstances, and he was able to assure the A.E.C. representative that it would still come down in deep water. If there were any chance of getting into the LM easily, it would still be better to make the correction now, but, like Kranz, he was worried about the time it would take to reopen the LM and bring the spacecraft to the correct attitude. He knew the chances of doing this were slim, so he said to

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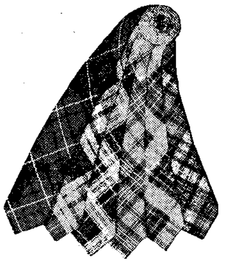

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Kranz, "Lookit, if he's closed out in the LM, let's let him alone. He'll be behind."

Kranz said that Lovell *was* closed out in the LM.

"O.K., we'll just *buy* it," Deiterich said. He was not particularly pleased with what he was buying. He had already had enough problems with the trajectory, and it wasn't out of the question that he would have some more.

LOVELL, who knew nothing about his attitude error, was working on another problem: checking the integrity of the command module's hatch—a matter that had come up the day before, when Lovell rejected the idea that he and the others wear their space suits during reëntry. To make a complete check, the hatch had to be shut and air had to be vented from the tunnel, which would be closed off at both ends. If there was a leak, Aaron would detect it through an increase in the oxygen flowing from the surge tank to compensate for the outflow. The check would be complicated by Deiterich's plan to blow the two craft apart with the air in the tunnel; he wouldn't be able to do this if Swigert vented much air. The RETRO and the EECOM had discussed the problem, and Deiterich had agreed to let Swigert vent *half* the air; that would still leave enough pressure for a good jettison.

After Swigert opened the valve to let the air out of the tunnel, it took ten minutes for the tunnel pressure to drop the right amount. Aaron waited a couple of minutes longer before checking, so that any leak would have time to show its effects. Then, however, he found that the surge tank was pumping more oxygen into the cabin than it ought to be. Was the hatch leaking, then? He made no mention of the possibility at that moment, for he didn't want to put everyone in what he called a "worry mode" until he had checked out a couple of other explanations. Swigert noticed the extra oxygen flow himself, though.

Within a minute, Aaron found out what the trouble was. Until recently, the lunar module had been providing the command module's oxygen, and the LM's oxygen was set to a slightly lower pressure than was usual in the command module. Consequently, it would take an extra surge of oxygen to bring the command module's pressure up to normal. It was this extra surge that Aaron had mistaken for evidence of a leak. Three minutes later, the excess

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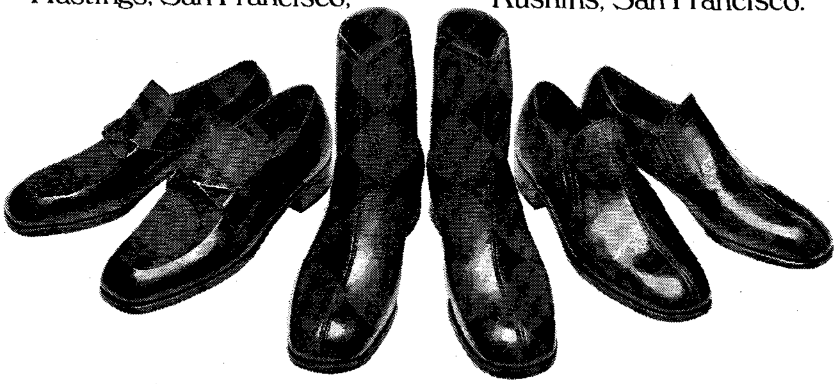

oxygen flow stopped, and Aaron relaxed.

Almost as soon as the oxygen flow had steadied, Willoughby, the Lead GNC, came on the loop to tell Kranz of a new difficulty: the command module's guidance platform was once again in danger of gimbal lock. There was almost nothing the astronauts could do about it this time, since the spacecraft's attitude was being controlled automatically by the LM, which was inaccessible. Shortly, Loden, the CONTROL, warned Kranz that the spacecraft's wobble was going beyond the limits of what the LM's guidance system could handle.

Kranz decided that the astronauts had better get rid of the LM as soon as possible. First, however, he had to make sure of a few things. He asked Aaron how the command module's cabin pressure was doing. Aaron said it was fine. The LM was not needed to plug a leaky hatch. Next, Kranz turned to Willoughby, who had been afraid earlier that all the command module's thrusters might not fire, and asked him whether he still wanted to test-fire them before the LM was jettisoned. Willoughby replied that the thrusters looked warmer now, so he didn't think there would be a problem. The LM would not be needed to spin the command module into the corridor. Then Kranz turned to Loden and asked if there were any other problems with the LM that he should know about. There weren't. "O.K., let's punch off the LM," Kranz said. But before he could give the order, he had to check with each flight controller in turn—an exercise he called "going around the horn," which he was required to do before ordering any irreversible action. He ticked off the names rapidly—RETRO, FIDO, GUIDO, CONTROL, TELMU, GNC, EECOM, Surgeon, and INCO—and the answers came back just as fast: "Go," "Go," "Go."

The entire roll call took about ten seconds, and when it was finished Kranz told the CAPCOM to tell Lovell he could separate the LM as soon as he was ready. In spite of all the "Go"s, there was still a problem; Apollo 13 would be iffy until the end. When the umbilicals that had been supplying power from the LM to the command module were disconnected, a short circuit might cut the LM's power supply, turn off its guidance system, and allow it to collide with the command module or go far off course with its radioactive cargo. But discussion among the EECOMs, the TELMUs, and the

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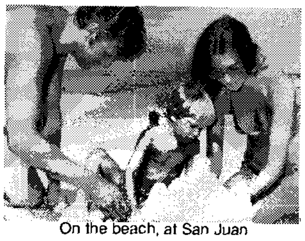
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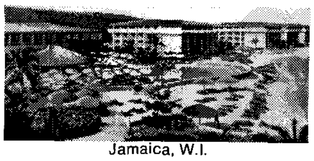
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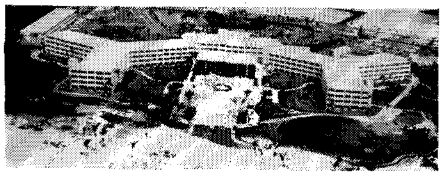
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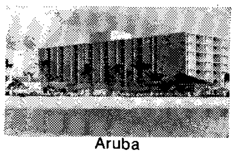
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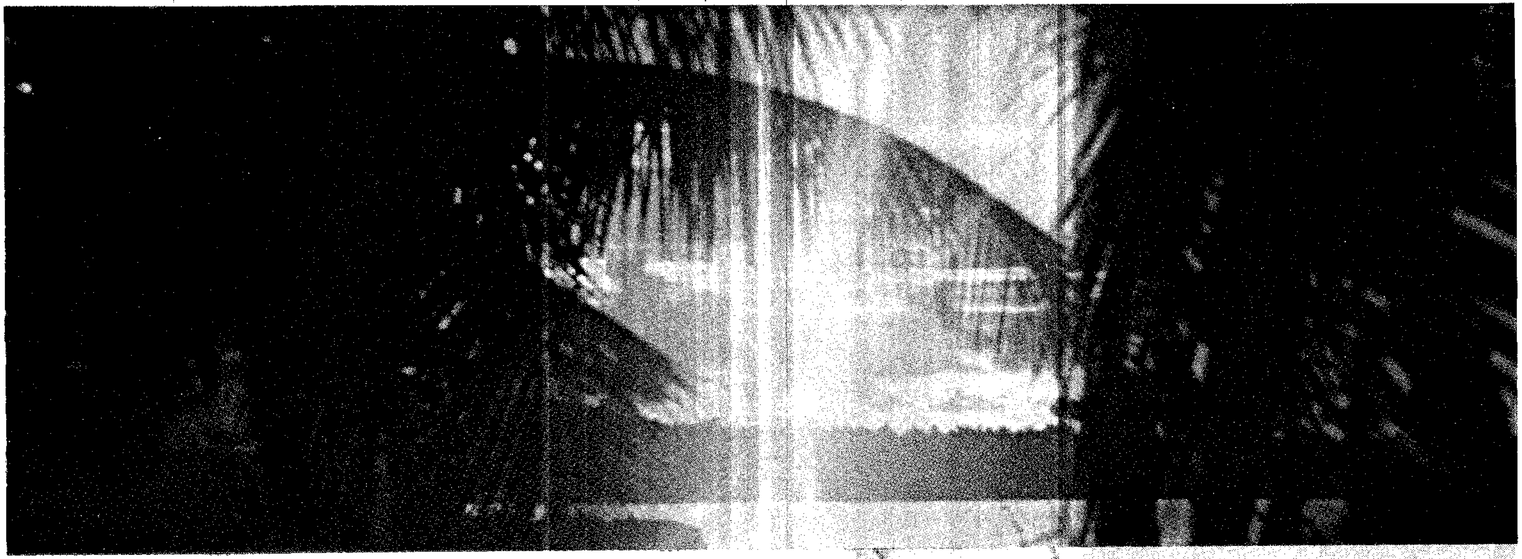

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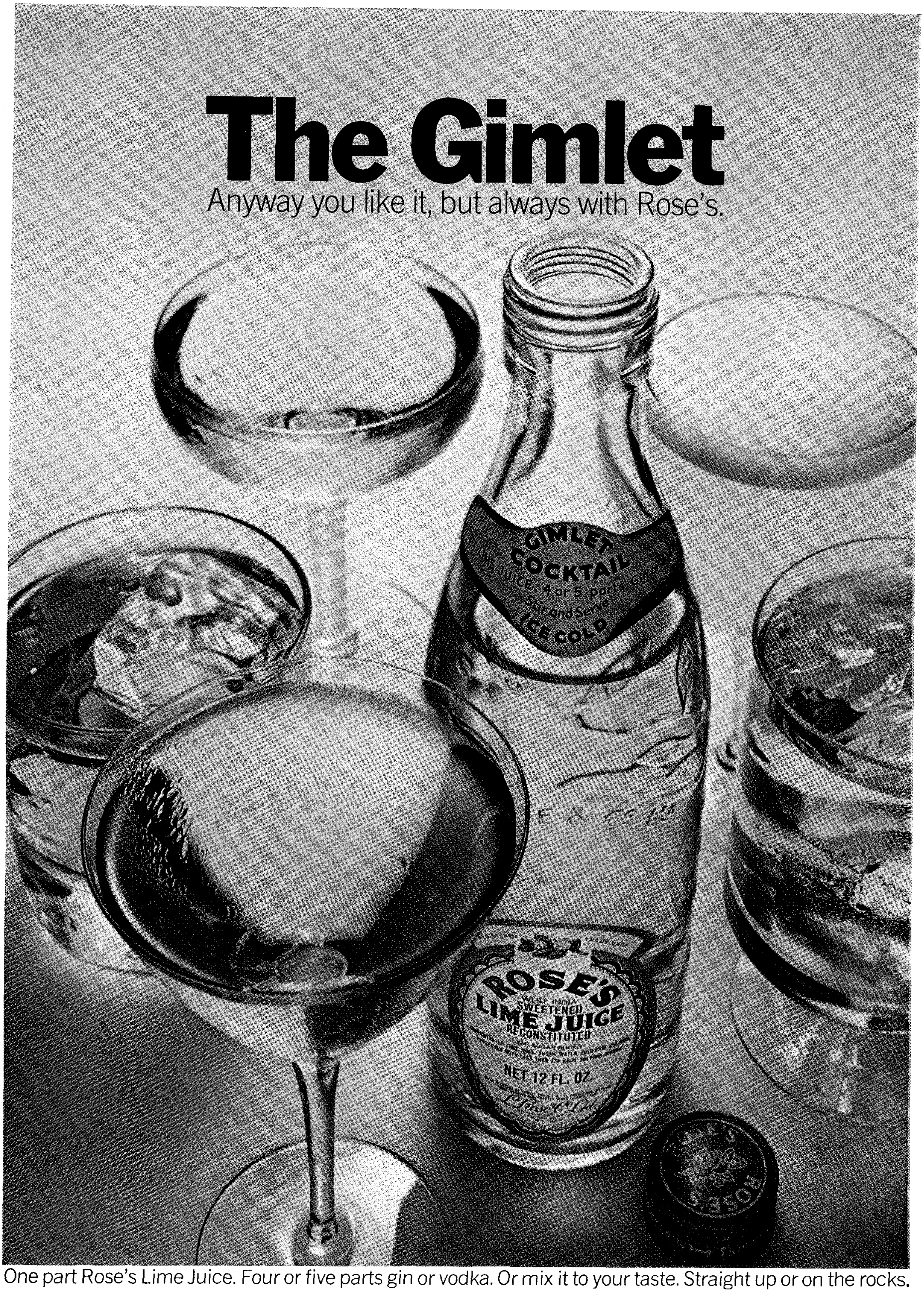
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Grumman engineers had convinced the controllers that the risk would have to be taken, and the order was given for the pyros to be fired. It was agreed that when the jettison was done, the LM's guidance system should insure that the two craft would not come together again, and that the fuel cask would land in deep water.

At length, Lovell reported that the LM was gone. The LM Systems Officers felt a momentary pang; it would have been nice, they thought, if the LM could be brought back to earth. It had proved a better lifeboat than anyone had had a right to expect. Now, as it spun off into the distance, its golden legs kicking in space and the sunlight glinting on its silvery hatch, Haise, its pilot, snapped photographs until it became an iridescent speck in the distance. The separation had rocked the command module slightly, and Kerwin radioed up that the astronauts had better watch out for gimbal lock. Kranz's attention returned to the command module's hatch, now that there was no longer a lunar module to protect it. "How's your pressure doing, EECOM?" he asked. Aaron said it still looked all right.

THE command module was flying alone now, the way it would have been if no accident had occurred. The astronauts were back on the original timeline for the mission, though they were four days ahead of their original schedule, and though heavy equipment from the LM was stowed where moon rocks should have been. Entry interface was an hour away. The astronauts, travelling at about fifteen thousand miles an hour, were only about eleven thousand miles from their target on earth, and considerably less than that from the earth itself, which was big enough now so that it looked like a sea of blue outside a ship's porthole. Clouds scudded across it like waves. In the next half hour, the spacecraft's trajectory would curve around it like a cable winding onto a winch, and at a point immediately opposite the moon the spacecraft would drop like an anchor through the air and into the ocean, splashing down near the aircraft carrier Iwo Jima. That is, the spacecraft would do this if all went well.

Deiterich was sitting at his console preparing the final reëntry PAD. The rest of the flight controllers had all had their moments of worry since the preparations for reëntry began: Russell, the GUIDO, over the command module's alignment; Reed, the FIDO, over the

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attitude for separating the LM; Willoughby, the GNC, over the heating of the thrusters; *and especially* Aaron, the EECOM, over both the hatch's integrity and the extra two-amp drain. So far, Deiterich had seemed almost as cool and impassive as Kranz.

In order for the spacecraft to get through the narrow corridor that was its only safe passage to earth, it had to hit the atmosphere at an angle no steeper than 7.3° to the horizon and no shallower than 5.5°. Deiterich had assumed, for the reëntry PAD he was working up, that the spacecraft would hit the atmosphere at an angle of 6.51°, which had been the forecast the last time he checked the spacecraft's trajectory. That was steep enough so that Deiterich had stipulated in the reëntry PAD that the spacecraft should reënter the atmosphere at an attitude called "lift vector up;" that is, the command module's flat heat shield would tilt slightly upward, to make the spacecraft plane a little. Now Reed handed him the latest vector information, and Deiterich saw that the angle predicted for reëntry had shallowed out to 6.2°. It was the same unpredictable shallowing they had been seeing all along, and the new figure threw all Deiterich's calculations off. "I don't believe you, FIDO!" he said to Reed. Reed said later that Deiterich had almost scared him to death—just as Reed had frightened him.

Deiterich was in a very tight spot. In shallowing, the trajectory was approaching the angle 6.08°, at which the spacecraft, instead of coming in lift vector up, would have to come in lift vector down, to make the spacecraft dig into the atmosphere and so counteract the shallowing. Coming in with the wrong lift vector would affect the landing site—if, indeed, it didn't knock the spacecraft out of the corridor altogether—but Deiterich had no way of knowing whether the shallowing would continue at a rate fast enough to require a change in the lift vector from up to down. It had only a little over a tenth of a degree to go, and so far that morning it had already shallowed three-tenths of a degree. But there was no guarantee that the trajectory would continue to shallow at the same rate. "That's the kind of thing that really splits a RETRO," Deiterich said later.

Kranz kept asking Deiterich how he was coming with the reëntry PAD, since it was high time the contents of the PAD were transmitted to the spacecraft. Kranz, being one step removed, was exhibiting an almost unnerving

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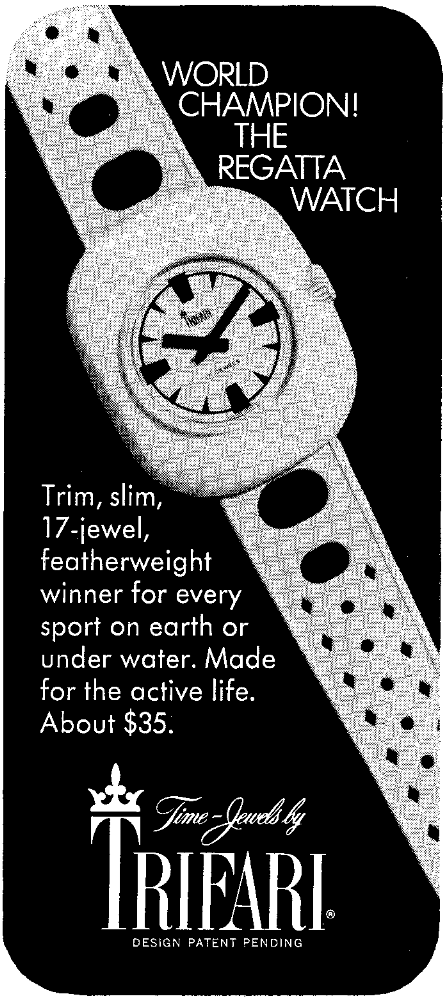

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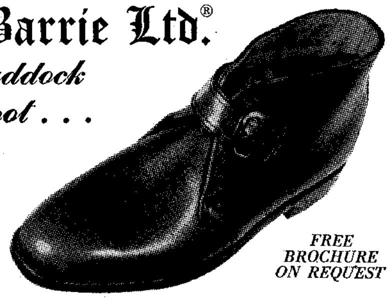

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cool, but it was his job to mesh all the last-minute details for reëntry, and the reëntry PAD was the only missing one. Deiterich, for his part, wanted to hold off on the PAD until the last possible minute; among other reasons, the PAD contained the exact times for automatically deploying the parachutes, and these times would be different depending upon which lift vector was used. Having the parachutes open at the wrong altitude could be as disastrous as any of the dangers that had been avoided thus far.

Up in the spacecraft, Swigert, too, was asking for the PAD, but Kerwin managed to put him off, saying that it would be a few minutes before they got it right up to speed. Deiterich, who felt he was beginning to run out of time, passed to Russell, the GUIDO, some of the reëntry information that would have to be up-linked to the spacecraft computer; however, he asked Russell to hold off sending it, because some of the data might have to be changed. Russell punched the information into his keyboard, so that the up-link was set up on his electronic screen, all ready.

Then Deiterich checked with Reed to see how the trajectory was doing. It did not seem to be shallowing as fast as it had been before, so Deiterich decided to gamble on a reëntry with the lift vector up, and he advised Kranz and Russell to transmit the reëntry PAD and the up-link the way they were.

Deiterich made the right choice. It was later learned that the cause of the shallowing had been the constant boiling off of water into space from the LM's cooling system, and now that the LM was gone the shallowing had slowed down. The more the LM had been powered up, the greater had been the venting, and that was why the shallowing of the trajectory was unusually strong that morning. No one knew this at the time, even though everyone had been constantly aware of the continuous drain on the LM's water and the blizzard of ice crystals that the water made outside the window. The venting was on such a small scale that it had never caused trouble during the short hops of previous LMs down to the moon and back, so no one had realized that the negligible thrust it imparted to the spacecraft would build up appreciably during the LM's long flight back to earth. (Earlier, there may have been some venting from the service module's hydrogen tanks as well.)

Deiterich, who did not know that his troubles had flown off with the

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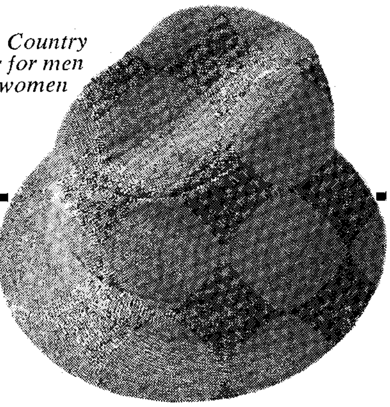

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1931. Mother and Child
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1937. Christmas scene in Copenhagen
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LM, determined privately to go ahead with the reëntry PAD and the up-links, and that he would not make the final decision about whether to change the lift vector until just before the time of the moonset check, which the astronauts would carry out two minutes before reëntry. In the meantime, he began figuring out the changes that would have to be made in the timing for the parachutes if the shallowing increased at the last minute.

The spacecraft was swinging behind the earth now, like a ship turning to enter port. The earth had long since ceased to be a ball in space, or even a sea of blue, and was now "land," in the sense that sailors returning to shore after a long voyage would use the word. Now that the final preparations had been made, the flight controllers had less to do and more time to think about what lay just ahead, so their conversation became increasingly terse. Kranz decided to take an informal trip around the horn. The EECOM, the GNC, the FIDO, and the GUIDO all said that things were "looking good." When Kranz called on the RETRO, there was no answer; Deiterich was totally absorbed in the trajectory.

Up in the spacecraft, the planet on which the astronauts were about to land had virtually vanished, because they were well around on its dark side now, away from the sun. Though the landing would take place close to noon Houston time, it was early morning in the mid-Pacific. In the dark, it was almost impossible to discern the earth's horizon, and this meant that the astronauts couldn't make the usual last-minute check of their trajectory by clocking the instant a given point on the horizon cut across the reticle etched in the spacecraft window. Instead, they would have to make a moonset check—the one Deiterich had thought up a couple of days earlier—and it was this that he was relying on for his final decision about the lift vector. The moonset check was a variation on the horizon check, and Deiterich liked it even better, because it "synched in" the movements of the earth and moon with the positions of the stars, and so fixed the trajectory even more precisely. Earlier, Swigert had brought the spacecraft to the best attitude for watching the moon, and now he had the moon lined up on the reticle in the window. As the spacecraft swung farther and farther around the earth, the moon gradually sank lower in the sky, until at last it set, revealing for an instant where the earth's horizon was.

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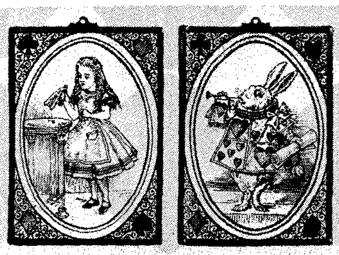

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Just at the predicted time, the horizon bit a black arc out of the hard-white moon. It was not the fuzzy, diffuse sort of moonset that is seen through the earth's atmosphere. Swigert said later that the moon sort of blinked out. For the first time in six days, the astronauts were out of sight of the moon.

They now had less than a quarter of the earth to round. They were travelling at twenty-one thousand miles an hour, and they would be going twenty-four thousand miles an hour in ten minutes' time, when they reached entry interface, four hundred thousand feet above the ground. There the friction from the atmosphere would begin to heat up the spacecraft's heat shield. Nineteen seconds later, the resulting flames would make radio contact impossible. The heat would reach five thousand degrees, and for at least three minutes—until the spacecraft's speed had slowed and the temperature had dropped enough for communications to be reëstablished—no one would know how the astronauts were faring. As the time for interface approached, Deiterich and the other flight controllers, in view of what they had recently learned about the violence of the tank failure in the service module, were getting increasingly apprehensive about the condition of the heat shield. Up in the spacecraft, Haise worried, too—he regretted that he couldn't go out and take a look at it. Things had held together thus far; he hoped they would hold together a little longer. The flight controllers and the astronauts talked about inconsequential matters, among them the splashdown party that the flight controllers always have after a flight. Swigert told Kerwin he wished he could be there for it, and Kerwin said it would be a wild one. They talked a bit about the lunar module, too, for the TELMU had just reported that the LM's telemetry, which he had been monitoring, had suddenly stopped. Presumably, the LM had burned up in the atmosphere—the fate of any craft without a heat shield.

"Where did she go?" one of the three astronauts asked.

"Oh, I don't know. She's up there somewhere," said Kerwin. The astronauts and the flight controllers were all a little sentimental about the LM.

Just then, the TELMU reported another burst of telemetry from the LM, indicating that it hadn't burned up yet. "How about *that*?" said Kranz, with the only trace of astonishment he had betrayed since the accident. Like mariners, flight controllers prefer to think of favored craft as sailing on and on forever. After this short burst of telem-

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etry, though, nothing more was heard from the LM.

Astronauts and flight controllers are generally uneasy when it comes to expressing their feelings. Now, as the spacecraft raced on toward entry interface, there were long silences, and Swigert ended one of them by saying, "I know all of us here want to thank all you guys down there for the very fine job you did."

Lovell added, "That's affirm."

Kerwin replied, "Tell you—we all had a good time doing it."

It might have been the end of any agreeable guided tour.

The flight controllers picked at details like mother hens until the last minute. Aaron sent word to the astronauts that one of the reëntry batteries would give out at about the time the main parachutes opened but that they shouldn't worry, because there would be enough electricity in the other two. A little later, Aaron sent another message: If they landed off target and needed more electricity to power the radio beacon, there was a little extra supply stashed away in the small battery that powered the pyros. Kranz felt it was time to go around the room once more to see if everyone was ready for entry interface—not that there was much to be done now if anyone wasn't.

"O.K., fellows, last time around the horn," he said. "How we looking, GNC?"

"Good."

"EECOM?"

"Good."

"GUIDO?"

"Go."

"FIDO?"

"Go."

"RETRO?"

"Go, Flight," Deiterich said. The trajectory had continued to shallow until it was just a twentieth of a degree above the point where the lift vector would have to be changed; then the shallowing ceased.

"Good," said Kranz. He had made it round the horn even faster than before, for, with the LM gone, he hadn't needed to poll the TELMU or the CONTROL. Kranz said to Kerwin, "We're go, CAPCOM."

"We just had one last time around the room, and everybody says you're looking great," Kerwin said to Lovell.

Lovell said, "Thank you."

A little earlier, Swigert had told Kerwin he had a good bedside manner, and this may have been closer to the way he felt now, given everyone's unstated concern about the heat shield.

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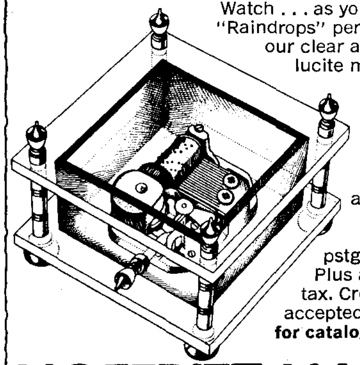

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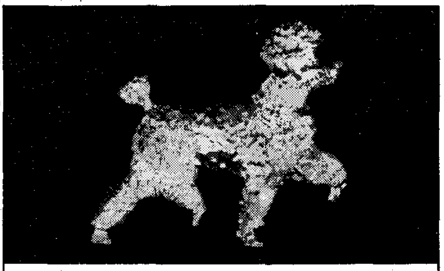

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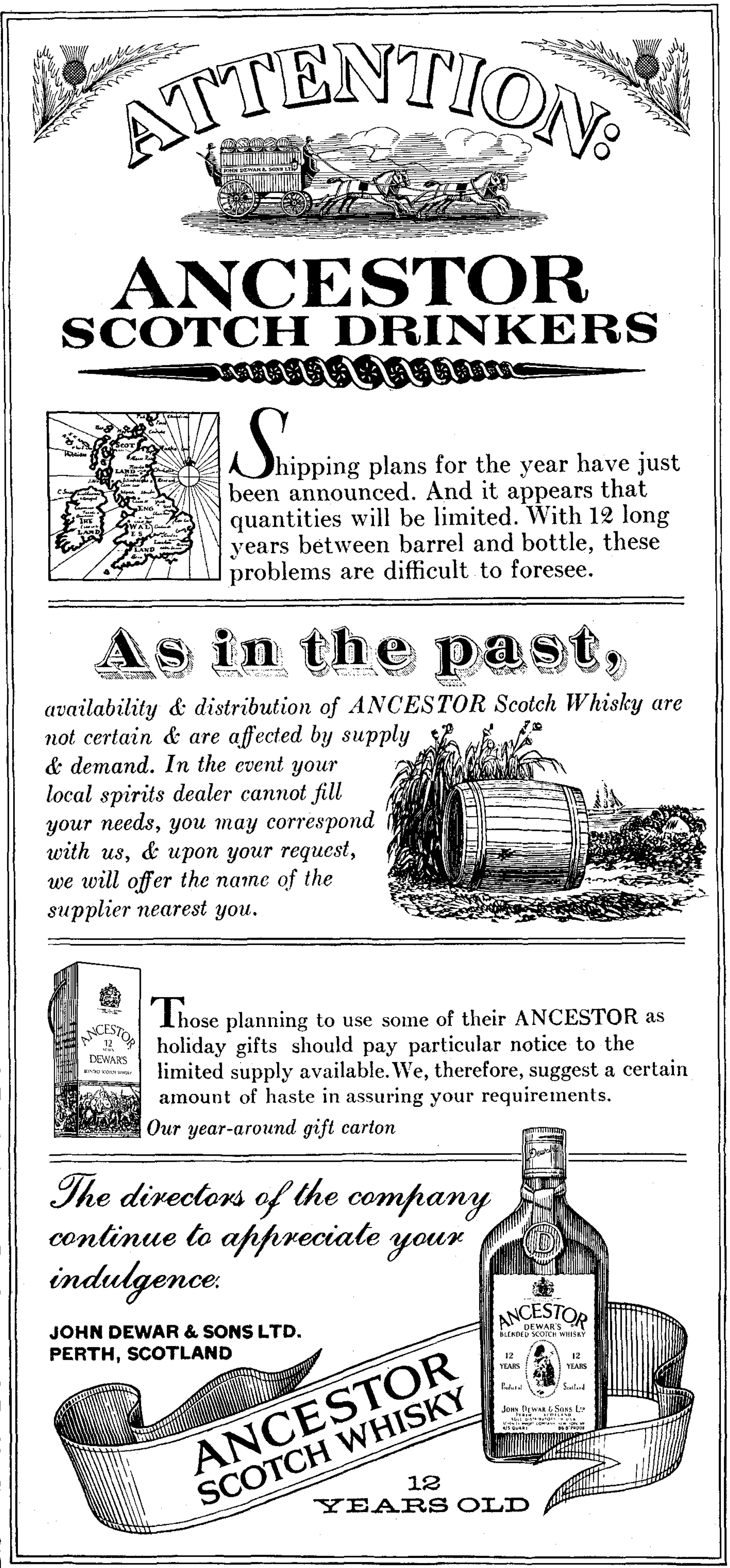
In the first thin traces of the atmosphere, a purple-pink glow surrounded the spacecraft, moving backward from the shield in the manner of a gas fire being turned up slowly beneath a pot. Swigert said his mood fitted the colors. Shortly, the flames enveloped the capsule, so that the flight controllers lost contact with the astronauts. The flames trailed hundreds of miles behind the spacecraft, like the wake of a ship. The flight controllers stared silently at the front of the Control Room, where projected on the big television screen was a view—relayed by satellite from the Iwo Jima—of the sky the astronauts would be coming down through. The weather was nearly perfect. Deiterich gloated, for the storm that the weathermen had been warning him about for three days had moved off; it had moved, in fact, to the precise spot to which they had wanted him to shift the landing site.

After three minutes of blackout, Kranz put through a call to Deiterich to find out how much longer they had to wait. Deiterich said it should be over in another thirty seconds. At the end of the thirty seconds, there was still no word from the astronauts, and Deiterich began to get concerned. Thirty seconds later, the astronauts still hadn't reported in, and Deiterich was alarmed. Blackouts didn't always end on time, but this one was already excessively long. Kranz asked the Network Officer whether the spacecraft's radio beacon had been acquired. It hadn't been. Another thirty seconds went by, and Kranz asked Kerwin to put in a call to the spacecraft. "Odyssey, Houston. Standing by," Kerwin said. There was no answer. Everyone was beginning to despair.

Then, five seconds later, Swigert called in—"O.K., Joe." He sounded exhilarated and relieved. He was a minute and forty-five seconds late—inexplicably—one of the longest delays in any Apollo blackout. Kerwin told Swigert he read him. None of the flight controllers said a word.

It was nine minutes until splashdown. At twenty-four thousand feet, the two small drogue parachutes popped out to slow the craft, like sea anchors dragging against a current. On television, the flight controllers could see the spacecraft now. The drogues were reefed, but, as they watched, the reefs fell off and the drogues billowed. Because of good weather and fine camerawork, this was the first time the flight controllers in Houston had seen this happen. Soon the drogues were released and three more



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small parachutes took their place, each one pulling behind it a vast parachute—the three main ones. These, too, were reefed, and as the reefs slipped out in two stages, the chutes appeared to grow like rocket bursts welcoming a ship to port. The astronauts touched down at 12:07 P.M. Houston time. The flight controllers cheered.

After the astronauts were safely aboard the Iwo Jima, the flight controllers applauded again and lit cigars, as they always do at the end of a flight. One of them mounted a stepladder and attached the Apollo 13 emblem to the wall alongside the insignia of other missions successfully brought home—it was a troika of horses dashing over a gray-and-white moon, with the sun just behind them and the earth, all whites and browns and blues, hanging invitingly in the background. Most of the flight controllers went on to the splashdown party, at the Officers' Club at Ellington Air Force Base, as soon as they had shut down their consoles. Kranz felt reluctant to leave the men he had been working with; it always took a little time to get away from a spaceflight, and the more demanding the flight had been the more time it took. Russell said later he was surprised at how long it took for his adrenalin to go down; the problems had been so vast in comparison with what he thought of as "the little gremlin-type problems" he normally got during a mission. Reed, too, expected to unwind at the party, but he did not. He was so cranked up that his mind wouldn't stop working. Five days later, he was still walking around in what he called a "shocked mode."

In spite of all those extra amounts of adrenalin, the flight controllers' party was not the "wild one" that Kerwin and Swigert had spoken of; in fact, Swigert didn't miss a thing. Everyone was almost too exhausted to move. Aaron had two drinks and was home in bed by six that evening. Deiterich drank a couple of beers, picked up his wife and took her out for a hamburger, and went home. Spencer, another RETRO, had a drink, went out for a pizza, and went home. Liebergot, the EECOM who had been on duty at the time of the accident, left the party early, too. Two weeks later, he said there had not been a single night when he hadn't dreamed about the undervoltage on Main Bus B.

WHEN the astronauts boarded the Iwo Jima, a band struck up "Aquarius." After a short welcoming

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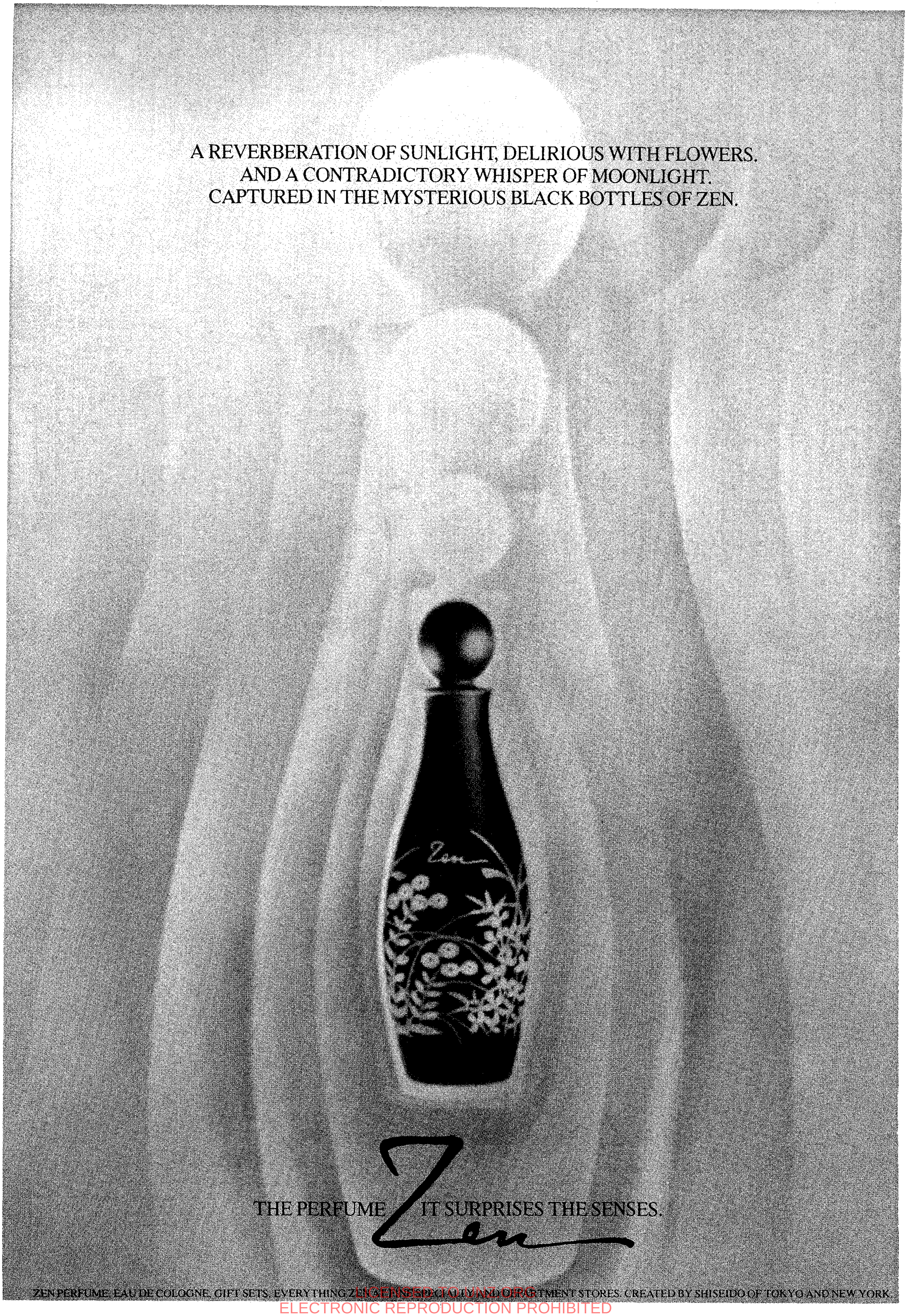
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ceremony, Haise told the ship's captain that it was nice to be warm again, and Swigert said, "It was so damn cold." This was uncharacteristic talk for an astronaut, and a few weeks later, after he had had time to think things over in the warmth of the South Pacific and then Houston, Swigert was to deny ever having been particularly uncomfortable in the spacecraft. Haise would later liken the discomfort to that on a camping trip through the north woods without adequate clothing. Yet the frogmen who met them commented that they could still feel the chill of space through the command module's open hatch.

Belowdecks, in the sick bay, Lovell, Swigert, and Haise were given all the fruit juices they could drink. They didn't have the appearance of most of the returning crews the attending physicians had seen before, and a quick post-flight examination revealed them to be in worse shape than any other returning astronauts. They were unsteady on their feet and their reflexes were slow. They did worse than any of their predecessors on their orthostatic tests, which measured the pooling of blood at the feet—an aftereffect of space travel which is exacerbated by exhaustion. Their supply of electrolytes was significantly down, and so was their circulating level of adrenal steroids—secretions that provided an index of the extent to which the astronauts had been working from nervous energy. Before going to sleep, one of them told one of the doctors he just didn't know how much longer they could have kept going.

—HENRY S. F. COOPER, JR.

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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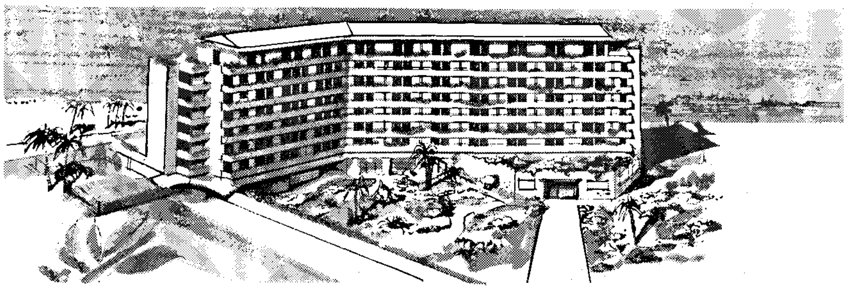

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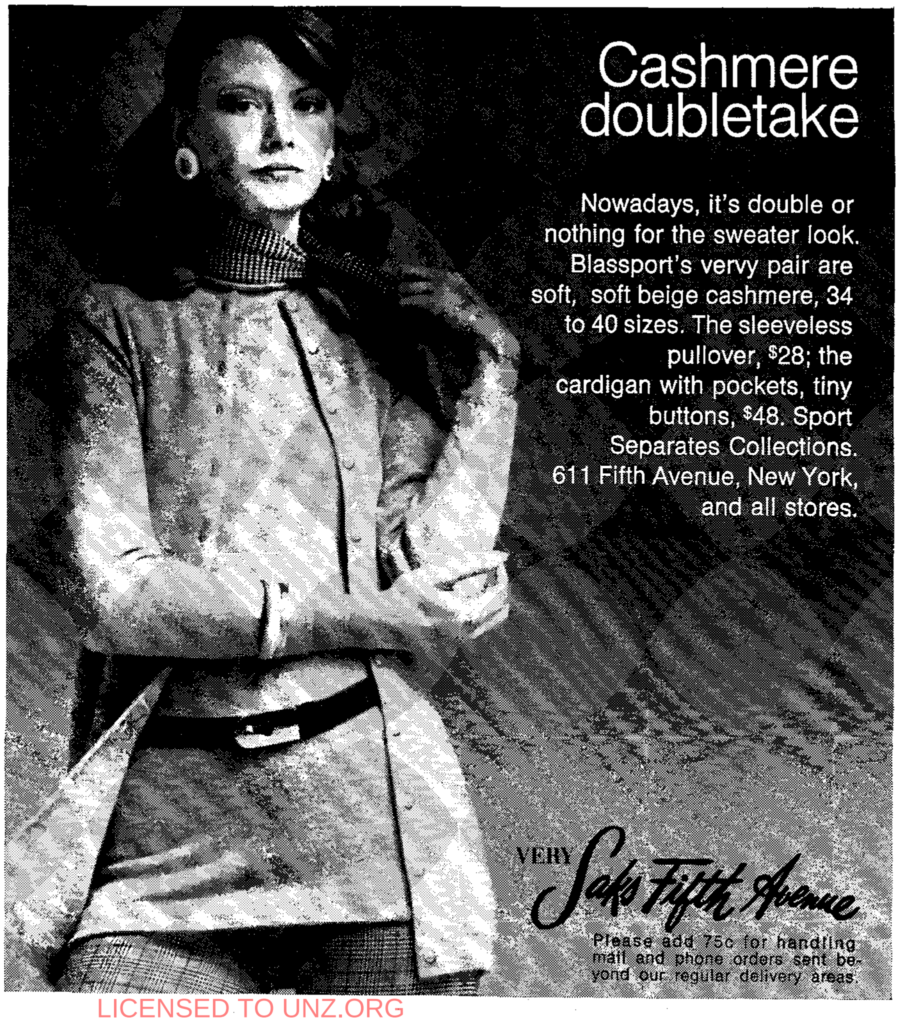

Cashmere doubletake

Nowadays, it's double or nothing for the sweater look. Blassport's vervy pair are soft, soft beige cashmere, 34 to 40 sizes. The sleeveless pullover, $28; the cardigan with pockets, tiny buttons, $48. Sport Separates Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

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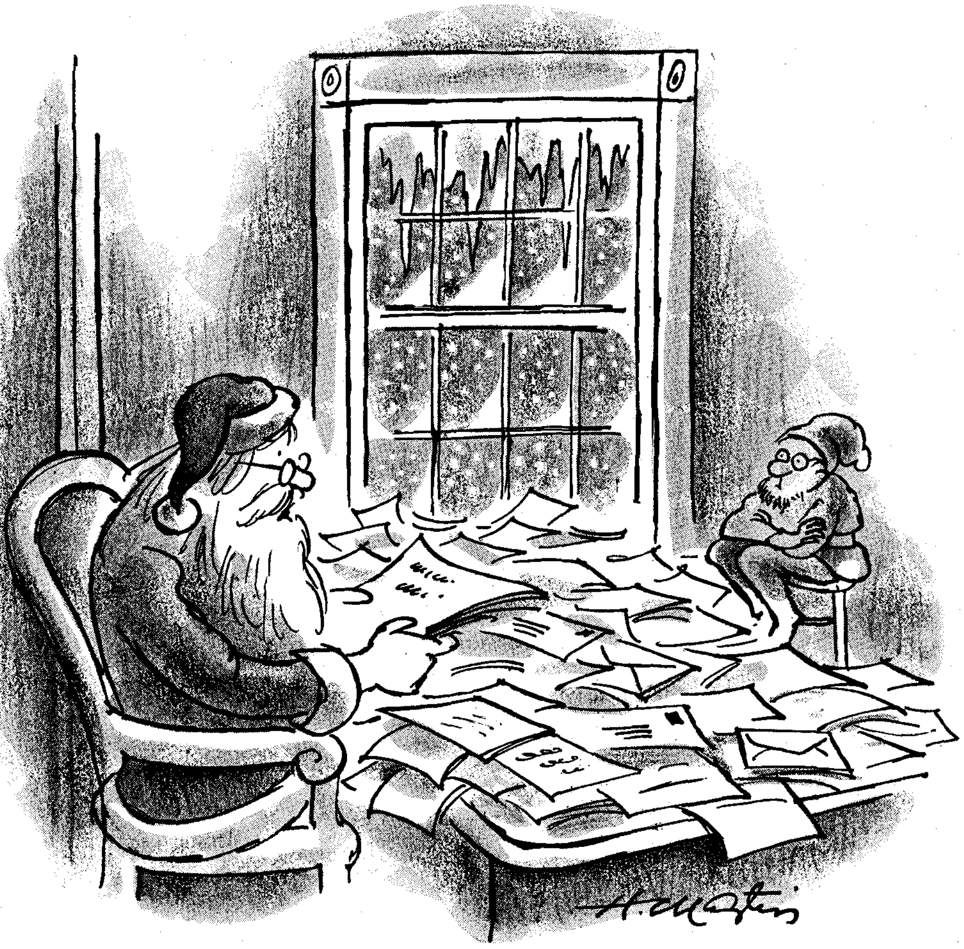
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FIRST INTIMATIONS OF CHRISTMAS

NEW YORK lives on, like Christmas, although those who do their Christmas shopping here might be led to think that only the panic inspired by the thought of unbought gifts persists unchanged from year to year. Stores open, close, or change their images with astounding speed, and few establishments can be certain that the jaunty decorations they are hoisting may not prove to be their last. Undaunted, we have been investigating a number of the livelier shopping spots—some long established, some newly mushroomed—in existence in the year 1972, and respectfully suggest various expeditions to undertake in search of Christmas gifts for women.

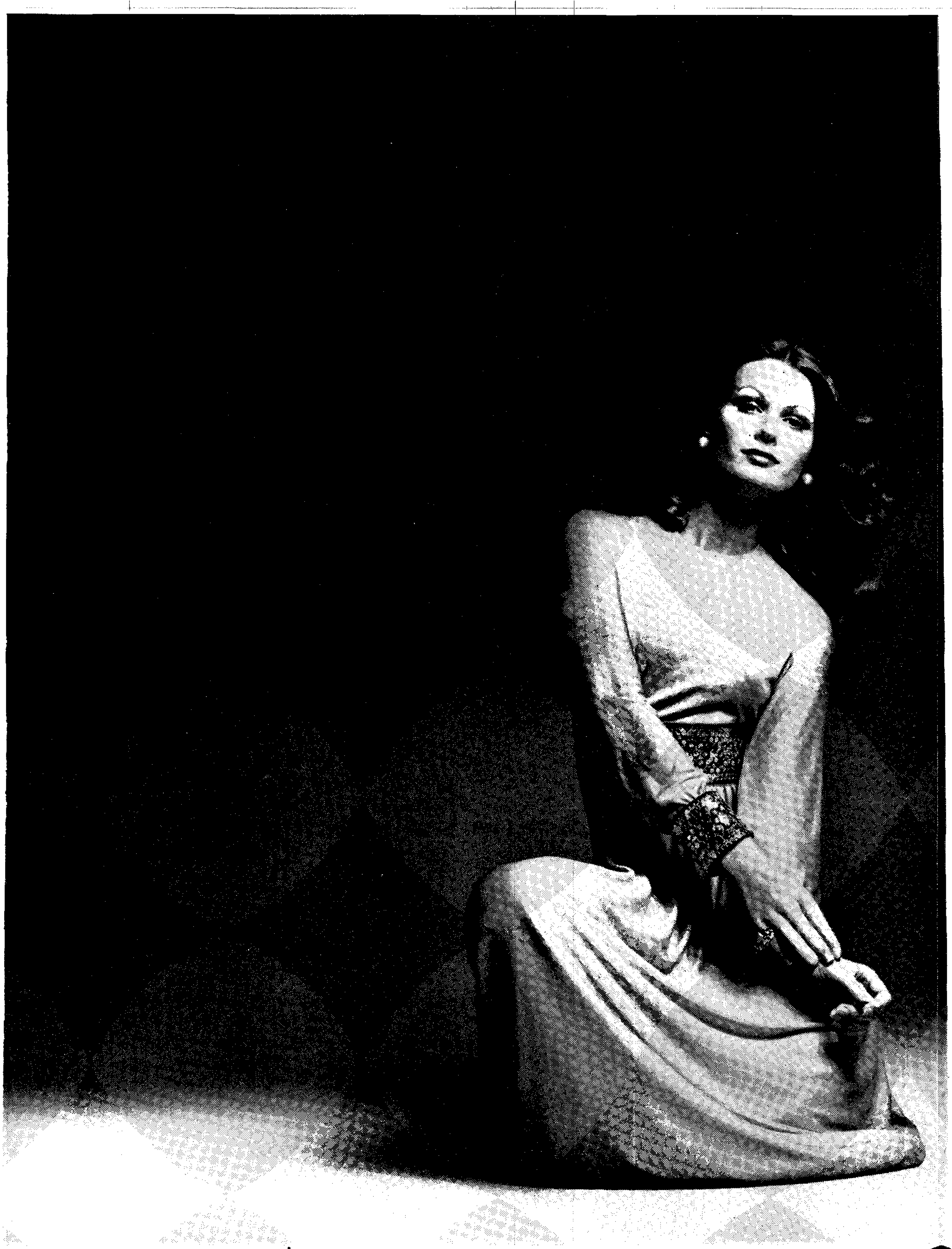
SOMEDAY, the office towers shaped like great glass snowplows may march right over Fifty-seventh Street and the Plaza Hotel, but while a certain elegance still haunts the area, let's give ourselves heart by beginning here. The first stop is in the Plaza itself, at a newly opened nook off the lobby which is dedicated, a bit pompously, to Sculpture to Wear. This shop represents an absolute statement of the general tendency away from conventional jewelry. Men who are still giving hunks of rock in golden curlicues instead of symbols of Pure Form and related Concepts may be lovable, but they are scarcely chic. Much of the wearable sculpture bears the signatures of very famous artists, and is very costly, but a pretty little number called Enclosed Triangles, bearing the signature of Phyllis Mark, is a manageable $65 in a silver-plated form, $95 in a gold-plated one. The work—two triangles suspended inside a ring four inches in diameter—hangs from a ring around the neck when adorning human beings, and from a Lucite stand when adorning their houses. Either way, presumably, the piece is an investment.



"Just to give you an idea of how the mail is running this year, here's a fairly typical letter. 'Dear Santa: I would like a renewal of my subscription to "Playboy," a 16-mm. print of "Carnal Knowledge," a couple of joints of Mary Jane, a copy of Philip Roth's latest, and a fistful of lottery tickets.'"

After pausing on the steps of the Plaza so that those who will may warm their bald spots at the canopy's heaters, we move briskly past the nymph-topped, tinsel-draped fountain, in at the side door of Bergdorf Goodman, and up to Bigi, on the sixth floor. Devotees of the Finnish fabric genius Marimekko will be pleased to discover here a newly unveiled collection of her odd, vivid prints on slipcover-and-drapery-weight cotton, to be bought by the yard or already made up in simple clothing styles. These include a wraparound, thigh-length kimono, with elbow-length sleeves and two roomy, curving pockets. The print, in this case, involves the characteristically primary hues of yellow, blue, and red combined with the characteristically play-school print of giraffelike monsters; $46. Equally clear-cut, and a good top for either bathing suit or jeans, is an above-knee, mandarin-collared smock in two-and-a-half-inch awning stripes of brilliant orange and yellow; $35. A smaller outlay secures a flat shoulder bag ($11); an enveloping apron ($11); or a pair of oven mitts ($6.50). At Bigi, too, is a delectably frivolous blouse of man-made silk whose color—either black or white—makes no demands on the eye but whose texture—a thicket of innumerable cross-shaped bunches of narrow ribbon—is positively awe-inspiring. The blouse has a shirt collar and cuffs, and there is a peplum beneath its elasticized waist; it might be worn to great effect as a jacket, slung over a satin halter. All this is substantial opulence for the sum of $28.

The cunning shopper will leave Bergdorf's by the Fifty-seventh Street door and turn right, down the steps to Jax, at No. 7 West. This shop has a handsome blue denim coat, inspired by those of Swedish Army officers (funny how endearing *other* nations' armies sound), and snugly lined in white fake curly lambskin. This fluff overflows across a wide notched collar and peeps out at the front edges, the wrists, and the hem. The coat hangs straight, and has four tab fastenings with gold-metal buckles. The price is $110, and a companion pair of trousers, either fly-front and straight-legged or back-zipped and flared, in the same denim, is $23. Across the street, and on the corner of Fifth Avenue,



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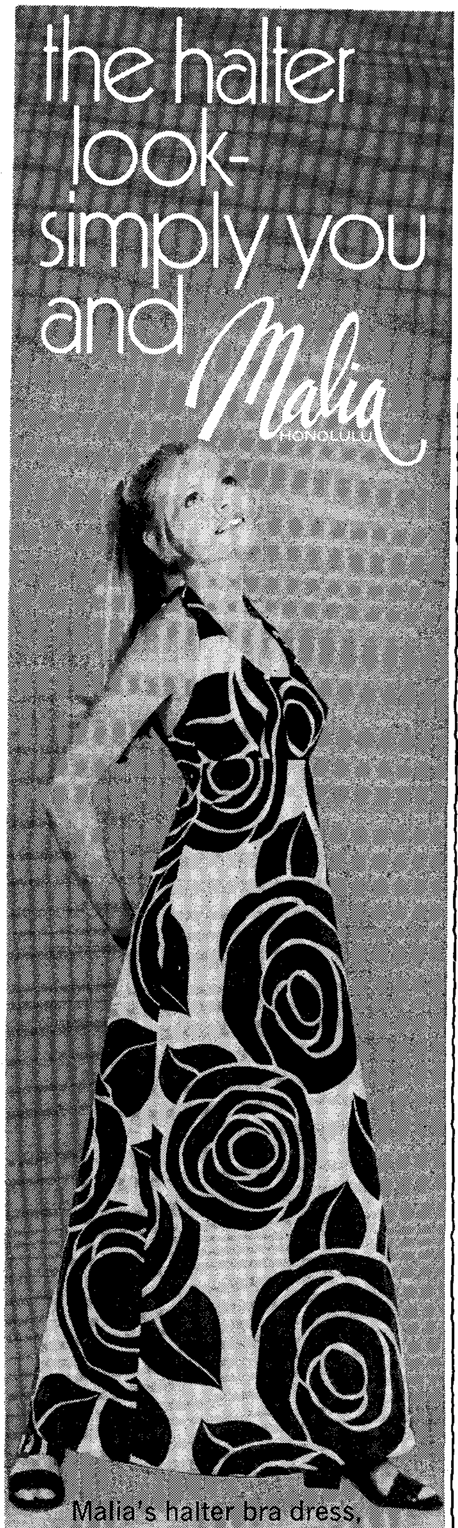

Malia's halter bra dress, backless in black and white "Rosebowl" print. Also in vermilion and white. 100% cotton puffy pique. Sizes 6 through 16. About $34 at
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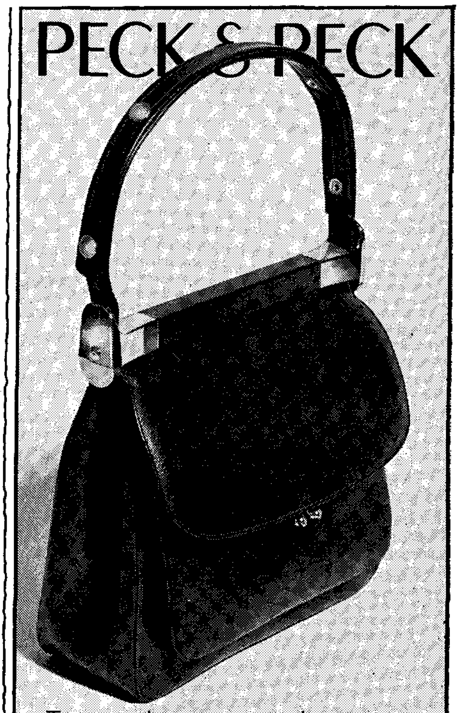
is I. Miller. Here we pass firmly through the ground-floor shoe department—unless we decide to linger for a cup of coffee, which is served here all day—and make our way upstairs to the General Store. The welcome here is ever courteous, and the wares currently include an excellent array of the more informal kinds of jewelry—among them Art Deco, both original and reproduction—and, of course, the current conceits of the General Store's house designer, Catherine Capriotti. A pin consisting of an inch-and-a-half square of ivory-colored acrylic that has spawned, lopsidedly, a second, three-quarter-inch amber-colored square is $16, and very redolent of the nineteen-thirties. Twenty dollars buys a delicate, well-thought-out necklace that consists of translucent glass washers and silver-metal washers strung together, beads in two shades of green, and small camel-colored spinning tops. This might be the launching point for a more serious investment: a languid pajama outfit in pure silk, printed with feathery Paisley commas in a rare, clear mixture of leaf green, white, and orange. The unlined jacket has two patch pockets at the hipbones and a single breast pocket; it fastens by means of loops and small covered buttons. The jacket is $125, and the matching, pleat-fronted trousers are $88. The pair might profitably appear with a wrapped halter ($34), or a narrow-shouldered shirt blouse with two breast pockets ($42), and/or with a crownless turban ($6.50). All these are in a blended crêpe and in a wide range of subtle colors.

Fording Fifth, we are drawn into the august halls of Tiffany, to mull over a collection of elegant small objects made of sterling silver—key rings, pillboxes, bookmarks, and so on. But being of a scribbling disposition, we were taken by a slender, ladylike, and chevron-patterned silver ball-point pen that is four inches long and a mere $12. A more substantial fistful of a pen—a felt-tipped one, encased in ribbed silver—is $20. A few paces off, at 14 East 57th, is the Gazebo, one of those fashionable, flower-based palaces accommodating all sorts of delights, handmade and natural. Here is a practical pinafore in off-white denim, with a square neckline, a bib top, and a sash that ties in a bow in back. There is an eminently sensible pocket on the chest, which is decorated, like the apron's waistband, with bold black cross-stitching; $12.50. A wicker basket nine inches high, with a curving handle, has



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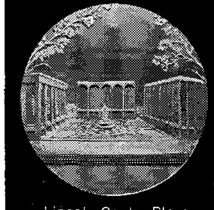
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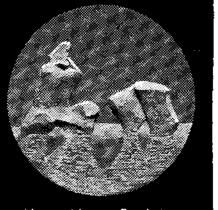
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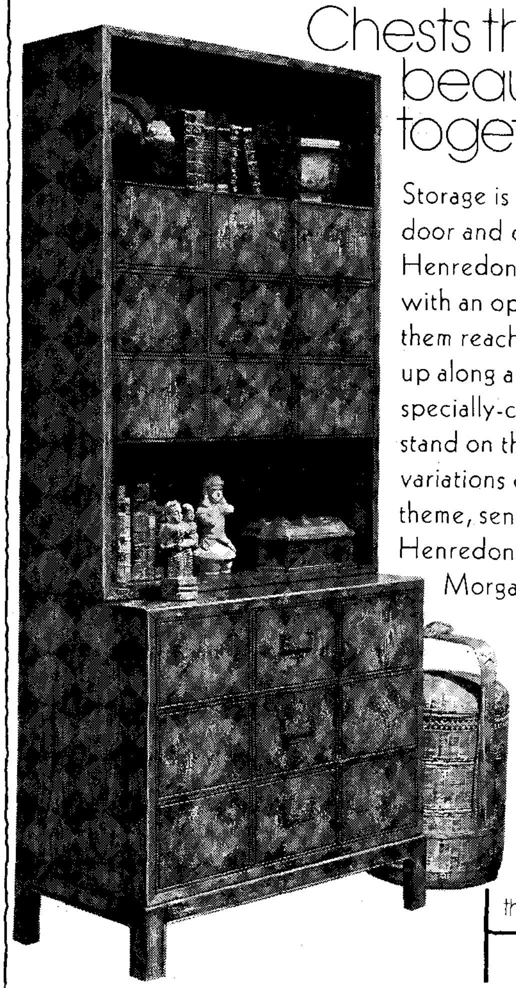
snap-in loops holding pruners, trowel, weeder, and a small hand rake. The price is $25. For the second Christmas, Donald Davies of Dublin is to be found at 19 East 57th Street, and the woolly contents of this shop once again prove a boon to those with furrowed brows and lists to fill. Seven dollars buys a pair of the shop's feathery knitted stockings, whose frail-seeming webs we have found a match for the most hostile of country paths. They appear in the subtly dyed shades that are associated with the name of Davies and that, for once—fashion nomenclature isn't afraid of hubris—come close to meriting such ambitious titles as "wisteria," "foxglove," "hay," "moss," and "sky." Knitted shawls in similar hues are $24. And, in time for curling up by winter fires, Davies has produced a graceful pair of the wide-legged trousers that are more like a divided skirt than anything else and have made such a comeback this year. These are back-zipped and silk-lined, and are made of the characteristic Davies wool fabric, finely woven into a pleasing plaid that combines orange, yellow, and oatmeal with remarkable success. The trousers are $95, and a roll-necked sweater in lightweight wool knit provides a complement of sparkling, mandarin-orange brightness, for $25. Pressing eastward now, we conclude our present expedition at Design Research, 53 East 57th Street, where there is a skinny, long-sleeved, ankle-length T-shirt for relaxed moments by the fire or in a Southern sunset. The fabric is an undemanding rayon-and-cotton jersey—emerald green or scarlet and, in either case, printed with white polka dots. A band of knit encircles the neck and the wrists, and the neck closes with three buttons. The price is a comfortable $21.

A SECOND tour gets under way at Saks Fifth Avenue, assembling among the chestnut sellers and the kids offering handmade belts, raffle tickets for drug programs, and Eastern religions. Beating a path across the main floor, beneath the Christmas canopy of tinsel stalactites, to the hosiery counter, we pause to goggle at some body suits that demonstrate the giant strides the genre has made since its origin in the dusty leotard. These are Italian, and made of an acrylic blend that comes in an assortment of thoughtful color combinations—beige, gray, and white; turquoise, tan, and camel; pink, pale gray, and charcoal—and in stripes that have varied textures, some like soft socks and some like well-worn washcloths. They



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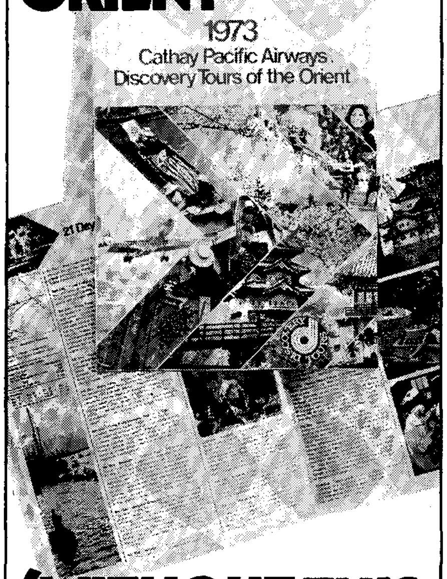

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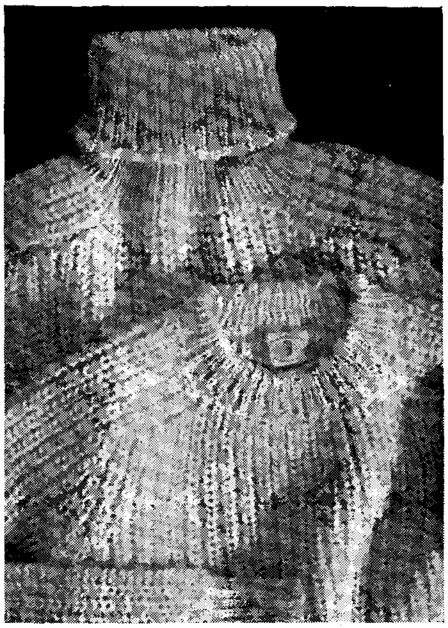
have round necks and long sleeves, and the price is $16. A set of linenlike cuffs and collar ($9) in a color to match one of the stripes may be made secure inside the body suit and so enable the wearer to look fashionably layered without getting overheated. At the same counter, a pair of cheerful Argyle knee socks, in a substantial, country-going Orlon, and colored green, charcoal, white, and red, is $2.50. Not far off, among the belt collection, we admire a half-inch-wide belt (those who lose track of fashion from Christmas to Christmas might profitably note this modish narrowness) in deep-red calf, which distinguishes itself by having not just one but two gold-metal buckles, set at either side of its front. The price is $25. And a mere $3 buys, at the handkerchief counter, a roll of scented, plastic-coated, cotton-backed paper for lining drawers. The background is always white and the fragile prints—generally in tune with the fripperies within a lingerie chest—involve cupids, butterflies, and rosebuds.

Moving on uptown, we look back at the splendid view of St. Patrick's afforded by the absence of Best & Co., while trying not to get maudlin about the hole in the ground where the store once stood. We avert our gaze, also, from the rug shops and bauble shops that take up seasonal residence, like squirrels in the husks of trees, in the sites of other defunct establishments we used to like to visit at this time of year. Still, many great names—great, at least, to connoisseurs of status—continue to line up shoulder to shoulder along this section of Fifth Avenue. Here stands the illustrious Cartier, at Fifty-second Street, with a gold-and-enamel ring that is an exact copy of the band around a Cuban cigar ($175), and an Italian barrette of enamel and 18-carat gold, for any girls with 18-carat hair ($220). We skip sideways, for a moment, to 7 East 53rd Street, where, at the modest HoneyBee, we look at a lighthearted black jersey slip dress, with a brassiere top, spaghetti straps, and a matching feather boa, for $65. Another partygoer might make *her* entrance in a tailored shirt and wide-legged, well-cut pants in spruce-green satin ($70 for the pair), together with a high-necked, low-backed halter in the same satin, only of aqua, at $28. Back on Fifth Avenue, we stop in at Gucci, at No. 699. Aficionados will delight in the horsy refinement of a very soft classic shirt in a silk-and-cashmere knit whose beige background is printed with either blue-

Alan Paine



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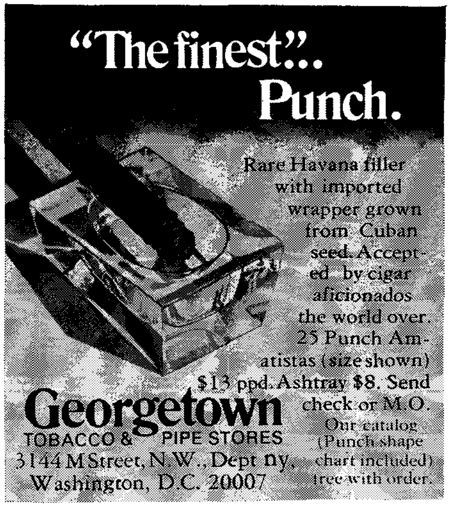

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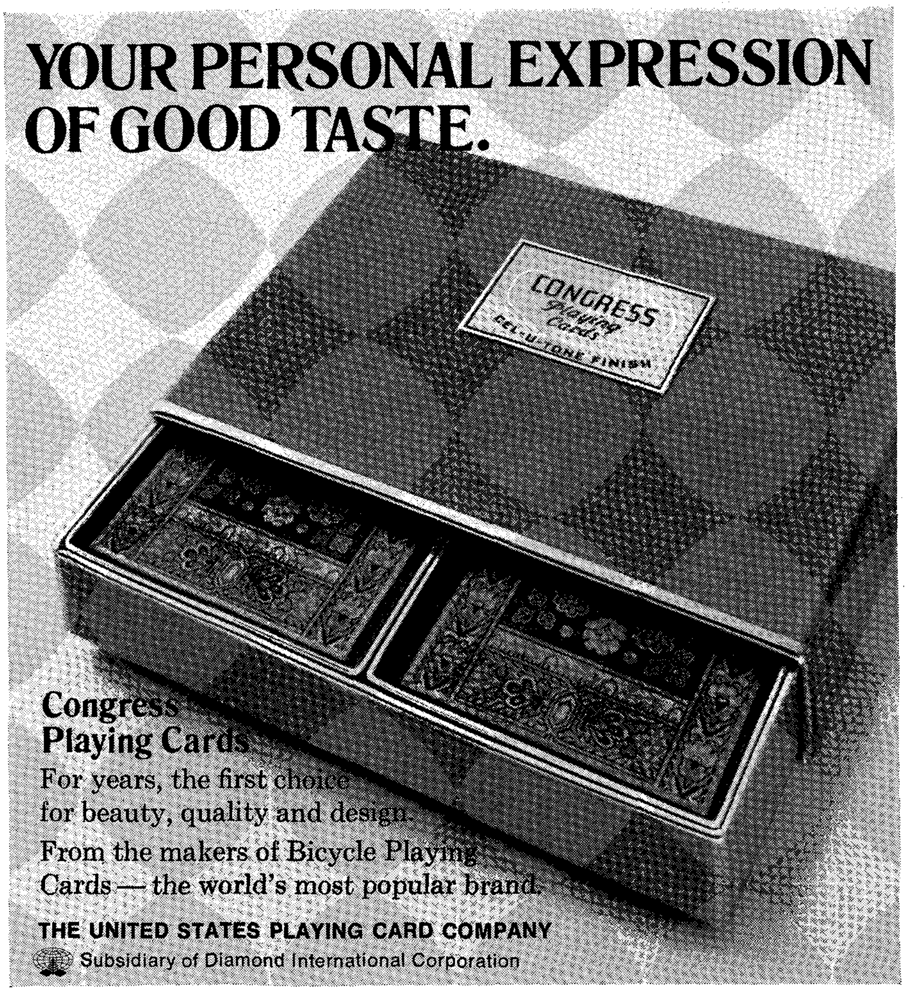
and-red or brown-and-beige riding boots; $84. A white wool sweater with a trompe-l'oeil blue-and-red belt and a pewter-colored snaffle-bit closing—unmistakably Guccian—knitted right into its waist is $39. Elizabeth Arden's red door, at No. 691 (54th), is sandwiched between two Gucci shops, but it can fairly hold its own. A considerate donor might consider underwriting a complete self-improvement course here—a course that lasts two weeks and puts the participant through daily exercise paces, and a program including the less strenuous pursuits of manicure, pedicure, hairstyling, skin-care seminars, and sessions with masseuse and steam cabinet. The cost of the whole thing is $250.

Mark Cross, at No. 707 (55th), is currently putting its weight behind a first-rate folding—at any rate, collapsible—suitcase. (This part of Fifth Avenue devotes a lot of thought to outfitting experienced travellers.) The case is made of a light-brown water-repellent canvas over a sturdy plywood frame; it has an outside zippered pocket and a brown leather handle; and it costs $25. Lederer de Paris, next door, at No. 711, has a further boon for travellers: a backgammon set, magnetized and encased in a wooden box, nine inches by seven, that is covered in natural linen. Inside are dice, counters, and—oh, yes—a backgammon board; $15.

Another small diversion leads us off to 11 East 55th Street and to Sona of India. This shop, which is operated by the Indian government, now has an arrangement, for the benefit of Westerners, with the American designer Carol Horn, and her ideas are being made up in the fine fabrics of India. There are gentle wide-sleeved blouses, in soft cotton, pretty colors, and prints that often center on fruity or floral themes, for $18.25. And there are silk blouses with long, cuffed dolman sleeves that are also printed—for example, a white blouse has a pattern of tropical birds in tropical trees—for $38.15. A pair of wide-legged trousers, in a shade to enhance the print of the blouses, is $11.20 in cotton, $38.50 in silk.

Bonwit Teller lies in our path along Fifth Avenue, and, our minds still running on journeys and far-off places, we find our way to the back of the main floor and into the tunnel-like shop given over to luggage. Some of it is very fashionable and lively. For example, there are bags made of blanket wool in a red-and-black or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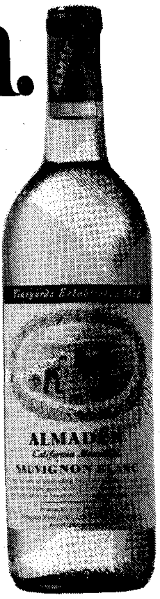

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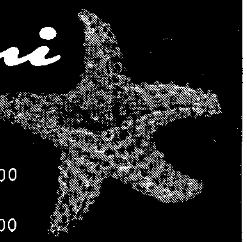
brown-and-white lumberjack plaid that come in two relaxed forms—as a giant, flapped mailbag ($32), or as a zippered rectangular case that will fit under an airplane seat and has two loop handles long enough to hang from one's shoulder ($36). This department also offers a selection of laudably unfussy vinyl-lined toilet kits, with the snap-shut kind of closing called facile. Such a bag, some ten inches square, is $20 in scarlet leather; in a quilted patchwork print of red-white-and-blue cotton it is $15. The latter fabric reappears in a range of organizing pouches for drawers and suitcases; a pantyhose-sized envelope, for instance, with one side of transparent plastic and a lining of red-and-white gingham, is $10. Upstairs, in Bonwit's S'fari Room, are some highly packable outfits. An ankle-length slink of black cashmere—a tank-topped, body-seamed dress designed by Valerie Louthan—is $110. A buttonless black cardigan to top it is $55. And a splendid kite-shaped caftan in a striking reddish marigold, with a round neckline closed by self-covered buttons, and deep sleeves that grow out of the waist and stop at gathered wrists, is a dulcet combination of wool, angora, and nylon, and costs $150. Quite dramatic. So, for an outlay of $1.95, is a soda known as the Flaming Josephine—a specialty of Old Fashioned Mr. Jennings, who is to be found in his Ice Cream Parlor, on Bonwit's ninth floor.

Boosted by this sugary energy, we cross Fifty-seventh Street to Léron, at 745 Fifth Avenue, to inspect a set of boudoir togs. An ankle-length white nightgown in drip-dry cotton-and-polyester batiste is dotted with yellow or pink posies. It has a Peter Pan collar rimmed with lace, as are the hem, the cuffs, and the vertical tucks on the chest, and it is fastened by delicate pearl buttons; $55. A matching robe, for $110, is sleeveless and quilted; it fastens with a single button beneath a neckline scooped out to reveal the details of the gown below. And Gübelin, at 745 Fifth Avenue, keeps abreast of taste by moving on from timepieces as jewelry to watches as Pure Form. Stainless-steel pieces, made in Switzerland, have brown, blue, or yellow faces nearly two inches wide and austerely marked with steel at the unidentified hours. They cling to the wrist by means of a stern clip-on bracelet, which is also made of steel. The watches are swimproof and self-winding, and they cost $115 if they have a calendar and a mere $110 if

FROM THE SEA

BY Cini



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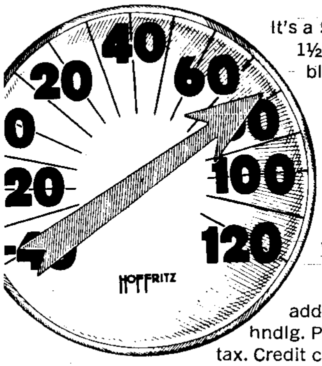

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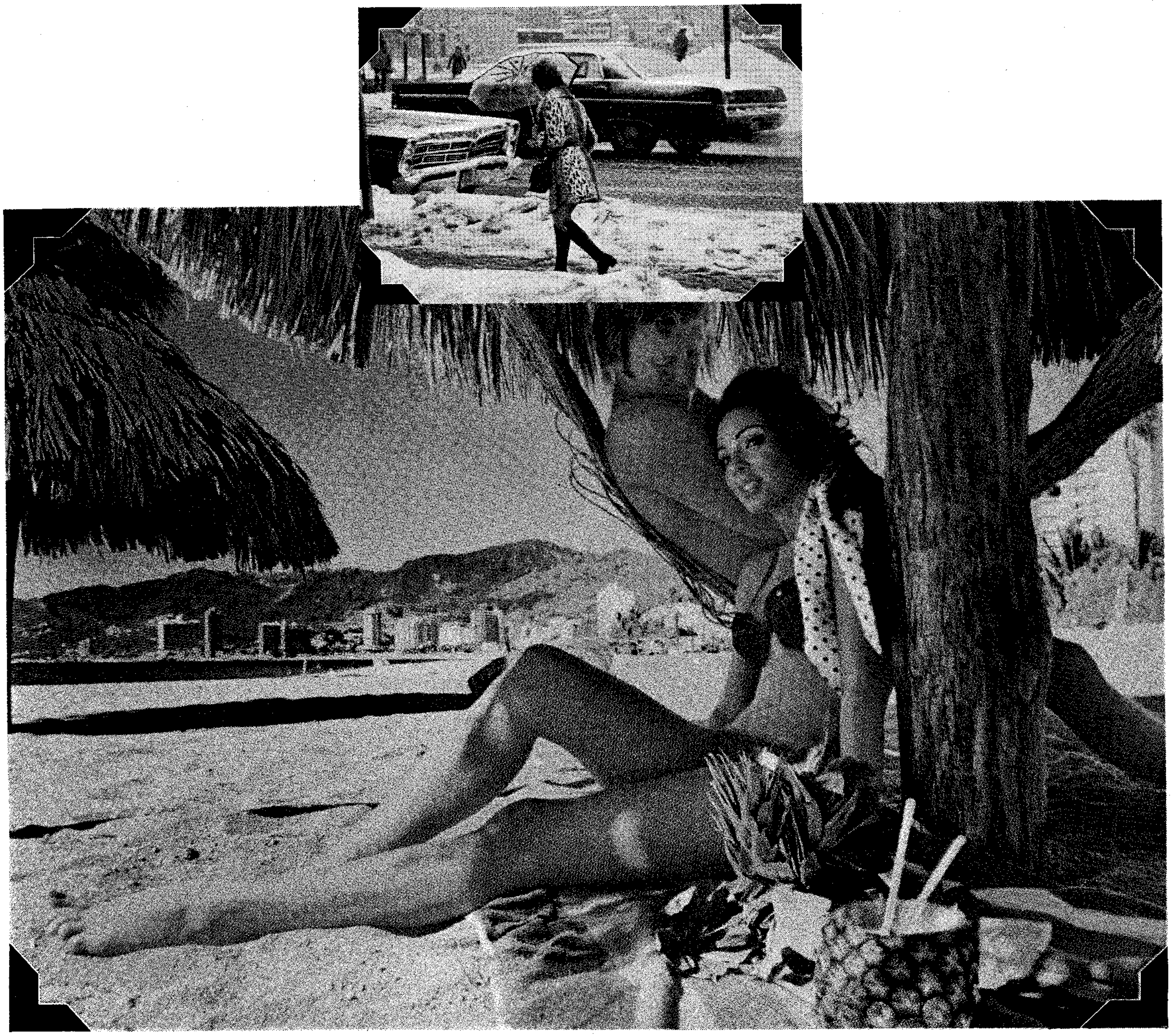

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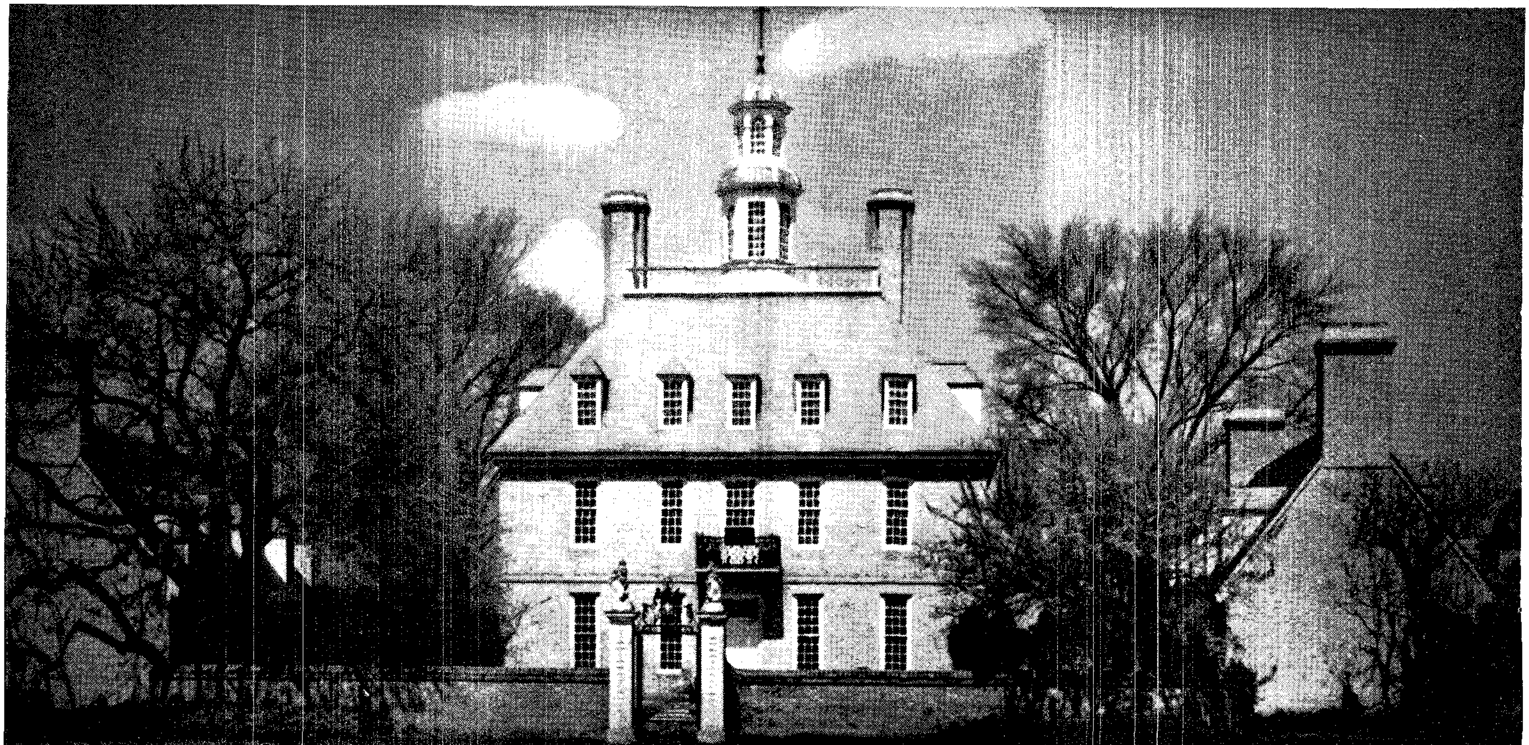

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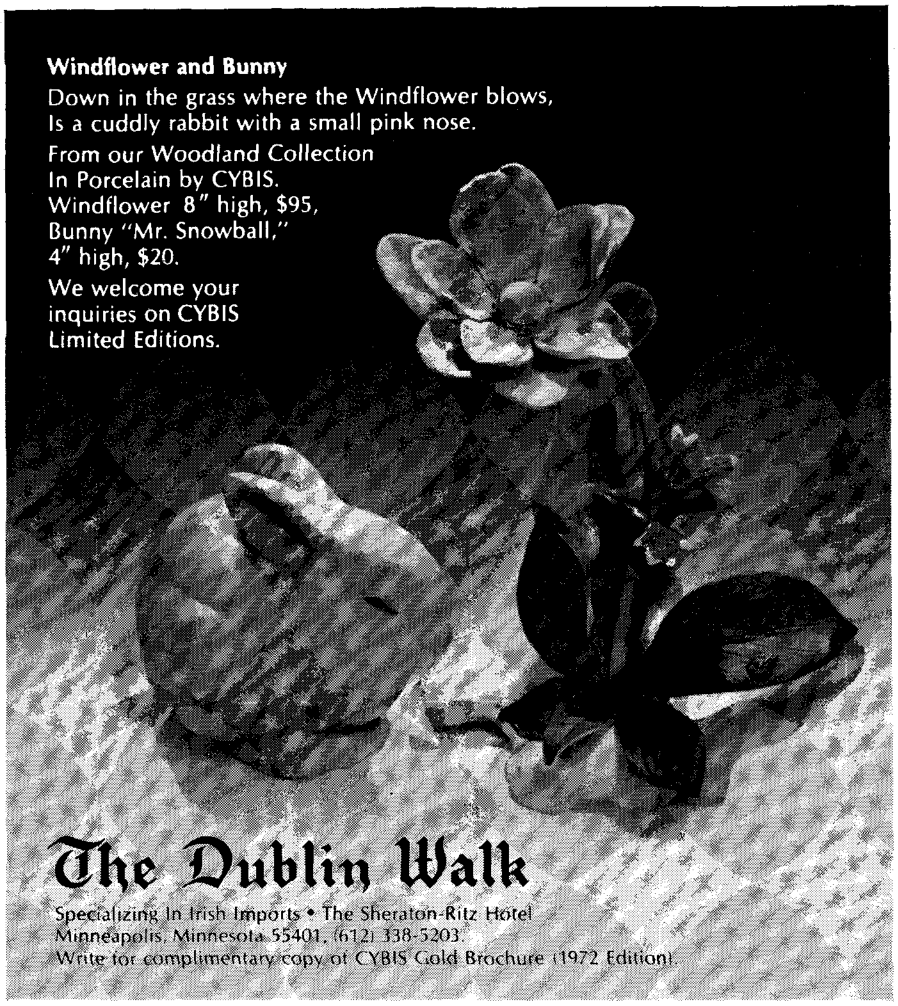
the owner can content herself with knowing only the hour.

AND now a high-powered midtown tour for the convenience of people on their lunch break, or anyone else whose time is limited. We begin quite calmly at B. Altman. Anyone whose reflexes in department stores are less than lightning quick will do well to head for Altman's, whose service is careful, whose aisles are spacious, and whose main-floor water cooler (a great comfort in stores, where the dust and the heat often seem intolerable) is a cheerful and elegant bronze sculpture based on a Renaissance fish. The store has recently set up a worthy little outpost of Fortnum & Mason, of Piccadilly, and, among a wide choice of tempting delicacies, we particularly liked the look of an ironstone tea caddy in the Indian-tree pattern, shaped like a ginger jar and filled with half a pound of the Royal blend of teas from India and Ceylon ($18.90); some Petticoat Tail shortbread in a fourteen-ounce round red tin ($4.10); an apothecary jar filled with butter-mint bonbons ($5); and a one-pound Christmas pudding in a pudding bowl ($4.15). No less delectable for being inedible is a mint-green twin set from the third-floor sweater department. (Sweaters have made great fashion strides of late: they have passed from being "safe" presents to being exciting ones.) This is a very young and new-looking pair in a downy combination of angora, lamb's wool, and adult sheep's wool. The short-sleeved undersweater is ribbed over the midriff and has a sort of Gothic ogive neckline. The neckline of the quite ungrandfatherly, long-sleeved cardigan that goes over it is a more conventional V, but the cardigan plays games with different kinds of knitting stitches, putting them in unexpected places. The price of this pair is $52. Lurex, treated in newly informal ways, is also causing a fashionable stir this season, and it crops up, in this same department, in another two-piece sweater combination. The short-sleeved undersweater has a flattering square neckline and is graced by muted, gleaming stripes of turquoise, mauve, pink, and sand. The outer cardigan has a square neck, too, and this and the long sleeves and the hem are edged in narrow stripes of the same colors, but the body is a restrained solid sand color, which pulls the whole outfit up at the brink of being a muddle and makes it a triumph. The pullover is $20 and the cardigan $16. The third floor of Altman's also provides, among a collection of informal coats, a downy



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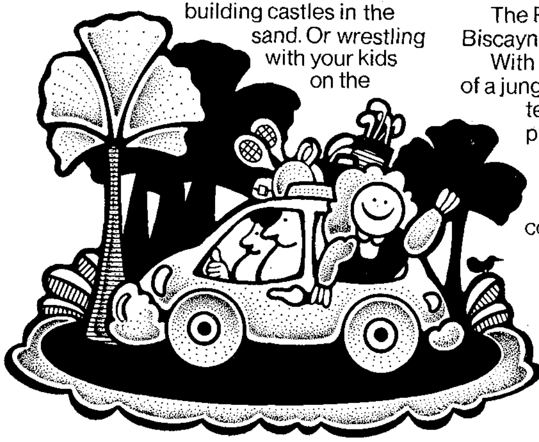

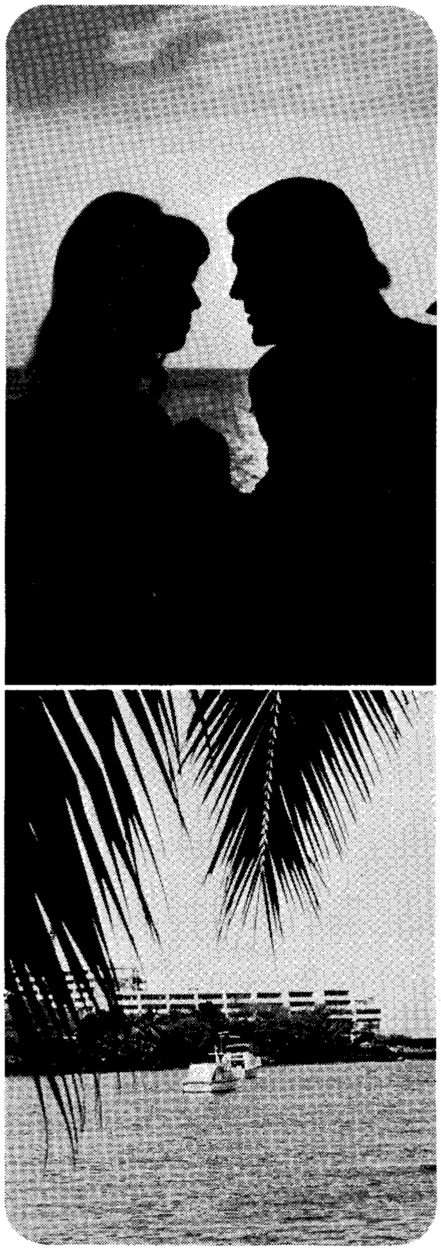

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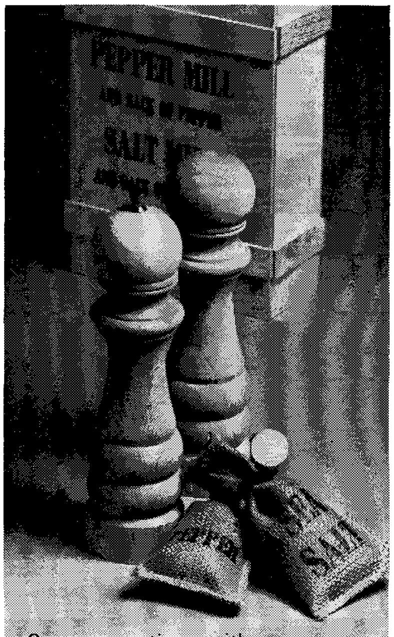
honey-colored duffel coat in shearling lambskin, suèded on the outside and with deep fluff on the inside. Fluff spills over two patch pockets and a notched collar. The coat is fingertip length and fastened with toggles and small horn tusks; $185. On the main floor, there is a pretty collection of jade jewelry. A simple ring carved out of lavender jade is $55. An intricately carved antique medallion two inches in diameter (to be worn as a pendant) is in a more traditional, pale-aquamarine jade and is $70.

After a pause for sustenance, in the form of a minced-pot-roast-and-mushroom sandwich on the homemade bread at Mary Elizabeth's restaurant, at 6 East 37th Street, we press on to Lord & Taylor, where we need go no farther than the handbag department, near the front doors, to consider a handful of *minaudière*—an evening bag, that is—at four and three-quarters inches long and three and a half inches high, smaller than a woman's hand. The bag is made of brass, plated either in nickel or in 24-carat gold, and fastens by way of a belt buckle made of twisting metal; $50, and Italian. An envelope clutch of soft capeskin, nine and a half inches by five, would be just the thing to wear with pale colors, by day or by night. The background is a pale tan and is painted with a Paisley-and-lattice effect in pale blue, gray, and beige; $33. The store has a good slipper bar, on the fourth floor, with stylish models from France and Italy. A mule in white ribbed silk with a one-and-a-quarter-inch heel and a frivolous puff of marabou on the vamp is $20. At Importique, on the third floor, you will find some delicate silver embroidery scissors from France, finely worked with Tudor roses or other designs; $18. Exquisite companion thimbles are ringed at the base with odd little scenes of lovebirds, the tortoise and the hare, or simply lilies of the valley in relief; $15. And up here are some handbags, handmade by Nigel Lofthouse, that are surely works of art. An envelope bag, eleven inches by fifteen, is deep-gray suède on the front and pale-gray leather on the back. From this simplicity spring infinite and thoughtful complexities. Little hexagons in tones of beige are painted here and there on the front; the flap is pointed, edged in pale-blue upholstery braid, and decorated with a tranquil water lily, appliquéd in scraps of kid in soothing shades of beige, gray, and pink; $65.

Out on Fifth Avenue once more, we bound past the lions at the New



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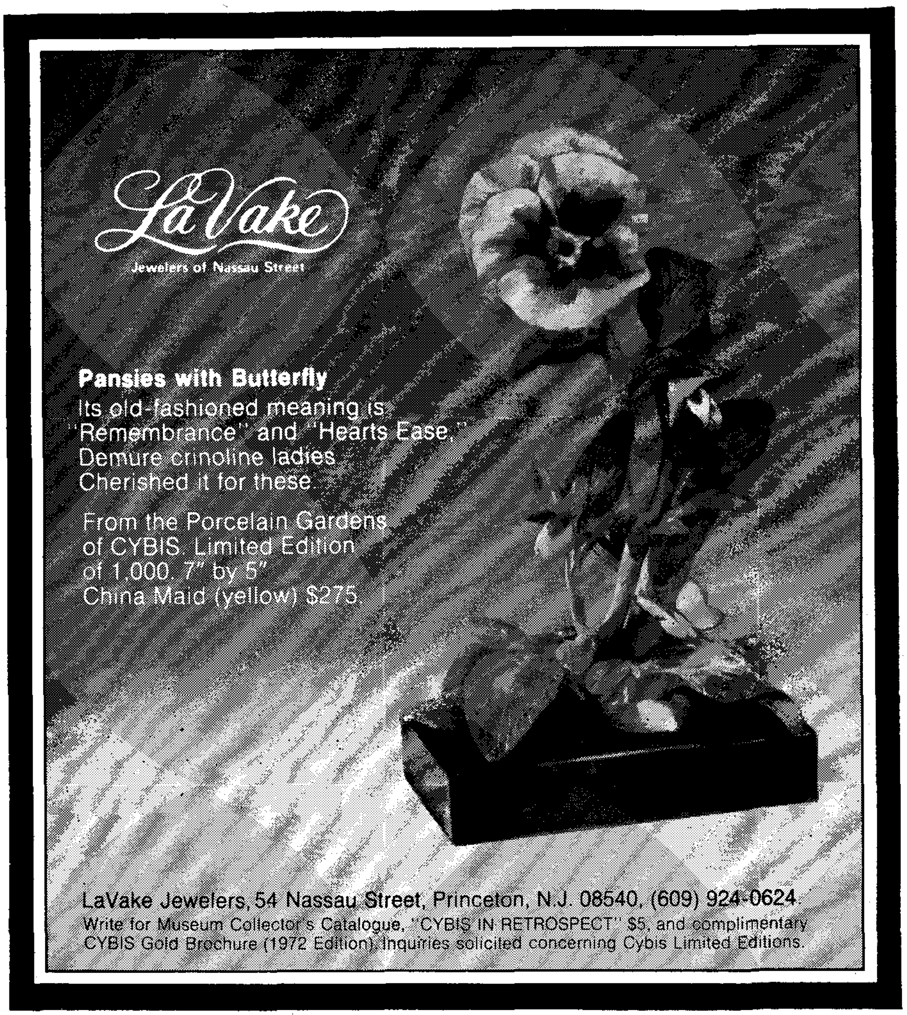
York Public Library (dodging the construction muddle on the steps), for the Library's sales shop is a good source of inexpensive presents. A book of fifty-three Currier & Ives prints, reproduced in color as four-by-six-inch postcards and perforated so that they can be torn out and mailed, is $3.95. A boxed two-volume set of "The Annotated Sherlock Holmes" (four novels and fifty-six stories) is $25. Uncle Sam's Umbrella Shop, to head west for a moment, beckons from 110 West 45th (and also from 161 West 57th Street, 7 East 46th Street, and 660 Lexington Avenue, at 55th), and this establishment claims to stock the smallest folding umbrella in the world. (Uncle Sam has been in business since 1866, so we feel bound to accept his authority.) When folded, the phenomenon is a mere eight and a half inches long; open, it is a respectable thirty-five-inch span of red, blue, brown, or black nylon, with a frame that is guaranteed for a reasonable lifetime. It's $20. Or, to branch out a little, one might consider a modish umbrella, forty inches in diameter, with a wooden shank and a curved handle, in a choice of houndstooth, Glen-plaid, or pin-striped cotton; $10. We head back to the East Side at this point, and, straightening our hats, we march sedately into Brooks Brothers, where we examine a classic countrified coat modelled on Royal Navy coats. The style is close cousin to the polo, but the coat appears in a chinchilla wool in French navy and is lined with red rayon satin. The buttons are brass, and the price is $130. On now, faster, bursting out of Brooks and speeding up Madison to Abercrombie & Fitch, where, on the second floor, we find shirts designed by Jaeger and made up in the infinitely washable wool fabric Viyella. A man-tailored shirt with a brown-and-tan Tattersall check on a cream background and with solid cream collar and cuffs—than which combination few things are more fashionable this year—is $25.

Jogging over to a new shop called the Mixed Bag, at 810 Second Avenue (44th), we survey a selection of pouchy, pickpocket-proof shoulder bags: outside pockets that are drawn closed with drawstrings, and a flap that goes inside the bag; in suède, capeskin, or a combination, and in any important color you can think of. In a size eleven inches by ten, and two inches deep, the bag is $30. And one block up, at No. 851, is the shop and workshop of one Mr. Ito, who is a very careful handbag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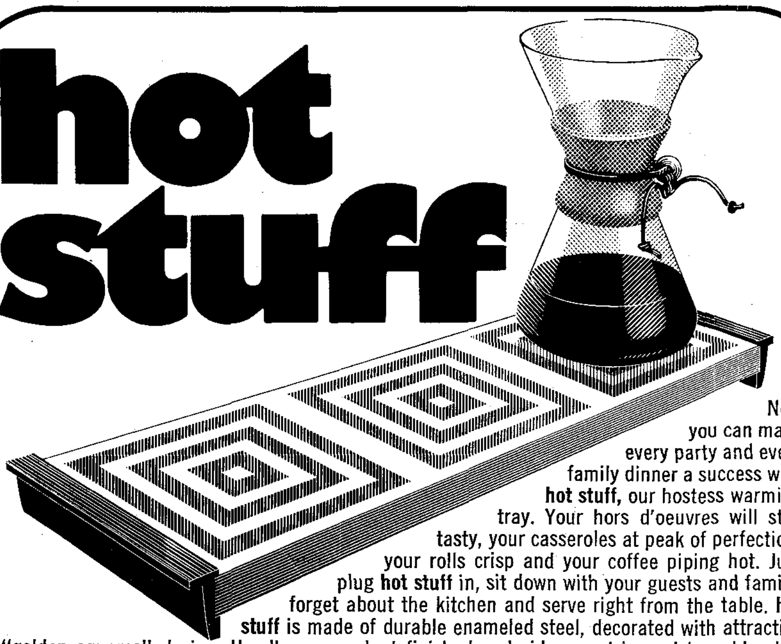
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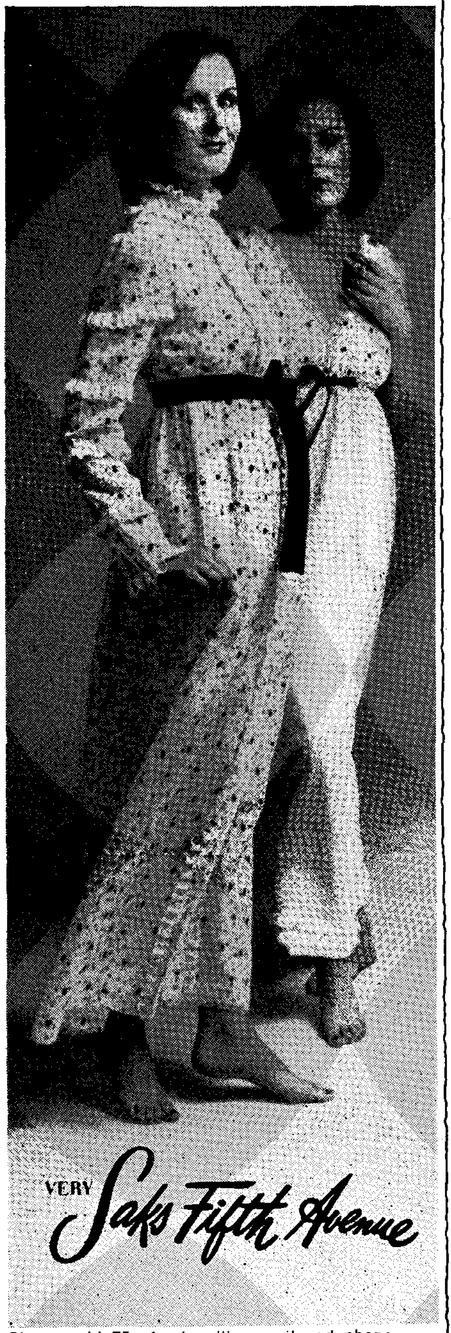

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

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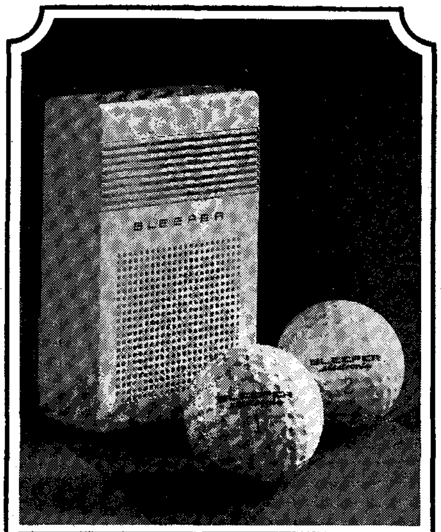
maker, and who is Japanese. A very pretty and soft cowhide shoulder pouch, twelve inches by nine, and two and a half inches deep, has a flap closing and is bound in a matching or contrasting color. Any color combination can be made to order in five days. These bags look as if they cost more than $26, which is what Mr. Ito asks for them.

Our midtown tour has resolved into a test of fitness, as we hurry toward Greek Island, at 215 East 49th Street, and for a hooded caftan made of a Greek cotton bedspread fabric that is not unlike seersucker and is striped in such gentle combinations as pink and white and beige and white; $22. More formal versions of this versatile garment, in basketweave wool, have embroidered bibs and cost $125; a caftan with a high, round neck in beige raw silk, with bib embroidery in green and red, is $145. And, however eager we may be to get back to our desks and catch our breath, we should nip over to Lexington Avenue and 48th Street, and the respected old apothecary shop of Caswell-Massey. Here we will fill up a shopping bag with an amber cake of soap made with Royal Jelly from Japanese bees ($3); a nail buffer and some nail rouge, for somebody who has not yet lacquered her nails puce or bottle green ($3.50 for the buffer, $2 for the rouge, which is called Rubis Pompadour); an invigorating, long-handled bath brush ($29.50); and a tube of lemony Italian hand cream called Manidama ($3.75).

And while our theme is femininity and fragrance, let us take note of what has been happening to perfume. If the launching of new smells has anything to do with the state of the economy, the country is in lively shape. Many firms have been busily turning out new perfumes, often described as perfumes for "sportswear" and for the whole Contemporary Concept of Womanhood. In spite of such qualities, we particularly like the new Chanel smell, Chanel 19, and the new Rochas venture, Audace. The perfumed bubble beads from Saint Laurent "with the new-generation scent, Rive Gauche," are sort of fun, too.

FOR lightening the burden of Christmas shopping with the pleasures of strolling, Madison Avenue is hard to beat. To begin with the upper half of Bonniers' double-decker window, at No. 605 (58th): the clothes here draw on good design from all over the world, and often transcend the merely New York faddish in a most refreshing way. One thoughtful, artful outfit with a touch of Oriental influ-



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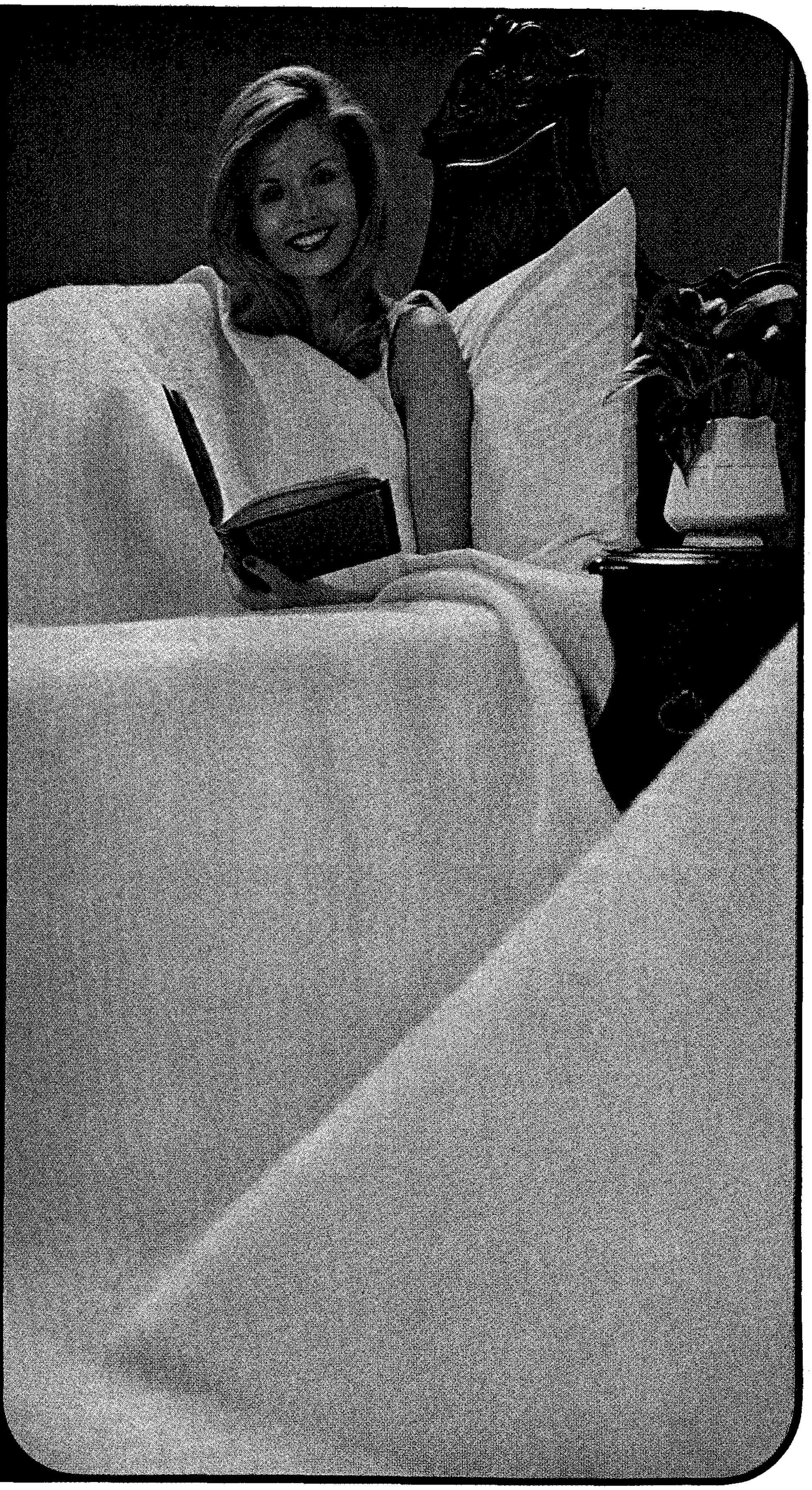

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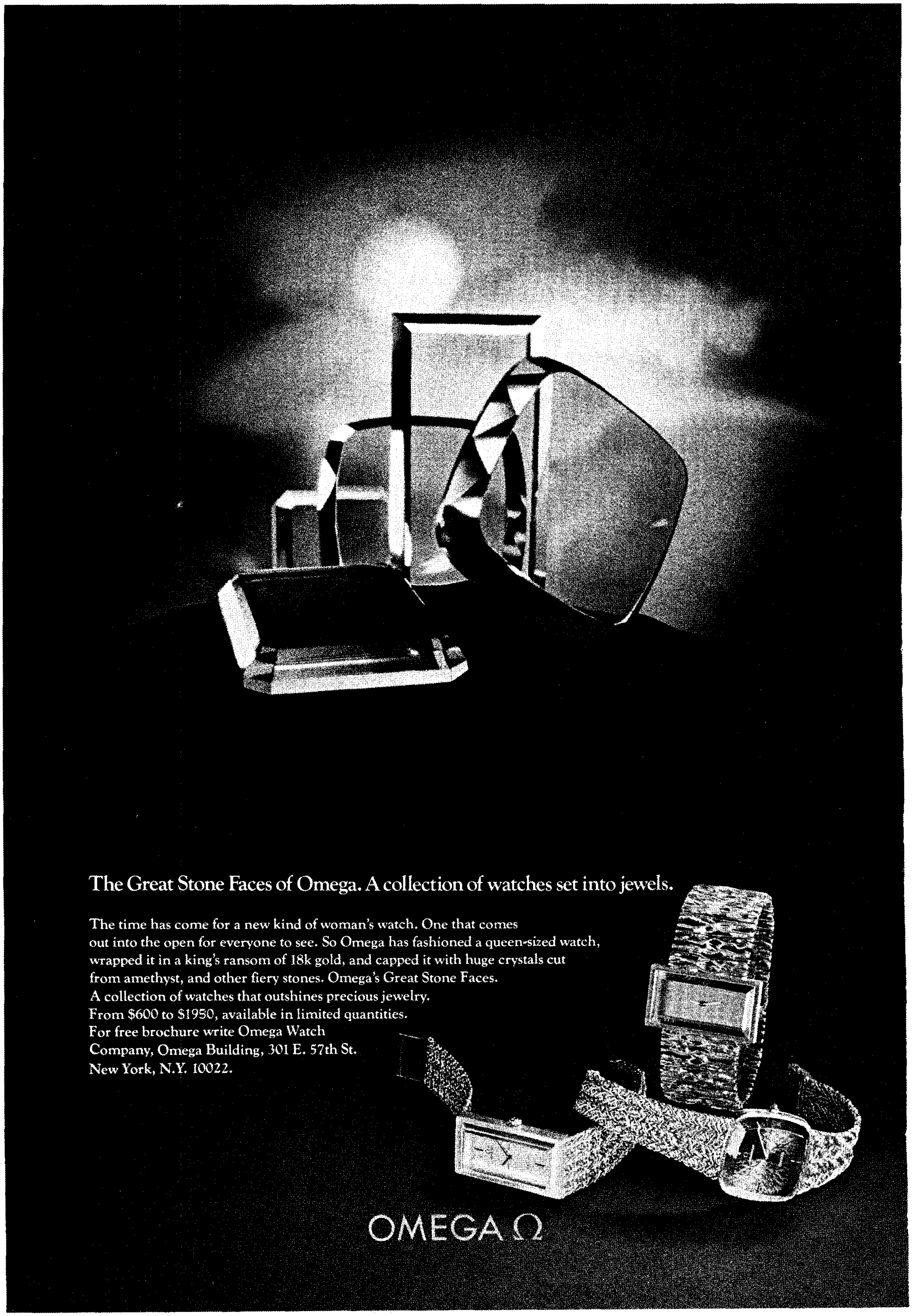

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OMEGA Ω

ence (the designer's name is Chiyo) consists of a wraparound karate jacket and matching trousers in man-made suède. The jacket is reversible and lined in three different colors (sleeves, front, and back) of glazed cotton, and its suède surface is intricately embroidered with lines of stitching in contrasting colors. There are several possible schemes, but we fell especially for a set of variations on the theme of rust, beige, and ochre. The jacket is $86, the pants $44. The outfit might be worn with some unusual Italian ankle boots here, which have flat crêpe soles, gold-metal hooks to anchor the laces, and a row of gold-metal nailheads running around the vamp an inch or so above the sole. In emerald leather or red suède, among other breezy choices, they are $23. Nadelia, at 645 Madison Avenue (60th), gives particular attention to matters Gallic and can provide a classic silk shirt, in a choice of ten colors, including red, yellow, green, and black, for the remarkably low price of $25. A pair of well-tailored velvet trousers from the French firm of Frank Olivier is here in green, orange, blue, or Snow Maiden white. These pants are said to be well adapted to the shape of American women—something that can *not* be said of many French styles. The price is $37.95. Bottega Veneta is a newcomer to Madison Avenue, at No. 655 (60th), and its forte is fine leatherwork carried out, predictably enough, in Italy. A really superb clutch purse here, made of the softest kid, measures fourteen and three-quarters inches by seven and a half. The bag closes in a double flap: the first flap opens to reveal a deep compartment plunging off into the depths of the bag, and the second flap, peeping out beneath the first, snaps open to display a silk-lined interior complete with zipper pocket. The color choice is dark brown, green, black, navy, or burgundy, and the price is $90. A perfect companion for this and for some favored working girl is a kidskin attaché case, fourteen inches by ten by three, with a leather handle, brass locks, and hand-stitched edges. The inside, which is lined in tan leather, has a snap-in compartment for documents, and tidy holders for pen and pencils. In brown, black, or a supremely elegant burgundy, it costs $145. Luludi, whose name is the Greek word for flower (one has to be a linguist to shop on Madison Avenue), has settled in at the Carlton, at No. 680. In addition to the obligatory baskets, quilts, patchwork pillows, Madras anemones, and Paisley poppies that one must expect of fashionable florists, the

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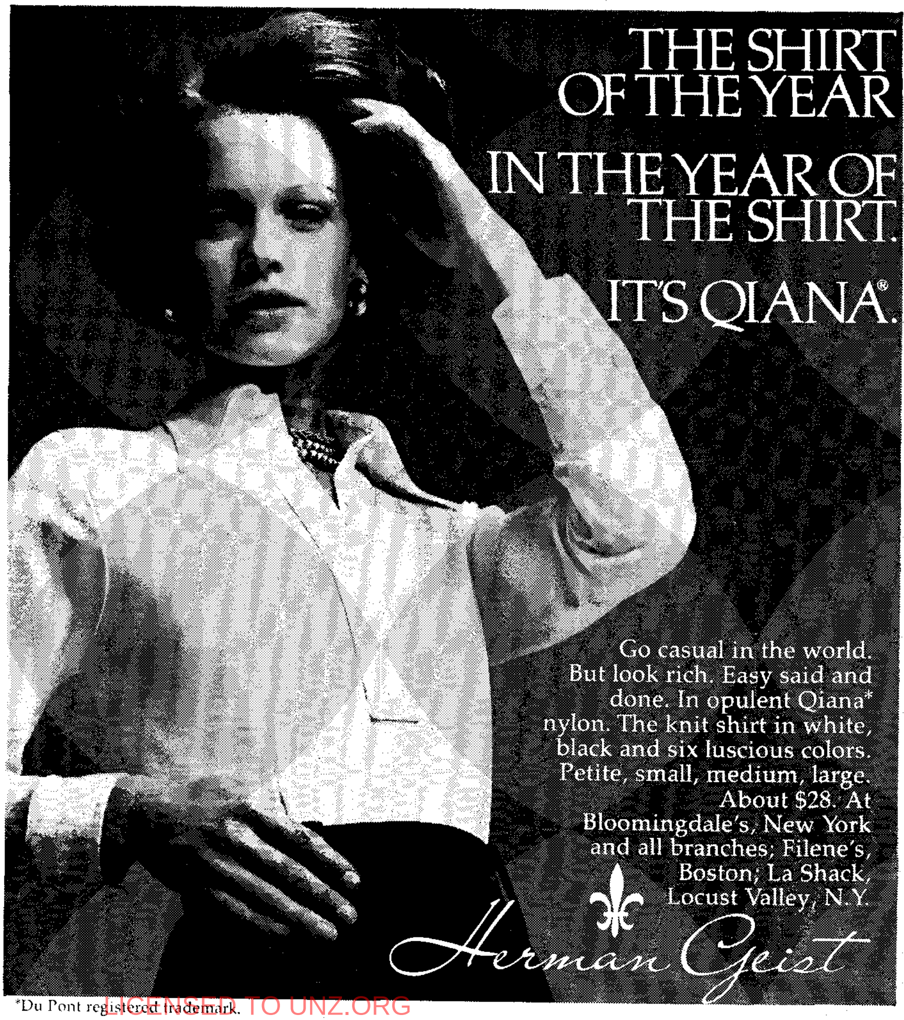
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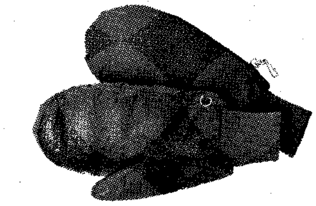

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shop sells some humble old growing things—such as lichens, ferns, and mosses—in a self-contained, desk-top universe of a terrarium, three and a half inches by four, and three inches high; $15. After stopping in at Sherry-Lehmann (No. 679) for a magnum of 1971 Beaujolais—Brouilly, Château de la Chaize—priced at $7.96, to do justice to our Christmas goose, we move along to Tibetan Arts & Crafts, at No. 693 (62nd), where there are plenty of inexpensive possibilities. Everything here is made by Tibetan refugees in India and Nepal, working with Indian fabrics. A wraparound blouse with dropped shoulders and long, loose sleeves comes in a variety of vivid shades of silk-and-rayon, including bright pink, turquoise, and scarlet; the surprising price is $12.50. And any woman bound for winter sunshine might tuck into her baggage a bright cotton skirt in an Indian medallion print involving red, black, and white; $24. A further inexpensive patch of color might be picked up across the street at a new hairdresser's called La Coupe (No. 694): a curved plastic comb to hold back your bangs or your bun is four inches long and can be had in bright red, bright blue, and such, and in pastel colors as well. Such combs they say, are the very latest rage in Paris, whence these come; $5. Amulets & Talismans, a newcomer, at No. 740 (64th), has a new approach to baubles, resembling, as it does, an art gallery more than a conventional jeweller's. There are many attractive and unusual pieces here, some of them designed to serve the subsidiary purpose of warding off evil. There are also some very simple styles, such as a bracelet of three strands of fine chain either in silver ($25) or in 14-carat gold ($100). Only minimally more complicated is a curve of silver tubing that goes around the wrist and ends in two unmeeting knobs. The bracelet is Celtic in inspiration, and costs $40.

Pierre d'Alby has recently arrived at 769 Madison Avenue (66th), and everything on sale here is from France. There are the very lastest Parisian fashions in sweaters, blouses, and shoes, all of which are likely to be snaffled up by the determinedly fashionable women who shop on Madison, so if you see something that tempts you, don't take a week to think it over and expect to find it when you go back. (This is generally true of shops that inspire high shopping passions for imported, irregularly shipped styles.) Pierre d'Alby *does*, though, regularly stock a delightful mock-tweedy, Burberryish

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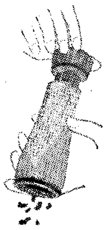

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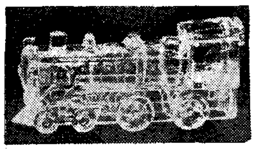

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trenchcoat in a water-repellent Glen-plaid wool. It has raglan shoulders, and there's a deep vent in back. The skirt, which is knee length, has a happy swing to it. The color is either navy or brown, and the price is $110. At No. 770, a shop called the Patch Works lives up to its name by way of an ankle-length dress. The bodice is sleeveless, V-necked, and in solid red; but it is attached to a skirt made of an assemblage of scraps of various wool tartans. Tartans being what they are, there is a lot of red and green, and the effect is seasonably jolly. Neck and waist are trimmed with navy grosgrain ribbon, and the price is $60. At No. 791, the red-painted storefront of a newly remodelled branch of Ciro, the Fifth Avenue jeweller, is jolly, too. Inside, the shopper may examine a number of silver-and-enamel rings. Some have, say, red and black enamel stripes on silver; these are $35. Others, with ovals of black, red, green, or navy enamel set into silver, are $30. Valentino's tall, thin shop at No. 801 (67th) has an autumnal woollen sweater. The long sleeves are brown, and the crew-necked bodice is blue and bedecked with a scattering of knitted chestnuts. A mellow $55 is the price. Cache-Cache, on the second floor of 27 East 67th Street, is only about a month old, but it is full of authoritative gift suggestions. Ninety dollars buys a pair of wide-legged trousers in a luxurious emerald velveteen printed with white ferns. Forty-four dollars buys a blouse to wear with them, which is made of silky jersey, either white or emerald, and has a wraparound front and generous sleeves. Cache-Cache also offers objects made of or covered in a floral-printed cotton rich in tiger lilies, which was designed by the firm of Porthault. A ruffled baby pillow is $27.50, for instance, and a covered, lidded box with holes in which to stand nine lipsticks is $10.

EVEN without these trips upstairs and other diversions from the straight and narrow, a ten-block stretch of gazing and sighing among the shops of Madison Avenue is a taxing experience, so we set aside another day for a route that begins with Leo Kaplan Antiques, at No. 816 (68th). A hundred and fifty dollars or so will cover the cost of an antique French paperweight—an inch-high dome, two inches in diameter, in a millefiori style that was made in the factory at Clichy. The recipient wouldn't need to be a connoisseur to hold it in her cupped hands and peer appreciatively at its un-

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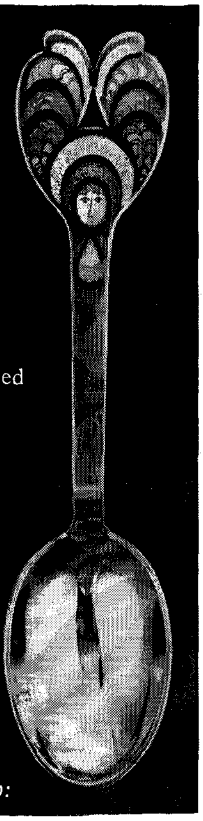

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derwater-garden effects in pinks and blues twined around with waving seaweed strands in green and red. And, more sportingly, Jaeger, at No. 818, provides a vista of saddles, horses' heads, horns, and hounds, on a field of port-wine red or billiard-table green—all this in a tailored silk shirt, for $44. Wool-knit skirts in the red or the green pair up with the shirts, and have self-colored calfskin belts that fasten on either side of the waist with horseshoe-shaped brass buckles; $60. More authentically sporting, but just as fashionable, are the outfits at Tennis Lady, at 33 East 68th Street. A sleeveless tennis dress in a sweater-knit acrylic has matching bikini pants and cardigan, and may be had in conservative white or the more radical new pastel shades. The dress has a gently shaped waist and a quietly flared skirt; its neck is a U ringed by fragile, openwork stitchery, which also—with the addition of a row of small diamond-shaped perforations—serves to decorate and ventilate the midriff and the hem. On the long-sleeved, hip-length cardigan, panels of the openwork and diamonds run down either side of the front, parallel to a row of gold-metal ball buttons. The dress is $34, the cardigan is $24, and the panties are $10.

Gavroche, at 827 Madison Avenue (69th), has a short-sleeved shirtdress from France that would raise the spirits of the wearer on gray winter days without sacrificing her air of trim efficiency. The fabric is a blended wool flannel, with a print of small flower sprays on a choice of pastel backgrounds. The knee-length skirt is pleated and stitched flat through the hips, and the price is $75. Up the street at No. 829 is a new shop called Pratesi, whose chief concern is with beautifully finished sheets, towels, and suchlike, all from Italy, but which can further enliven bedroom and bathroom with a luxurious terry-cloth robe. One short wrap robe here is trimmed around neck, sleeves, hem, and front edges with ruffles of scalloped silky linen crêpe. The robe can be had in a choice of ten colors, and further variety is achieved by the piping around the ruffles, which may be in either a matching or a contrasting color. The price is $85, and a simpler version, with piping but no ruffles, is $50.40. At Lady Continental, at No. 836—a new address for this shop—we cross the Alps once more, for a French coat in the trench style but in bright-red wool twill, at $225, and a pair of matching, similarly Gallic

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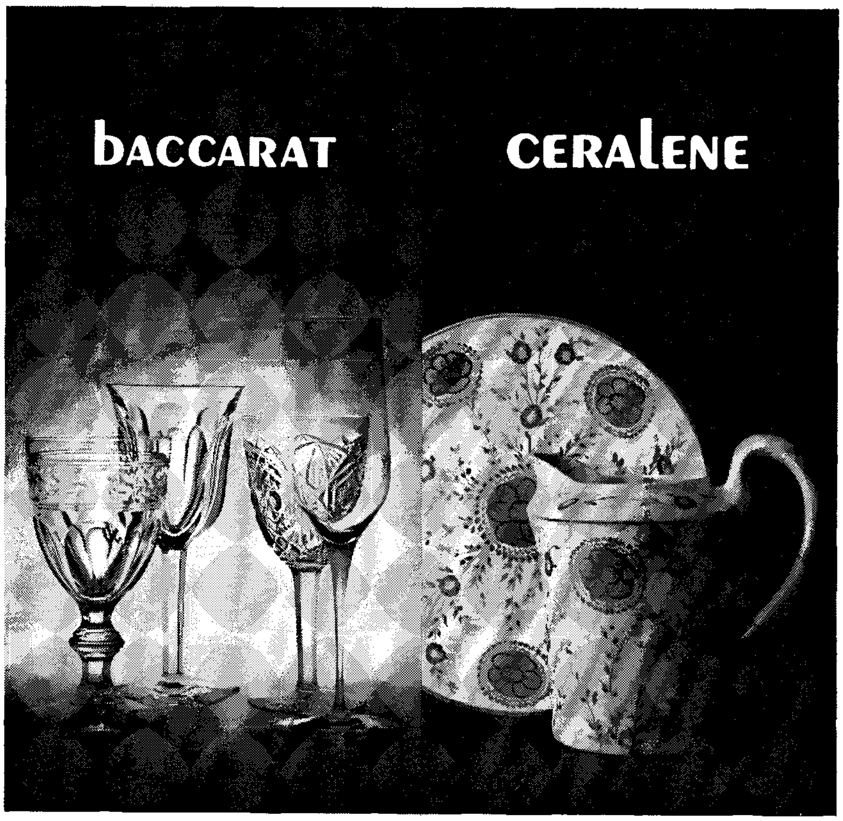
trousers, for $65. Or we can cross the Channel, too—at least in spirit—for here are plaid skirts and Shetland sweaters from France but in *le style anglais:* a plaid kilt that no clan on earth would recognize combines yellow, orange, red, and green, and costs $45. Any of these colors can be matched in a cardigan or a crew-necked or turtleneck pullover, for between $20 and $25. On to Diane Love, at No. 851 (70th), where they do a roaring (or perhaps purring would be more in character with this elegant little shop) trade in wicker baskets, these piled high with a variety of seashells. A weathered-looking, roughly globular basket, four inches high and three inches wide, is filled with snail shells in soft browns, grays, and fawns. The outlay is $15. And $30 obtains a flat evening bag, seven inches by eight, slung from a chain of square links of fake gold. The fabric involved is a Japanese brocade, in a wide choice of patterns based on traditional Kabuki robes and including stripes and geometric or floral patterns. Nina Needlepoint, at No. 860 (70th), has come up with the raw ingredients of a belt for the needlepoint buff to get to work on. When mounted, it is two inches wide and fastens with a fake-gold buckle in the shape of the pattern worked on the canvas. The themes include gray elephants and purple scallop shells (shells are In this year), and the cost is $30 for painted canvas and yarn, $12.50 for the buckle. Rive Gauche is at No. 855 (71st), and this is the spot for the much-sought-after modes of Saint Laurent. Any of the long-sleeved, long, kilt-skirted dinner dresses here would be a welcome present. They are of wool challis, and there is a choice of patterns and colors, including a double harlequin design in black and orange or in two shades of burgundy. The price is $350. Gifts and treats, none of them unrelated to fashion, are the business of Ffolio, at No. 888. A simple and elegant notice board, made of white Lucite and framed in shiny steel, makes the point that humble reminders, messages, and childish sketches are entitled to their share of Pure Form. A board two feet long and six inches wide is $15, with a Magic Marker thrown in. A carved-ivory cribbage board, hollow so that the pegs are kept safe inside it, is a lovely thing; even the fiercely trumpeting elephant on top of it looks delicate. This is $40. And at 989 Madison Avenue, at the Carlyle (as we progress uptown we have more time to

CRYSTAL AND LIMOGES CHINA

FROM FRANCE



Four great designs from Baccarat: Jonzac $35, Malmaison $30, Lagny $45, Laurent Perrier Champagne $9.50. At right, Sarabande, a young, colorful pattern from Ceralene-Raynaud. $52 for the 5-piece place setting. Write for brochures and name of nearest dealer. Baccarat, 55 East 57th Street, NY, NY 10022.

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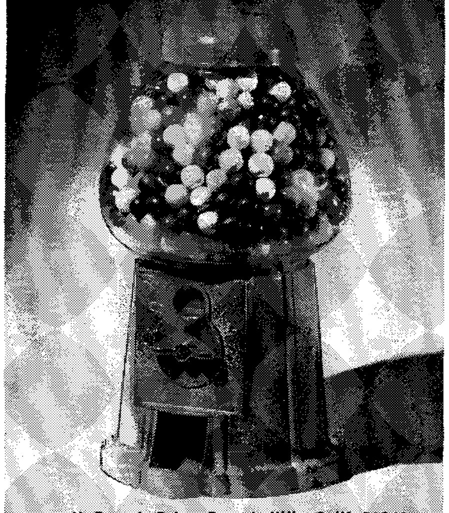

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walk and reflect between shops), is Cordoba, with a souped-up duffel coat in deep-blue lambskin suède gaily ornamented at the wrists and the hood with fluffy white Mongolian lamb. Two eight-by-ten-inch patch pockets were not passed over in the Mongolian-lamb distribution, either. The lining is of saffron acrylic pile. And the coat is fastened by groups of narrow suède ribbons, which grow out of small round metal plates; $275.

ABOVE the Carlyle, the pace slackens, Gristedes abound, and the air, they say, gets purer. In a receptive and relaxed mood, then, we stop in at the American Indian Arts Center, at 1042 Madison Avenue (79th), and give thought to some profound necklaces made by the Zuñi Indians of New Mexico. Little birds, fish, and animals carved out of shell—including some abalone shells—are strung from a rope of tiny intact mottled shells. The Indian craftsmen believe that by carving the likeness of a creature they free its spirit from its nacreous prison and bring good fortune to the wearer. The necklaces range in length from eleven to fifteen inches, in strands from one to three, and in price from $65 to $250. Moving along to Wendy's Store, at No. 1046, we marvel at more flights of fancy and skillful handwork, this time in what is almost certainly the prize-winner in this year's bumper crop of unusual sweaters. The garment, which is hand-crocheted of angora yarn, is basically a cardigan, but no description can encompass its manifold aspects. A narrow peplum flips out below the skinny body, and the sleeves are long, slim, and lightly puffed. A Peter Pan collar tops a row of pearly buttons that duplicate the various hues in the sweater. These are many, and chiefly on the pale side, and they show up, in different stitches, in narrow rows down the bodice, in rainbow arches on the yoke and midriff, and in a sunburst on the back. Among them are aquamarine, lemon, lavender, rose, pale blue, mint, and orange sherbet. The price is $125.

While we are in the neighborhood, let's slip over to the Metropolitan Museum of Art to take note of some additions to the collection of jewelry the Museum reproduces from antique pieces and sells in its gift shop. A bushy-maned lion, snarling in profile, makes a gold-metal pin two inches high and an inch and a half wide; $13.75. A belt buckle has been adapted from a twelfth-century Persian plaque representing a tree of life flanked by flamin-

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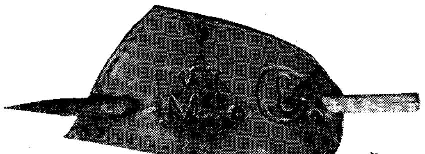

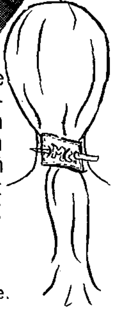

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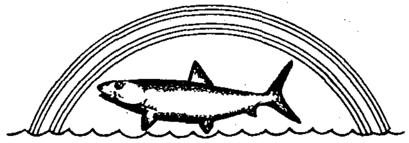

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go-like birds. In a choice of gold- or silver-metal finish, this is $16.75. Across the Park, at the Museum of Natural History, you can find further encirclement for waistlines—a handwoven Navajo sash of fringed cotton three inches wide and six feet long; the price ranges from $25 to $40, depending on the intricacy of the pattern. A necklace of alternating silver beads and turquoise ones, also of Indian origin, is $175. And now that we're off the beaten track, let's not overlook the Museum of the City of New York, at Fifth Avenue and 104th Street, where a replica of the Continental dollar of 1776, in silver plate and on a chain for the neck, is only $2. So is a less directly patriotic replica of a gold doubloon of Philip V, dated 1736, or a Dutch silver ducatoon of 1716.

Back on Madison Avenue, we step between the two round eyes that form the shopwindows of Jones Street, Ltd., at No. 1070 (81st). Here, we mull over a youthful little vest (or halter, depending on what goes underneath) in creamy calfskin hand-painted with brilliant flowers—peonies, poppies, blue and yellow pansies. One style has a high neck, another a low one; both tie at the nape and round the waist, and neither has any back worth mentioning. The price is $48. The Macklowe Gallery, at 1088 Madison Avenue (82nd), specializes in all kinds of antique jewelry, including rings, earrings, many pieces of Art Nouveau and Art Deco, and a splendid collection of Georgian, Victorian, cloisonné, and Japanese enamel buckles. For instance, a buckle of Chinese cloisonné, about three inches long and something under two inches high, that consists of three interlocking, flower-wreathed circles of sky-blue enamel is $50. A Georgian buckle of sterling silver in the shape of a flowery wreath has a dividing bar across the middle set with a garnet, and is $30. More jewelry, in general fairly inexpensive, is to be found at a shop called Art Asia, which is also at 1088 Madison. (Near at hand, too, is Lobel's Prime Meats, which displays its sides of beef in illuminated cases just as though they were jewels, and where a fresh Christmas goose can be ordered.) At Art Asia there are Ethiopian crosses in silver or brass, to hang at waist or throat against the Evil Eye. These cost between $8 and $36. And long Egyptian faïence beads—like lengths of macaroni but colored blue, green, gray, or in earth tones—are strung between smaller, rounded beads, and priced at $58. The bargain-filled Ulla is at No. 1135, at 84th (and at No. 886, at

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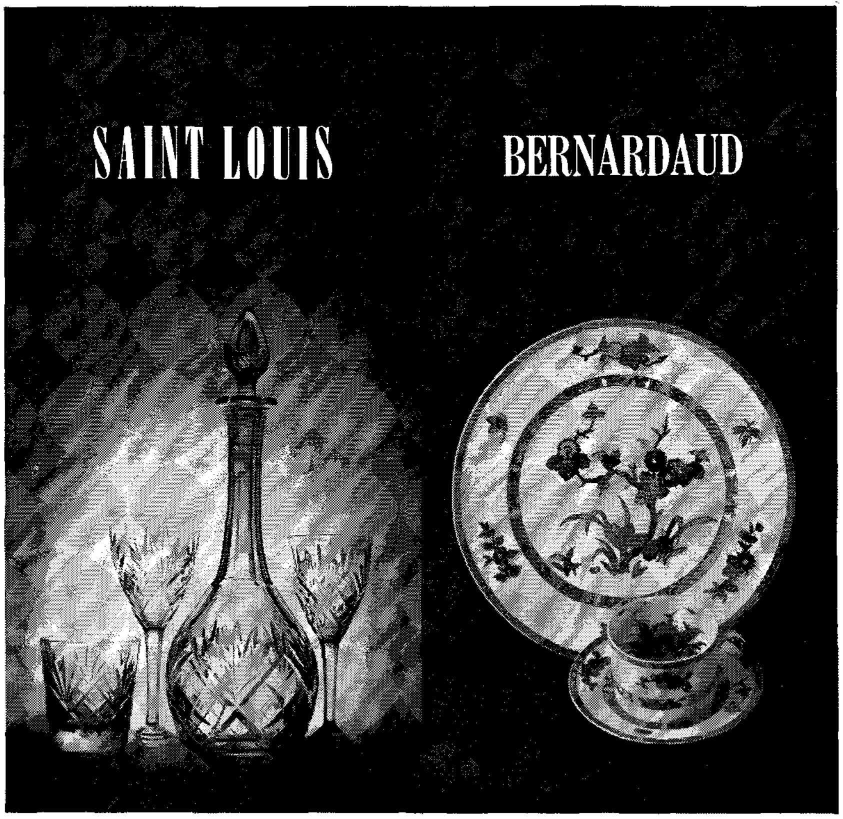

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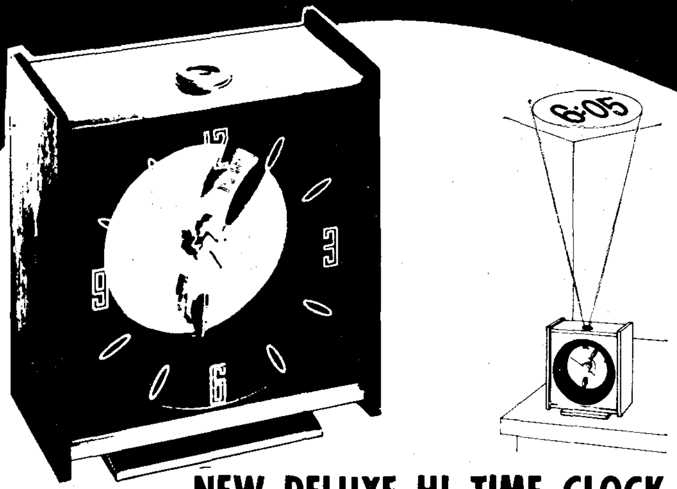

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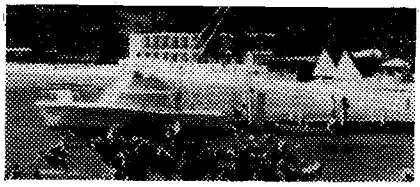
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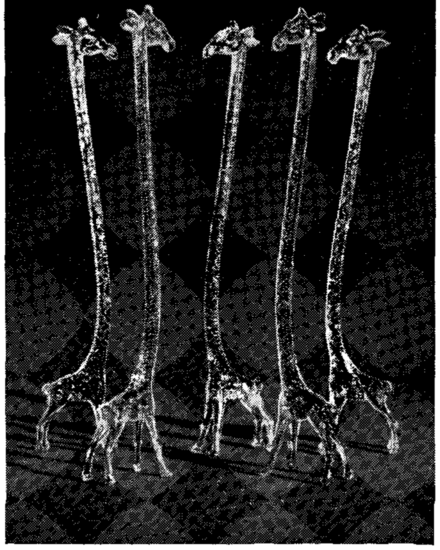
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72nd, too), and one of its bargains is a slithery evening ensemble in black matte jersey. A tank top with a bloused, elasticized waist is $16; an unbuttoning, collarless cardigan jacket is $30; and a pair of wide-legged trousers is $35. A tailored shirt and an ankle-length skirt in cream-colored wool-and-polyester are printed with a crewel theme in green, mauve, and navy, and cost $22 and $25, respectively. Ecucci, recently arrived at No. 1162 (86th), has more ideas for evenings by the hearth. One ensemble, from the Italian firm of Crissa, begins with a long-sleeved black turtleneck in a fine wool ribbed knit and with its armholes and neck ringed by ruffles striped in black, wine, olive, and white. With this goes a long skirt in broad bands of olive, wine, and black, all dotted with white. A band at the hem sails off on its own textural ideas, but the colors are the same. The whole is more subtle and less confused than you might think, and the price is $120. Swinburne, at 1225 Madison Avenue (88th), is a source of unusual objects from Asia. Here are inch-wide jade rings, from China—originally meant to protect an archer's finger, now merely for peaceful decoration—that cost $30. A round brass tray from a Turkish taverna, equipped with a carrying gadget, might be put to good use as a stand for plant pots. The tray is sixteen inches in diameter and has an inch-high guardrail around the edge, which would comfort philodendrons with a fear of heights; $35. The last base of our present expedition is Upper Mad, at No. 1260 (90th), which offers a little number in peach-colored satin-backed crêpe. Full-legged trousers are $45, and a collarless cardigan is $40. A nylon georgette blouse in a peach-and-black abstract print teams up most satisfactorily; $28.

THIS may well be the last Christmas that the East Fifties will justify a separate shopping excursion. Take Fifty-third Street, between Second and Third Avenues, for instance—a block that we used to have a particular affection for. The south side is now completely barren of florists, hairdressers, and restaurants, having been replaced by the boarded-up windows and placards of Urban Relocation. The north side, though, lives on. Kamali is still at 229 East 53rd, and the shop is livelier than ever. Here are all sorts of delightful, youthful schemes in fake Persian lamb, black or white. A high-waisted bolero jacket in the black, with rolled-back shawl collar, is

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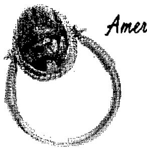
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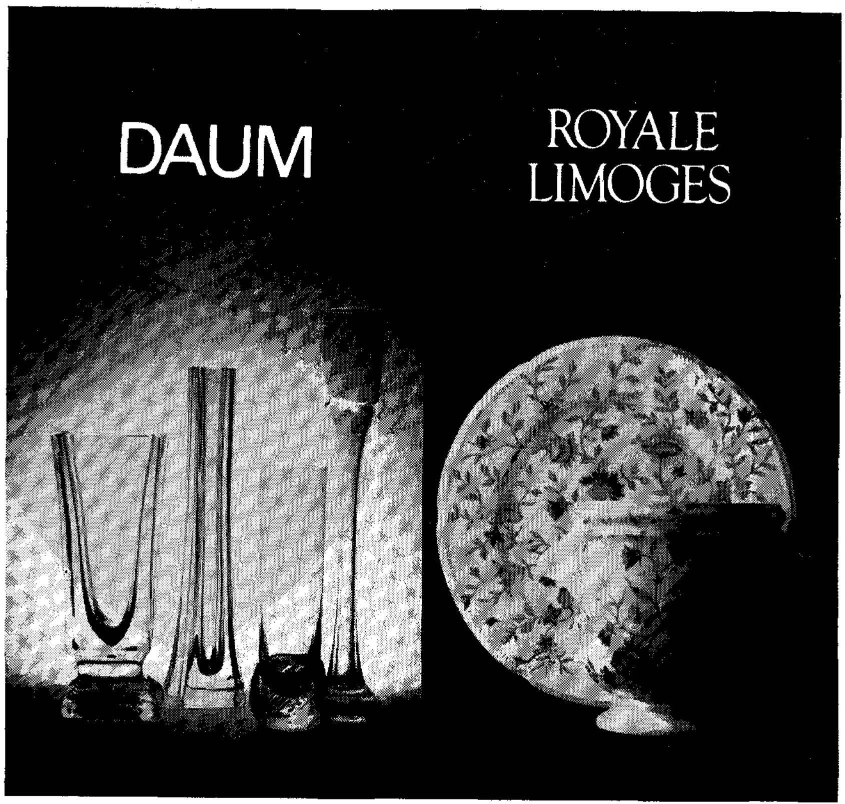
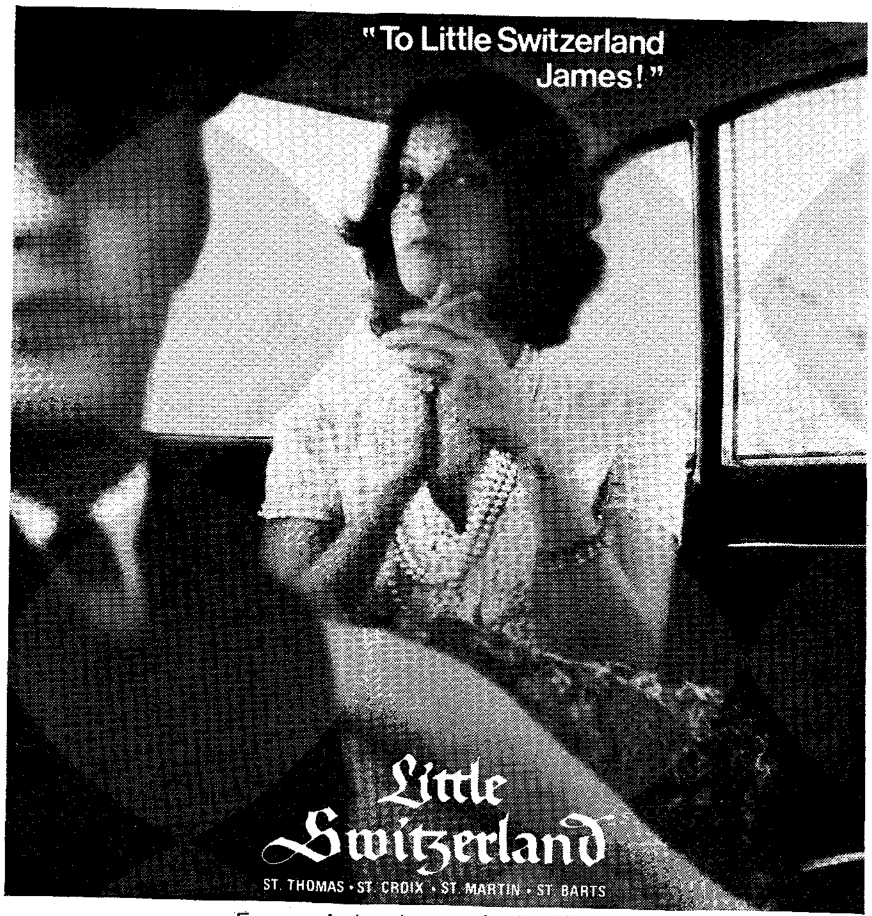
$82.50. This bolero barely reaches the high waistband of a gray worsted skirt that is very skaterlike, being by virtue of many gores even more than a full circle. At the knee-high hem, a two-and-a-half-inch band of the black fake fur; $55. A huge black beret to match is $25. And Betsey, Bunky & Nini is still at No. 237. Here are man-tailored shirts in floral-print cotton lawn by Liberty of London, at $34, and strange, loose-sleeved wrap blouses made up of bits of different antique fabrics. We saw one blouse that had orange Paisley chiffon in the sleeves, black rayon damask in the front and back, and polka-dotted satin yokes; $40. At La Tienda, at 251 East 52nd Street, there are handsome horn bangles from Colombia, in the soft gray, brown, and beige one would expect, and sometimes with carved scalloped edges. They may be as much as an inch and a half wide, and they cost a humble $9. Robert Webb, a florist at 900 First Avenue (51st), specializes in baskets, filled and otherwise. Twenty dollars or so will buy a basket woven by American Indians and containing three pots of African violets. A telephone call (421-6877) is recommended before a visit, since the shop's hours are erratic at this season. And in New York even change is not a definitive state: the Chelsea Cobbler, which closed down in the spring, has now reopened at 122 East 55th Street, and can supply a pair of frivolous, elegant, impeccably made shoes. In burgundy kid, with a four-and-a-half-inch heel and a platform of around an inch, they have a d'Orsay profile, an ankle strap, and a peep toe piped in white. The vamp is scalloped and similarly piped, and it is also graced by a white leather flower whose hand-cut petals might belong to a hybrid rose-and-gardenia, but whose just-visible green leather leaves are obviously those of a camellia; $55. A matching shoulder bag—for wearing on separate occasions, we feel—is in the sophisticated proportions of nine inches high by eight inches wide, and has two white flowers set diagonally on its flap; $50. Finally, we pop into the Lighthouse Craftshop, at 111 East 59th Street, for a drip-dry cotton coverall with generous patch pockets in the skirt and buttons down the back. It comes in a choice of solid colors, all of which are on the bright side, and the price is $7.

THE Lighthouse signals that we are approaching the reefs of reckless spending at Bloomingdale's. The presence of a newly expanded shop called

CRYSTAL AND LIMOGES CHINA FROM FRANCE



Daum displays its way with vases: Cratere $105, Docel $50, Neve $38, Floreal $45. Write for the name of nearest dealer. Daum International, 225 Fifth Avenue, NY, NY 10010. At right, Adriana, a colorful garden of rosebuds, bachelor buttons and leaves. $23.50 for the 5-piece place setting. The cache-pot is $36. Royale Limoges,11 East 26th Street, NY NY 10010. Write for brochure and name of nearest dealer.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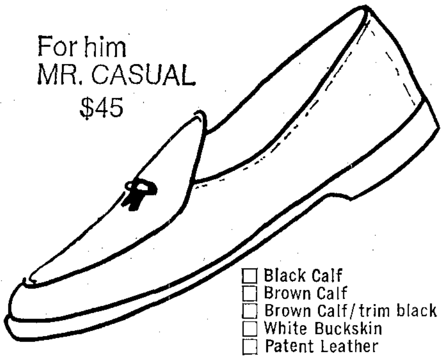

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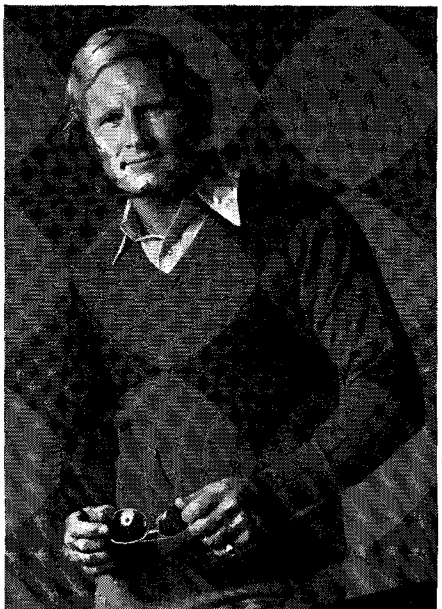

Ballantyne

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Cul de Sac, on the main floor near the Lexington Avenue doors, tempts us to try to do all our shopping right here and so avoid being crushed in the mob farther on. In a choice selection of Jewelry as Form is some work by Elsa Peretti, *who has been a pioneer in the* stripping away of fuss, and who bears considerable responsibility for the rage for ivory and silver. Here are her marvellously simple sterling-silver cuffs, like something a Greek soldier might have worn, but fragile-seeming, too, somehow. Each is nothing but a two-inch curve of silver with a gap in the back to slip the cuff on the wrist, and an outward dent to accommodate the wristbone; $150 each. The current Peretti belt is just as distinctive: an inch-wide band of black leather loops closed by the tail of an ivory comma. The price is $95. The more adventurous shopper might press through the crowds and take the escalator to the third floor, where the Furs & Leather shop displays a very sleek trouser suit in scarlet lambskin, with jeans-cut trousers and a battle jacket that has bands of brown ribbed knit at waist and wrists and a brown pile collar. There are two pockets set, like those of an aviator jacket, at rib-cage height; $135. In Bloomingdale's forest of beauty shrines, the Polly Bergen stand will yield up a package containing a bottle of Oil of the Turtle Massage Treatment Cream for Hands (also recommended for the feet), and a pair of cotton-lined red and white polka-dotted synthetic-kid gloves (not suitable for the feet) that provide, together, a beauty treatment for hands even while they are busy with home chores; $5.

Meanwhile, behind Bloomie's, life goes on, even though Third Avenue seems no closer, as Christmases go by, to getting a real road surface again. But in the unpolluted Butler's, at 203 East 60th Street, we may crunch through a sustaining platter of raw vegetables and drain a mug of refreshing apple juice before proceeding to De Noyer, at No. 219, where there is a short-sleeved wool sweater with some interesting points to make. There are such details as a modest puff at the shoulder; a bold royal-blue band of ribbing, six inches wide, at the waist; and a mock turtleneck, which is also royal blue. In between is a footballer's lineup of royal blue, light blue, and red, except that the stripes are interrupted by an impertinent bunch of blue and red dots; $50. Next door, at No. 221, in the spot once occupied by the unpronounceable Faramenous, is the remarkably similar but to-

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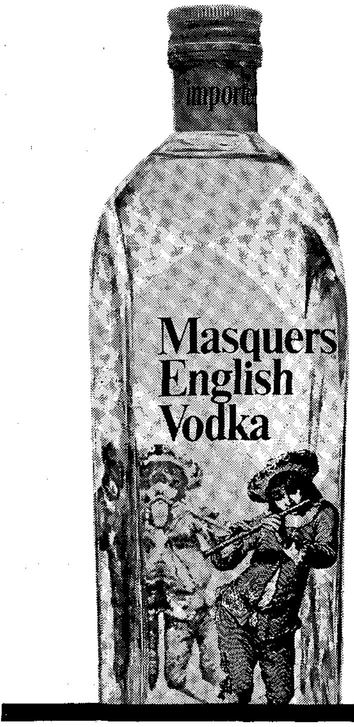

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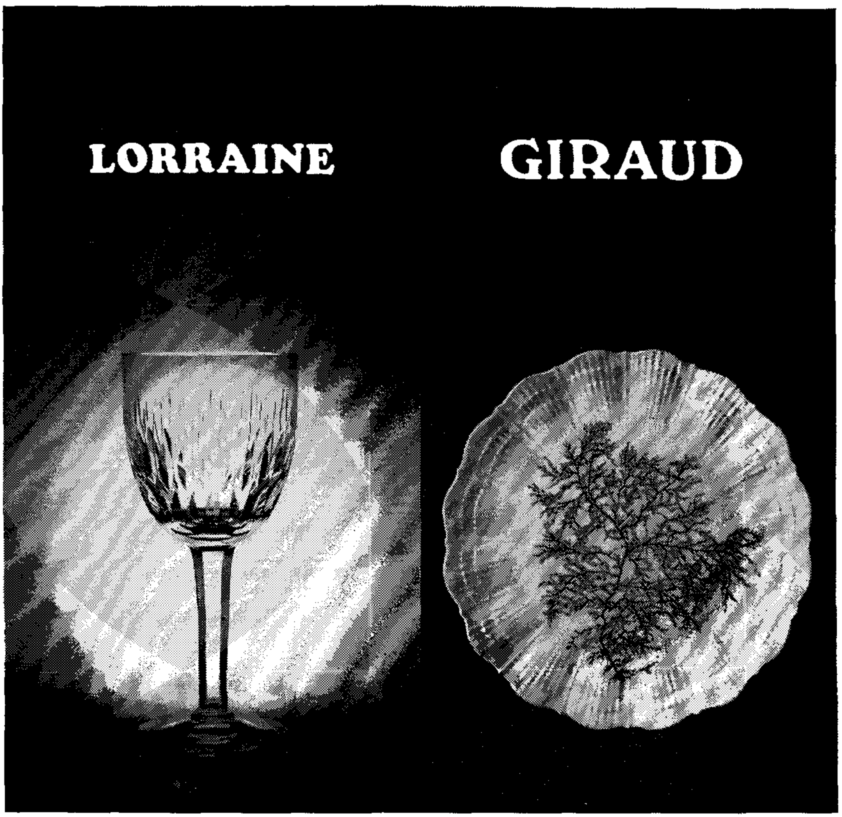
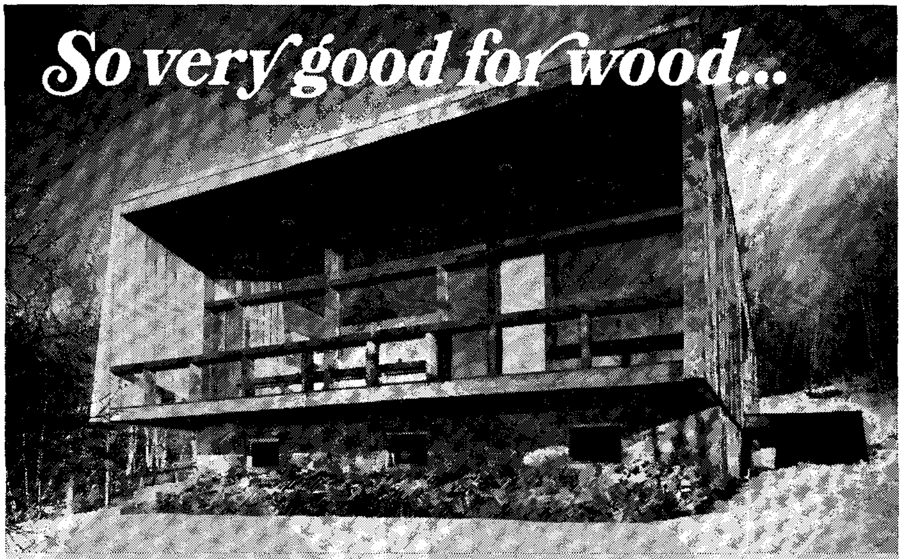
tally pronounceable La Seine. Here is further short-sleeved sweatery, this time hand-knit in the kind of fine wool-and-rayon yarn that almost gleams and always makes for elegance. In the present instance, the elegance consists of a dolman-sleeve-and-bodice part, set above a five-and-a-half-inch band of vertical ribbing. The neckline may be bateau or square, the sleeves may be elbow length or, with the addition of a tube below each elbow, a languid leg-of-mutton style. With long sleeves, the sweater is $60; with short ones, $50. Some examples of each type are in stock, but there is a wide choice of unusual shades—such as copper, jungle green, and corn—available to the shopper who can wait one week for an order. Up a step, down a step, and we enter another shop with an odd name—Scarabaeus, which is next door at No. 223, and is rich in unusual presents drawn from the work of young artists and craftsmen. From the imagination and the skillful hands of one Cynthia Picci come some quite extraordinary woollen house socks or after-ski boots in an openwork hand crochet, with moccasin-leather soles and a curve in the top edge like that of a hockey player's shin guards. The wool has an interesting feel, being a combination of commonplace factory-made stuff and hand-spun yarn. The colors are enchanting, and line up in rows of single-shell stitch, in Turneresque combinations of rare, earthy rusts, ochres, browns, and greens, or airy layers of blue, green, turquoise, purple, and lavender; $50 a pair is the price of all this art. A wool-and-angora acorn cap, to be pulled down or cuffed back, in similar colors and stitches, is $20. The shop also offers a fine array of jewelry made of feathers, shells, and beads. This seems to be a very woolly block, for D. D. Dominick, across at No. 220, also has unusual knitwear. An exceptionally heavy wool that feels slightly oiled, like an Arran sweater, goes into coats from Mexico which can be had in two lengths—knee length and either ankle or midi length, depending on the wearer. Too minute a girl, though, might fail to live up to the majesty of the coat, which has a big shawl collar, a big sash, and big wooden buttons. Strange horizontal bands of Greek-key and cresting-wave designs run their course, and the colors are a muted combination of pink, blue, gray, and white, or maybe deep green, dull red, gray, and mauve. The price is $150. But perhaps the last word on the subject of knitted clothes should go to the charming Knity, at 134½ East 62nd Street,

CRYSTAL AND LIMOGES CHINA FROM FRANCE



Valmy, handcrafted lead crystal from Cristallerie Lorraine, 57620 Lemberg, France. At right, The Tree of Life, the Brussels World's Fair award-winning Giraud design by Francoise Adnet. $42 the 5-piece place setting. Mayhew, 509 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Write for brochures and name of nearest dealer.



Mountainside retreat: Architect: Andrew Daland, Cambridge, Mass.; Cabot's Stains throughout.

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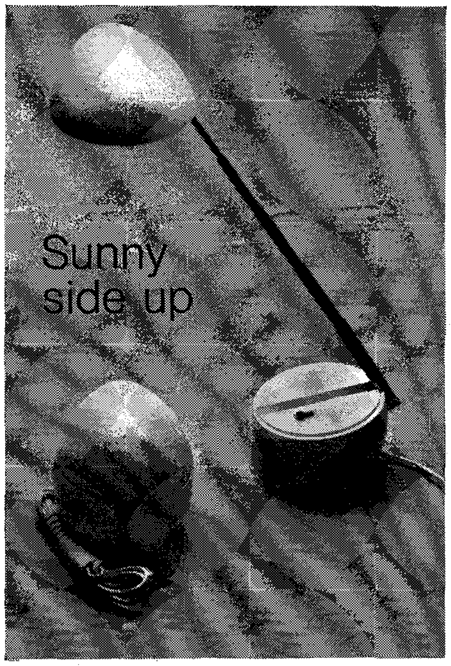

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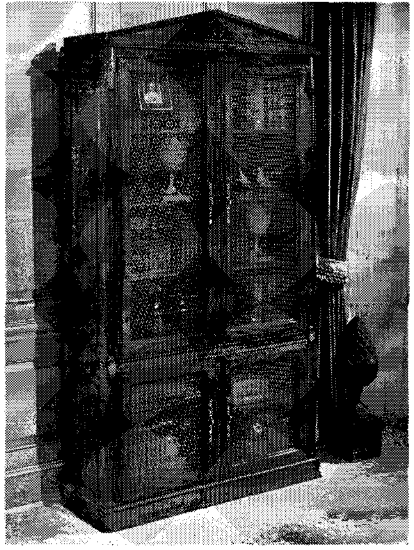
just east of Lexington Avenue. This sprightly spot deals in the fine hand-knitted designs of Miss Omi, who can supply a size 8 from her stock but whose real business—all of it directed at slender women—is knitting things to order, in any color (usually in a fine wool-and-rayon yarn) in the space of two weeks. The clothes are often breathtaking. There is, for example, a most elegant long-sleeved sweater, in ivory, with a crew neck and with a fragile diamond shape marked out in drawn-thread stitches on its front. On one shoulder is a cossack-tunic fastening, using small crochet buttons, whose effect is far from martial. With this sweater goes a knee-length knitted A-line skirt in hunter green, with a stripe of ribbing down the front and with a four-inch-deep band of a Scandinavian snowflake pattern in ivory at the hem. The price is $190 for the set.

At 158 East 64th Street is a new and very pure-looking shop, called Maiden Sun, where the walls are white, the floors are bare, and the fabrics—all of them from Iran—are often vivid. Here are some graceful and unusual evening skirts in handwoven silk which have accordion pleats that flutter to the wearer's feet. The prints are unusual and the colors gay, and the price is $50. A maidenly white cotton tunic, embroidered at the collarless neck, the three-quarter sleeves, and the ankle-length hem with strange birds, flowers, and creatures, is $14.95. And, to prove that no place is too remote for the diligent seeker after the very thing, we press on to 1207 First Avenue (65th), where, on the premises of the San Francisco New World Clothing Trust, we examine an excellent pair of brushed-denim jeans, in various brown shades as well as traditional blues. Seams—which include the kind that curve up the back and are reputed to flatter bottoms—are decorated with zigzag stitching in contrasting colors; $24. A knitted sweater jacket in a bird's-eye pattern of black, brown, and beige, has a shawl collar, a belt like a Norfolk jacket's, and raglan sleeves. It could top the jeans quite nicely, for $75.

A FEW years ago, Lexington Avenue between Bloomingdale's and Gimbels East might not have struck one as a place to look for much of anything except food markets, locksmiths, and pizza parlors. But there are indications that more fashionable, ambitious times are coming for that stretch. At No. 876 (65th), for instance, is Fudpucker's, with a flawless-

time will tell



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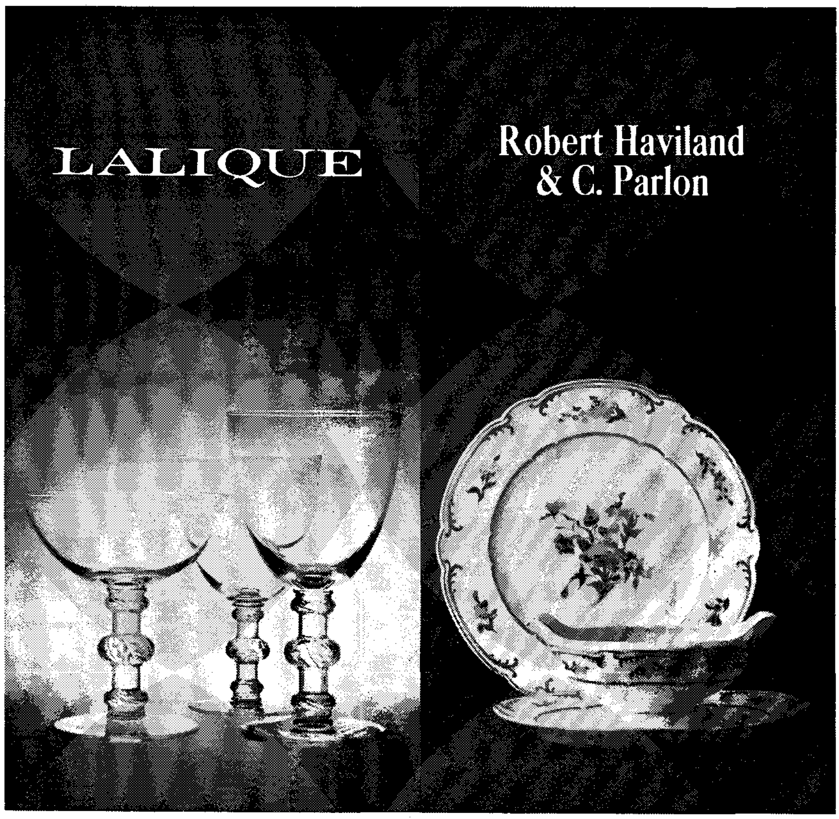
ly modish ensemble by Judy Hornby, the English designer. A pair of straight-legged trousers in ice-blue velvet, at $40, is topped by a smoking jacket of the same velvet, complete with shawl collar and with a chain-and-covered-button fastening at the waist. This jacket is extravagantly embroidered on one shoulder, from the shoulder blade over to the chest, with a wreath of yellow, pink, and blue morning glories and green leaves. The jacket is $80. A crêpe-de-chine tailored shirt, in the same ice blue, is $20, and an ice-blue Shetland sweater, for more informal and less horticultural moments, is $18. At No. 872, Ashanti Bazaar (whose proprietors have recently and reluctantly closed down their branch in Harlem) is still trading in styles of African inspiration. A version of the traditional dress of the Ashanti tribeswomen has long, slim sleeves and a fitted bodice with a peplum. Below this is a long, fairly straight skirt. The dress appears in a warmly earth-colored cotton batik, redolent of Africa, at $80, and in red, black, or navy double knit, which is more conventional, at $85. Before leaving Sixty-fifth Street, we move east to Aunt Dotty's Arbor, at 1103 Third Avenue. This attractive flower shop has a good collection of relatively humble houseplants and ferns, any of which would make an excellent and unpretentious present, and it also has a choice and more exotic array of orchid plants, ranging in price from $10 to $200, but with an agreeable number in the vicinity of $15. These include paphiopedilums, creatures much like lady slippers with Elizabethan ruffs; and the well-known cattleya, the flower associated with prom corsages and Proust's Odette. The plants arrive in bud or in bloom, and with careful instructions on how to keep them happy in city apartments.

Back on Lexington, we press on to the Green Box, at No. 954 (70th). Here, in time to avert the Christmas muddle of ribbon and paper, is a compleat wrapping organizer, which can be hung on a wall. The panel is twenty inches by seventeen, and equipped with pouches and pockets for tape, scissors, sheets of tissue and brown paper, and so forth—all included in the price of $7.50—in a variety of fabrics, including moire, chintz, and cotton. The same shop sells thirty-three-inch-square scarves of gossamer-fine cashmere from France, for $37.50. Next door, at No. 956, is Eve Lost, Ltd., where there is a pretty smock, handmade in Ireland of creamy, nubby wool, that is as well

CRYSTAL AND LIMOGES CHINA FROM FRANCE



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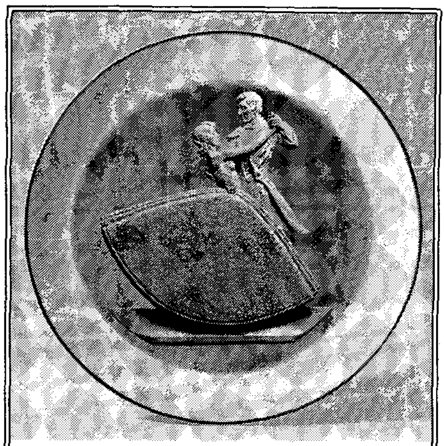

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suited to evening wear with satin pants as to daytime wear with bluejeans. The smock has a deeply scooped neck and short sleeves, and is trimmed with three tiny buttons near the top and three more on the skirt, which is stocking knit. The bodice and the short sleeves are ribbed, and the price is $70. An equally versatile top here is a short, V-necked tabard creation, involving ties on back and front panels that wrap around the body, eliminating the need for side seams, and, incidentally, creating pretty capelet sleeves. This comes in, among other fabrics, raspberry-colored wool-and-rabbit-hair and pastel angora; $26. Dansko, at No. 1021 (74th), is a nice little shop that has been open for a year. A slim, long-sleeved ankle-length wool jersey dress slips over the head by way of a soft turtleneck. The waist is a bit fitted, the skirt is a bit flared, and that's all there is to it except the colors—paprika, jade, navy, black, and hunter green—and a price tag of $68. Molly, to turn for a moment to 147 East 72nd Street, is another new shop that is full of greenery and wickerwork, except that the flowers and leaves here are only in the stock of printed cotton fabrics. A caftan, with placket, neck, and wrists outlined in braid, is disciplined by way of darts at the bust and in back so that the wearer does not seem to be standing inside a tent. In any of Molly's huge choice of prints—which involve checks, Paisleys, geometrics, and such, as well as flowers—and either from stock or to order in a week, the caftan is $140. Similarly well-suited to a sunny vacation is a floppy-brimmed hat of natural woven straw with a band of one of the prints, at $12.50. A tote bag, fifteen inches square, with a quilted patchwork of cotton prints on one side and a single print on the other, is $25. And, back to Lexington, at No. 1219 is a shop christened Hand-Turned and specializing, as one might infer, in things handmade. A handy bag, something like a feed bag that the horse has sat on, appears in plum, navy, or any other reasonable color of suède (orders are filled in a week), and has a shoulder strap. The bag is thirteen inches wide, and its edges are hand-stitched. There is a circular pocket on the outside for any small objects the wearer wants to get at in a hurry, and the price is $25. Veering wildly over to Seventy-seventh Street between Second and Third Avenues (here we *are* uptown, after all, and should be grateful for any ideas that crop up), we stop in at Rasines, at 231 East, to look at an

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attractive collection of colored prints of wild and garden flowers. (Framing a print with a do-it-yourself frame is neither complicated nor expensive.) The flower prints measure twenty-six inches by thirty-six, and cost $8.50. Somewhat smaller prints of songbirds are $10. This seems as good a moment as any to mention that the New York Botanical Garden, *too* far uptown for even the most assiduous member of our walking party to reach on foot, has sets of thirty-two colored postcards of American wild flowers for $3, or $3.35 by mail. And a diary decorated with line drawings of some thirty wild flowers is $3.50, or $3.85 by mail. Across the street from Rasines, at No. 236, is the Snow Lion, where everything is made from fabrics that are either handwoven or hand-printed or, sometimes, both. A romantic drift of caftan is made of a gauzy cream-colored Indian sari material printed with small, spiky red flowers with black stems. A low, square neck is bound in cream grosgrain ribbon, and, from the shoulders to the Empire waist, the bodice has flattened, stitched-down pleats. Billowing sleeves are caught in by more pleats at the wrists. It can be bought from stock or made to order in two weeks, and either way the price is $55. And the home dressmaker might be delighted with a blouse length or dress length of one of the handmade Indian fabrics that Snow Lion sells by the yard. Plain or printed cotton is between $1.20 and $4 a yard, and printed silk is $9.75.

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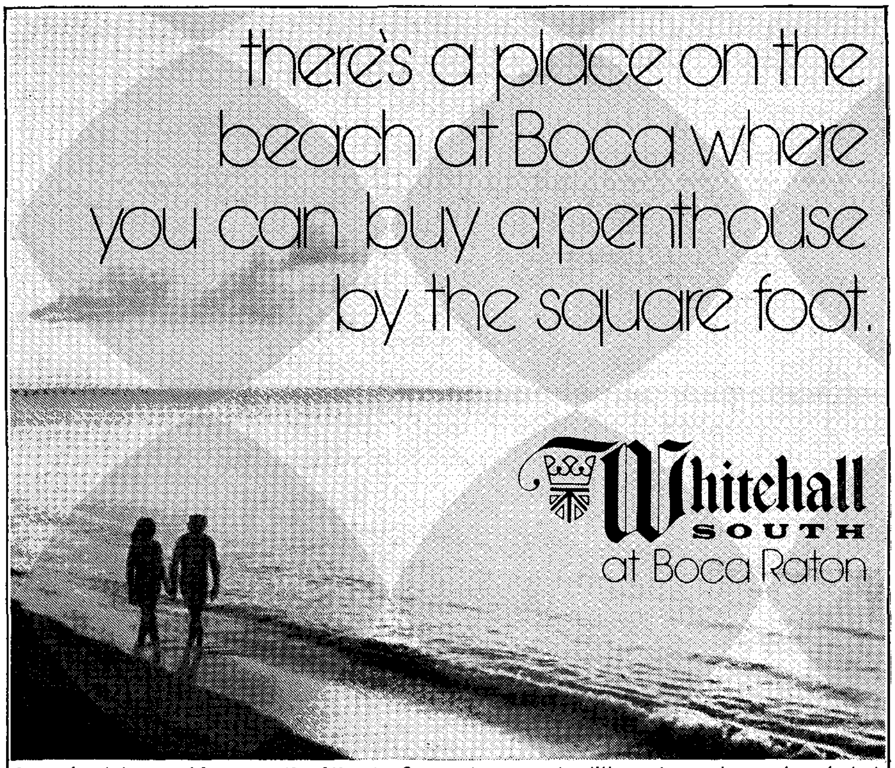
And so our obstacle race has brought us round to Gimbels East, which is seeing its first Christmas, and which ought to prove a help to gift-hunting East Siders. The very first display case, as you enter by way of Eighty-sixth Street, has a fine collection of delicate and moderate-priced ornaments—rings, pins, medallions to hang as pendants—hand-carved in China from ivory, and often long enough ago for the pieces to qualify as antiques. Many



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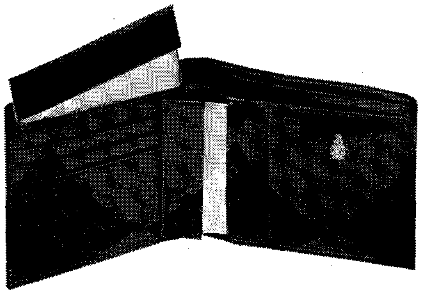

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are combined with or set in silver. A checker piece an inch in diameter that looks as if it might once have been part of a mah-jongg game is scrimshaw-decorated with a minute colored sprig of flowers and suspended from a curve of silver wire. The price is $22, and $45 buys a ring of ivory for a pendant, an inch-and-a-half in diameter and with a minute carved group of leaves and flowers hanging inside it. Up on the third floor, there are multitudes of suggestions for brightening holiday evenings. This being 1972, some of these are also of Oriental inspiration. Markedly exotic dragons, breathing fire, and un-humdrum coils, puffs, and swirls combine in a print of red, gold, blue, and orange on a field of ivory man-made silk. This is fashioned into flowing trousers ($58), and a shirt whose ascot will serve as a sash, in cossack moods ($32); the same fabric is quilted on the bias before going into an opulent, kimono-sleeved, side-wrapped jacket, which is $86 and to be found, like its companion pieces, in Signature Sport. The new boutique called Let It Shine is the spot for all things glittery, and here, for the young and lithe, is a streak of a two-piece boiler suit in silver Lurex with the density of fine, soft chain mail. The flared pants are $25, the zip-fronted battle jacket is $30, and the same designer—the imaginative Willi Smith—has provided a platinum satin halter that could team up with the suit quite dramatically, at $15. A gentler, perhaps more profound sensation might be created by an evening gown, in Signature Collections, that bears the name of Gina Fratini. It plays wry games, in jet-black crêpe-backed rayon satin, with the silhouette of the academic gown. The satin has different damask patterns here and there on the dress; beneath a square-necked, high-waisted bodice, gathers release fullness into the floor-length skirt; from the shoulders, more gathers flow into capacious, floor-length sleeves that are like drooping wings. The price is $200. With our packages in hand, we now make our way upstairs. For Gimbels East is the only department store on our Christmas list where you can celebrate the completion of your seasonal task by buying yourself a Martini.

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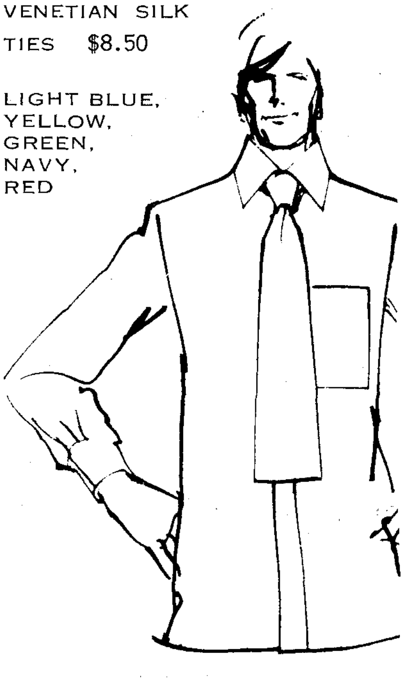

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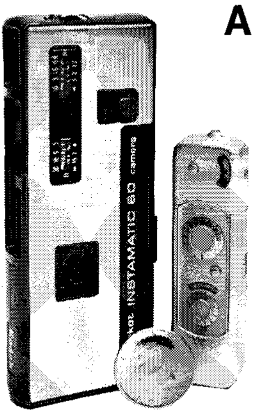

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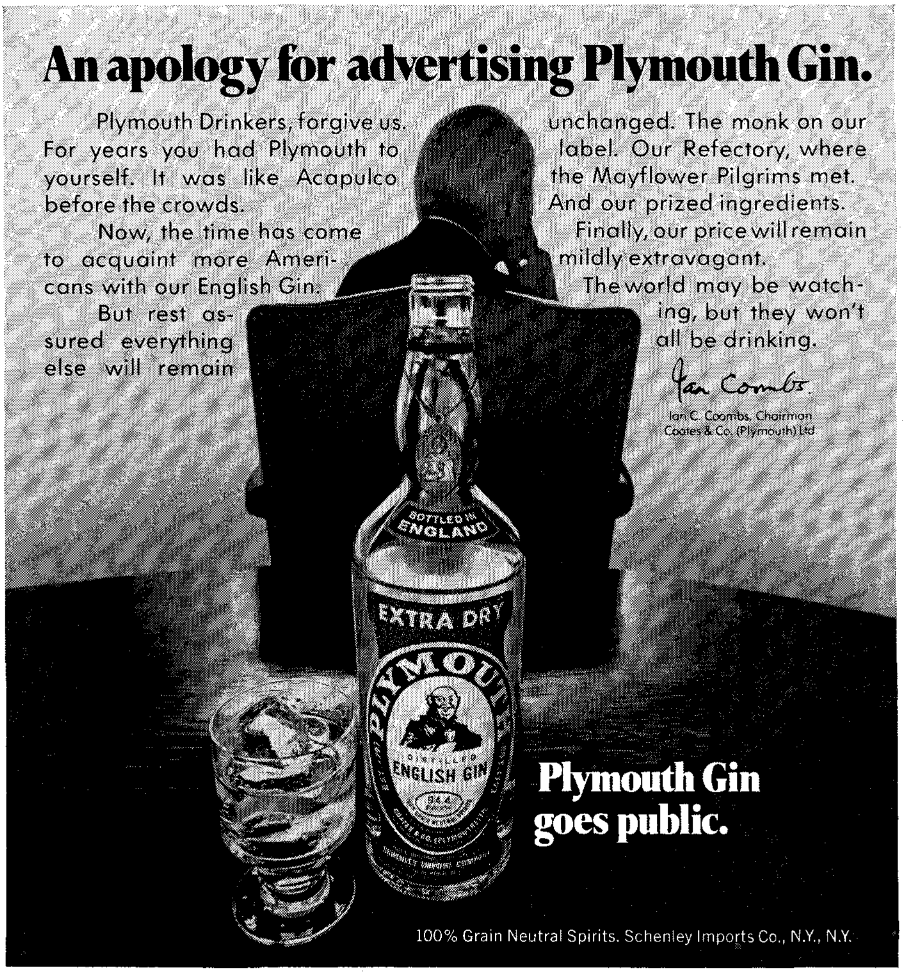
INTERNATIONALLY, the San Francisco Opera has the reputation of being America's first: the big company that most successfully combines excellent casts, enterprise in the choice of repertory, and a serious approach to dramatic presentation. A three-day visit to San Francisco, providing performances of Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine," of "Götterdämmerung," and of Gottfried von Einem's "The Visit of the Old Lady," suggested that the reputation was not undeserved. During its previous five seasons, the company put on fifty operas; only nine productions were repeated, none more than once. This year, in a fiftieth-anniversary season, there are new productions of "Norma," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "L'Africaine," "Tosca," and "The Visit of the Old Lady;" three "Ring" cycles; and revivals of "Le Nozze di Figaro" and "Aida."

"L'Africaine," Meyerbeer's last opera, is his best—and that despite a long, difficult gestation (the composer worked at it, on and off, from 1837 until his death in 1864), what might be called a posthumous birth, and the lack of any definitive edition. The outline of Scribe's action is clear: a hero is loved by two women, the fair and the dark; his life is saved once by the former, thrice by the latter; and with somewhat disconcerting versatility he is prepared to sing love duets with either. The plot unfolds amid scenes of spectacle: a Grand Council, a Brahman royal wedding, a shipwreck in which a huge vessel grinds onto a reef and is boarded by a Malagasy horde. The details are a mess. Originally Scribe's action was set in Seville, at sea, and "*au centre de l'Afrique, près des sources du Niger.*" A reworking transferred the terminal localities to Lisbon and Calcutta: the hero became Vasco da Gama, and the dark heroine not an African but an Indian maid; the opera was renamed for the Portuguese explorer. Meyerbeer died, entrusting his score to François Joseph Fétis, director of the Brussels Conservatoire. Fétis took long leave. He came to Paris, was installed in the Opéra, and sifted through the manifold alternatives Meyerbeer had left, in order to devise a performing



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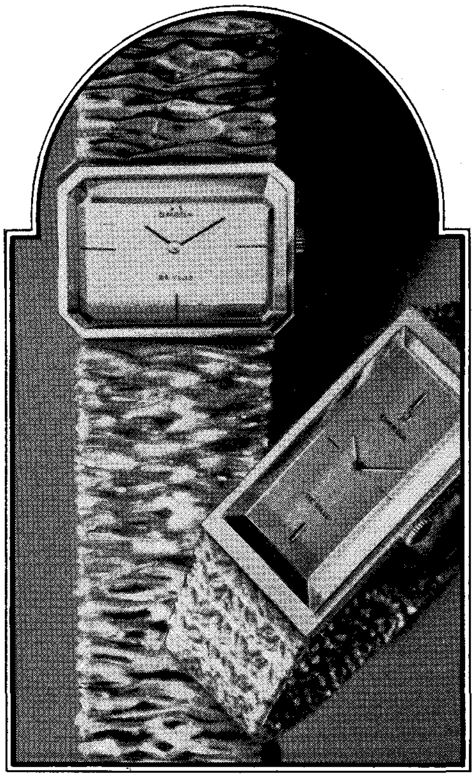

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version for the première, in 1865. Since the work had long been promised as "L'Africaine," and Fétis wished to retain the title, he compromised between continents by setting Acts IV and V "on an isle off the east coast of Africa"—in effect, Madagascar. Sélika, the Hindu heroine, could then still be considered an African, and people could make what they would of the Brahman rites that remained (the librettist had already confounded geography by having the manchineel, a West Indian tree whose blossoms—for operatic purposes—breathe ecstasy, and death, play a determinant role in the action). The singers then took a part in the shaping. Jean-Baptiste Faure, the baritone, seized an opportunity while Fétis was ill to give himself the last word, and transfer to the close of the opera (which should end with Sélika's *Liebestod*) a *cavatine* from Act III. Meyerbeer established the final version of his scores during rehearsal, and made cuts *in situ*. Fétis arranged a complete runthrough of "L'Africaine" without scenery and without intervals; the music lasted four and a half hours. He cut about an hour of it, and later published some of the cut passages, together with alternative versions of a few numbers, as "L'Africaine—Part II." Even so, the first performance ran for nearly six hours; the scenery was elaborate, and required a long while for its setting. In San Francisco, there was still more surgery; less than three hours of music was performed. Given that the evening had to be shortened (for there even the "Ring" operas are cut), the abridgment was sensitively done. Nevertheless, it seemed a pity, when so much trouble had been taken to mount "L'Africaine" in style, that it was not presented at greater length: could the performance not have started an hour earlier, as that of "Götterdämmerung" did? Yet besides abridgment there was also some amplification: a fifth-act aria for Inès, the other heroine, "O toi que j'adore," rejected by Fétis, was reinstated.

"L'Africaine" is a grand piece. It was grandly done. Wolfram Skalicki, the designer, provided a front curtain suggesting that of the Paris Opéra and scenery that, without being heavily realistic, evoked Manueline splendors in the first two acts, provided a handsome ship for the third, and raised an exotic Eden for the fourth and fifth. Amrei Skalicki's costumes were of 1865, not Vasco's day; they were dashing and colorful. Lofti Mansouri massed his crowds and moved his principals with a sure hand. Jean Perisson's handling of the score was masterly: bold, free, delicately nuanced,

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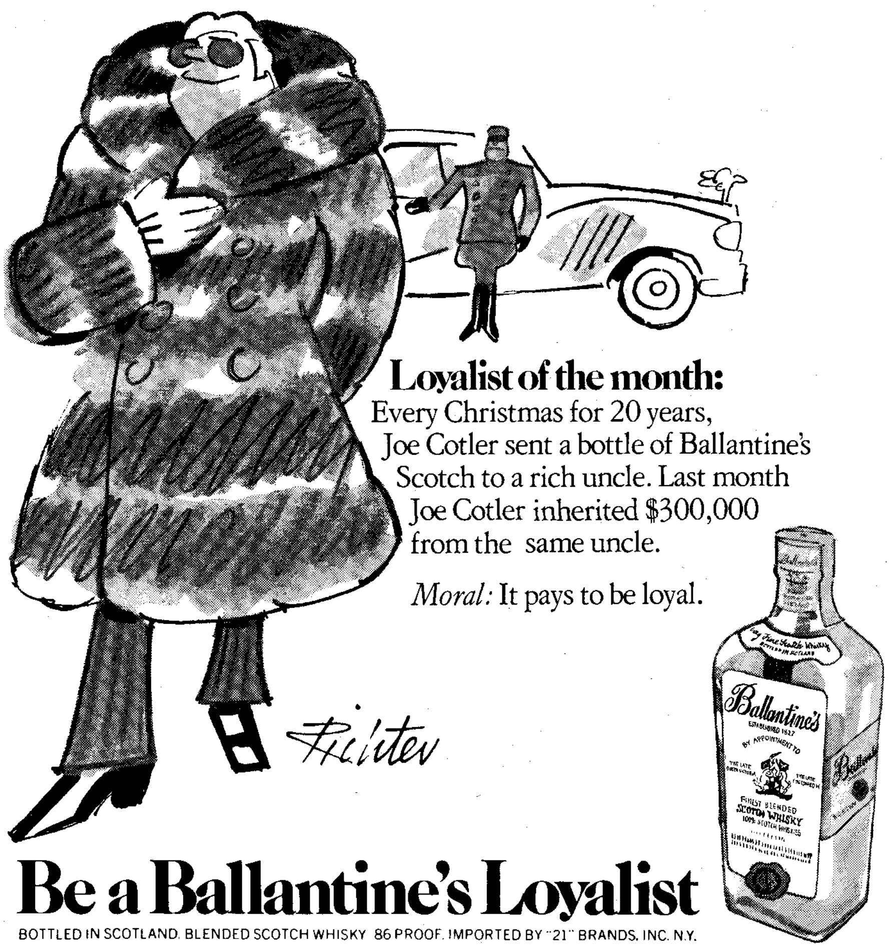
responsive to all the choice, curious instrumental inventions with which the composer delighted to surprise his audiences. This was the best big Meyerbeer presentation I have seen: less ponderous than La Scala's "Les Huguenots," more muscular than Florence's "Robert le Diable"—a keen-minded endeavor by all concerned to recapture not only the magnificent sweep but also the energy of Meyerbeer's conception. It was well sung. Shirley Verrett, as the titular heroine, lacked only the calm majesty implied in much of the vocal writing. She electrifies whatever she touches; the result was exciting, but constantly tense both in timbre and in musical manner. Better that, however, than dullness. Miss Verrett looked gleaming. Her tones flashed and glittered. She was splendid. So was Evelyn Mandac as the fair Inès, her rival. This young Philippine soprano, known at the Seattle and Santa Fe Operas, is ready for the world's stages. She is beautiful. Her voice is pure and steady, truly focussed, smoothly and surely projected. The timbre has character. And her phrasing is most musical, supple, and inventive. Miss Mandac's bewitching execution of Inès' opening *romance*, "Adieu, mon beau rivage," was one of the two great pieces of singing during the show. The other was Placido Domingo's account of Vasco's *grand air* "O paradis," high point of his noble performance. He provided a few minutes during which all the listeners' senses seemed to be flooded with rapture in the glorious sound of the tenor's tones, and his magisterial use of them. Such an experience may not be "what opera is all about," but is certainly one of the things that a composer like Meyerbeer counted on. Norman Mittelmann's Nélusko was big, powerful, and impressive. Simon Estes as Don Pedro, the bass, was a shade too jaunty, not quite grand enough. Small roles were strongly cast (Allan Monk's High Priest deserves mention), and Byron Dean Ryan's choruses sang bravely.

The old question—can Meyerbeer stand revival?—has in the last decade been answered. He has been revived with success: "Les Huguenots" at La Scala, "Robert" in Florence, "Le Prophète" in Zurich, "L'Africaine" in Munich, Naples, Florence, and now, most splendidly, San Francisco. The operas have proved to be not merely historically interesting monsters. By mid-nineteenth-century critics they were overrated: if Mozart was Music's Raphael, they said, then her Michelangelo was . . . not Beethoven, but Meyerbeer! The composers who



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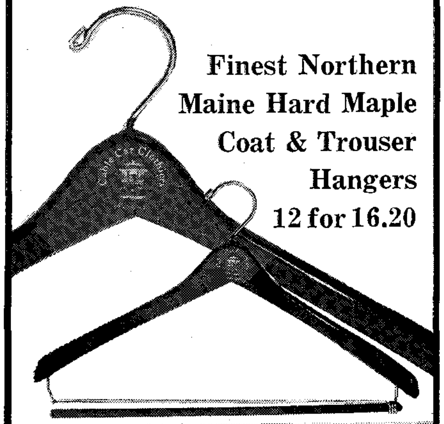

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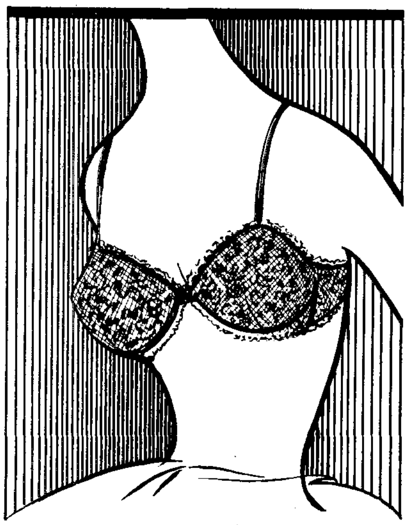
learned from him exposed his weaknesses. Verdi's "Don Carlos" is an opera cast in Meyerbeer mold but infused with warmth and human feeling; the Nile duet of "Aida" is like a recomposition of Sélika's and Vasco's in Act IV of "L'Africaine," brought to life by a directness of emotional expression that Meyerbeer could never achieve. Wagner's epigram "Effects without causes" stuck, and set the tone for the Meyerbeer assessments in our histories. Performance alone can reveal his strengths. In vocal score, the music often looks dry. In recorded excerpt, deprived of context, his airs are apt to limp. But in the theatre his operas can be overwhelming. He was a *génie composé*, superlatively well trained, encyclopedic in his knowledge of what other men had written, single-minded in his striving to enlarge on and surpass their achievements. He exploited all the resources of his carefully picked singers, and devised new feats of prowess for them. He was master of both the grand climax and the dying fall, a constructor with an unerring eye for the shape of a scene, of an act. He was not very good at inventing tuneful cabalettas, but expert at concealing this weakness by extended, cumulative passages that produce an effect of power through sheer scale. (When one of his weak scenes is abridged, what remains seems weaker still.) Fétis tells us that he was also a fluent, fertile improviser; the meticulous musical calculation began later, once rehearsals had started. This helps to explain why "L'Africaine" seems the least labored, by far the freshest and most spontaneous, of his scores. It is also a compendium of his most attractive rhythmical, melodic, and textural mannerisms, painstakingly mastered in the earlier operas, now effortlessly deployed. Plainly, it was not just the roster of great singers (Ponselle, Rethberg, Martinelli, Gigli, De Luca) that kept "L'Africaine" on the boards of the Metropolitan from 1923 to 1933. The work, too, has notable merits.

SAN FRANCISCO's "Götterdämmerung" can be considered later, along with the Metropolitan Opera's productions of "Die Walküre" and "Siegfried," involving the same trio of principals: Birgit Nilsson, Jess Thomas, and Thomas Stewart. The new piece, "The Visit of the Old Lady," must claim my space. Gottfried von Einem, born in 1918, is perhaps the most successful of living opera composers: not in terms of critical acclaim, or, for that matter, of popular repu-



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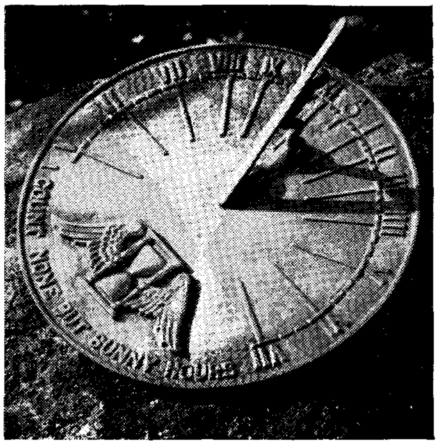

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tation, but simply because his works are played so often, particularly in German-speaking houses. With "Dantons Tod," first done at the 1947 Salzburg Festival, Einem hit a jackpot. "Der Prozess" (Salzburg, 1953) did pretty well. His latest opera, "Der Besuch der Alten Dame," had its première at the Vienna Festival last year, and was quickly booked by companies the world over. Büchner, Kafka, Dürrenmatt—the composer chooses his subject matter with cunning (as librettist-collaborator on these pieces he worked with, respectively, Boris Blacher, Caspar Neher, and Dürrenmatt himself). The popularity in the straight theatre of "Der Besuch der Alten Dame" (the play that the Lunts brought to New York as "The Visit") had prepared the way for that of the musical version. Regular opera companies, performing throughout the year, need new, well-made works that audiences will attend; Einem's fit the bill. They are not very ambitious, not particularly difficult to perform or listen to. His easy, eclectic style puts no obstacles in the way of an audience that has hurdled "Wozzeck." He can slip into a fluent melodious vein recalling now Puccini, now Richard Strauss, and has also learned newer tricks of his trade. A cunning theatre man, he aptly paces his score to the dramatic motion of a scene. He is good at proportions, contrasts of texture, control of climax. He puts his accents in the right place. His roles, large and small, are "rewarding" to their interpreters: gratefully written for the voice, and effective to enact. It is all supremely efficient. Is it enough? Not for anyone who prefers a flawed, even failed attempt at a masterpiece to flawless mediocrity—but excellent fodder for a working troupe, and for conventional audiences lured to a new opera and then surprised to find that "modern music" can be so undemanding.

Mediocrity is an unkind but not unjust word. "The Visit of the Old Lady" (San Francisco gave the work in Norman Tucker's English translation) is not so much a music drama as a drama set to music of mostly middling quality. The score has little intrinsic life. Except at the close, it adds almost nothing to the play; that may have been Einem's intention. Dürrenmatt, declaring that "The Visit" was "an action and not an allegory," advised producers and directors to "follow the flights of my fancy and let the deeper meanings take care of themselves." He did not want interpretation: "If the foreground I have provided be correctly played, the background will emerge

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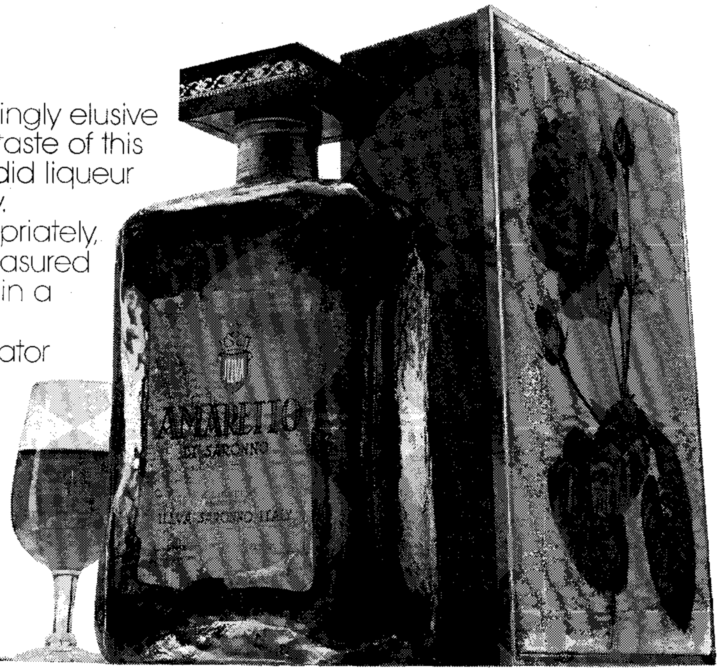

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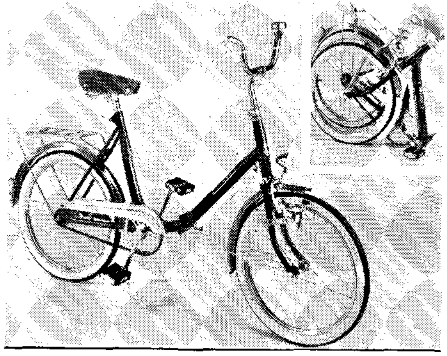

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of its own accord." But it is music's nature to communicate "deeper meanings," and if a composer is not to be in some sense an interpreter he might as well leave a text to speak for itself, undecked, and more directly.

Dürrenmatt's "action" concerns the return of the Old Lady to the hamlet of Güllen where at the age of seventeen she was seduced, discarded by her lover—who, his eye on a richer match, bought false witnesses to her promiscuity—and abandoned to a career of prostitution, from which she has emerged as the richest woman in the world (her name, Claire Zachanassian, "is a contraction of Zacharoff, Onassis, and Gulbenkian"). Güllen is poverty-stricken; Mme. Zachanassian, we suddenly learn much later, has bought it up, street by street, factory by factory, and deliberately ruined it. She offers the Gülleners wealth untold—on one condition: that they kill her seducer, Alfred Ill. On behalf of the citizens, the Mayor refuses the monstrous proposal, and the first-act curtain falls on the Old Lady's line: "I'll wait." Acts II and III trace the yielding to temptation; the close is Ill's ritual murder. "The Visit" is a hard, glittering piece of work, a study in the corrupting power of capitalism as impassioned as the "Ring," but cast in the form of a folk play (Dürrenmatt asked producers to treat him "as a kind of conscious Nestroy"). The form owes something to Lenz ("Die Soldaten"), Büchner, and Wedekind ("Frühlings Erwachen"), and the short scenes lend themselves to musical setting. On the other hand, the recurrent device of sudden, chilling revelations that cut into episodes humorous, even tender, in tone makes an operatic difficulty. If the libretto has been read in advance, the *coups de théâtre* lose the force of surprise; if not, then important statements are likely to be missed.

A comparison suggests itself with Hans Werner Henze's "Der Junge Lord," based on a tale by Wilhelm Hauff but probably owing something to Dürrenmatt's "The Visit." In both operas a wealthy, malicious visitor exposes the shallow foundations, and effects the collapse, of *Kleinstadt* morality. Henze's music is so rich, many-levelled, expansive, emotional, dramatic in its large-scale developments, and intensely alive, that it seems almost to shape, rather than serve, Ingeborg Bachmann's libretto. Einem's score is slimmer, less adventurous, less interesting, and far more modest. He eschews some "cues for music" suggested in the play—the town band, the children's choir of greeting to the Old Lady—

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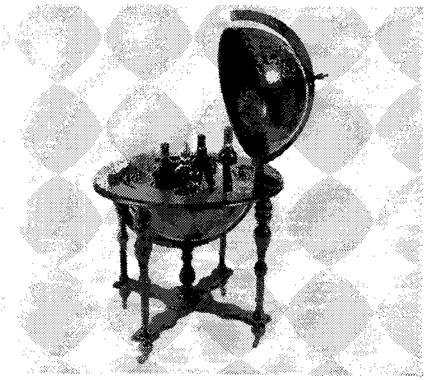

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perhaps because they had already figured in the similar arrival scene of "Der Junge Lord." At the end, he replaces Dürrenmatt's long "Greek tragedy" chorus by a brief triumphal dance for all the populace, accompanied by fierce, increasingly frenzied wordless cries. This is a master stroke—and almost the only moment where the music comes powerfully into its own, expressing something unachievable by spoken words. At the last, the composer is indeed an interpreter. Two other crucial scenes in Act III are disappointing. Ill becomes a tragic hero when he accepts his destiny but insists that the Gülleners also take responsibility for theirs; he will not make things easy for them by killing himself. Heaven knows how his long speech could be aptly musicked; at any rate, Einem's recourse to a Straussian arioso, echoing Barak's gentle goodness in "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," seems an inadequate and slightly sentimental response to the situation. Soon afterward, there is a curious episode, almost a tender love duet, between Claire and Ill. The tone is elusive; it has eluded the composer, who sets their conversation to phrases of a somewhat featureless lyricism.

There were two first-rate performances, keenly acted and vividly sung—from Raymond Wolansky as Ill and Richard Cassilly as the Mayor. Most of the small parts were trimly taken. But Regina Resnik could not manage the title role (created in Vienna by the lustrous Christa Ludwig). Every word of hers was clear, and that was good. The impersonation of "a Society Lady with a rare grace, despite the grotesquerie," was splendid; she had humor and dignity—an aged, implacable Medea with a certain charm. But she simply did not have the voice to fill the music; she strained, struggled, and yowled the high notes. From Robert Darling there were settings more elaborate than the simple indications of locality prescribed by the playwright. Scene changes were covered by brief interludes, but the music of these (admired in Vienna) was covered in turn by the use of a very noisy steam curtain. Francis Ford Coppola's production was deft, and Maurice Peress' conducting precise. The singing of the Old Lady herself apart, the opera was ably performed. But by the end, Einem's score—unlike Berg's for "Wozzeck," Henze's for "Der Prinz von Homburg," or Zimmermann's for "Die Soldaten"—scarcely seemed to justify the mustering of all the vast, expensive operatic apparatus around a play; a small theatre troupe could as

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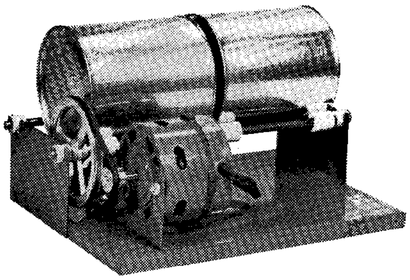

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effectively have communicated the same experience. Essentially, "Der Besuch der Alten Dame" is a *Gebrauchsoper*, something to keep the opera machines ticking between masterpieces. As such, it functions admirably. —ANDREW PORTER

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HERE are other new recordings worthy of comment:

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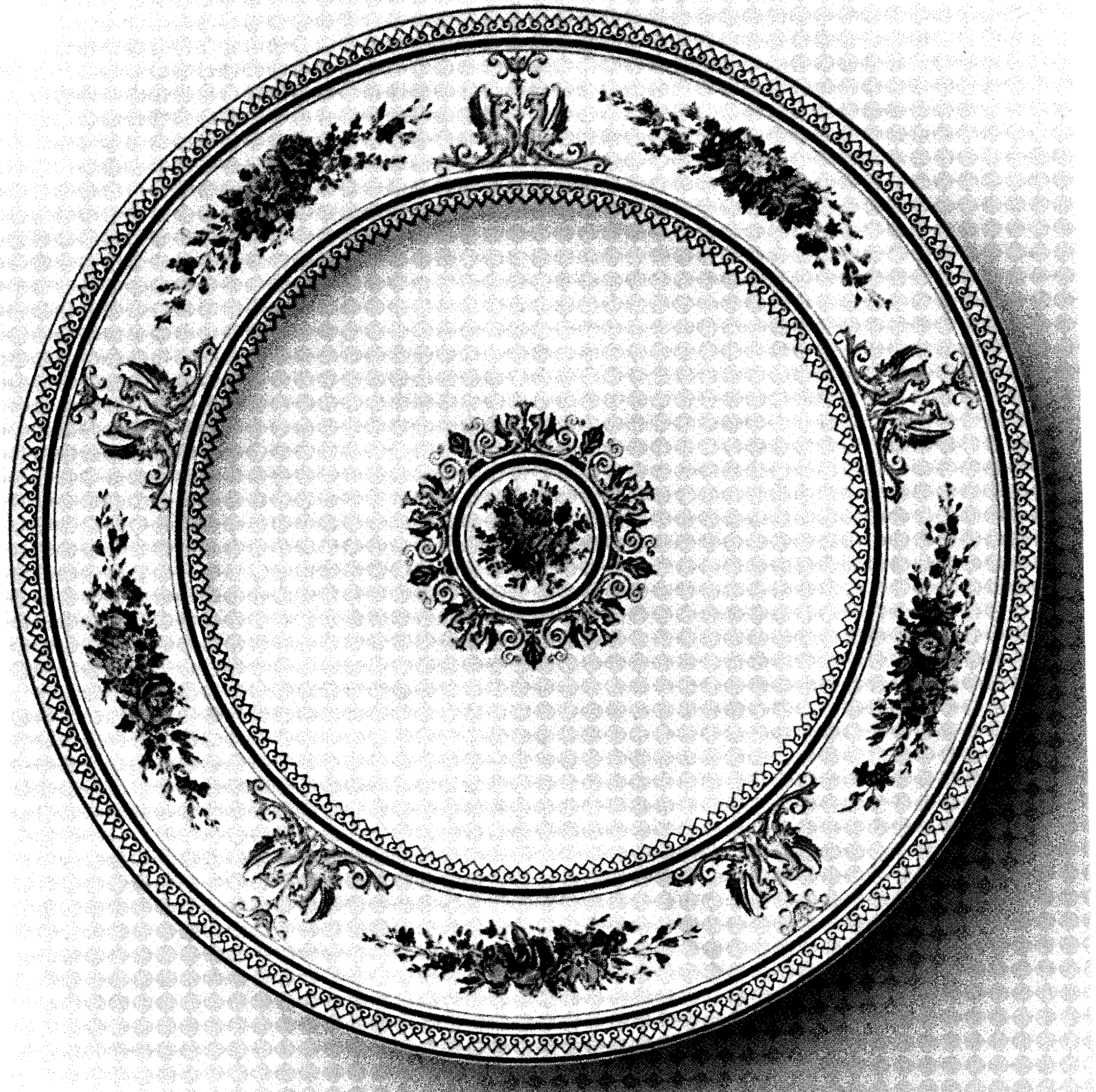

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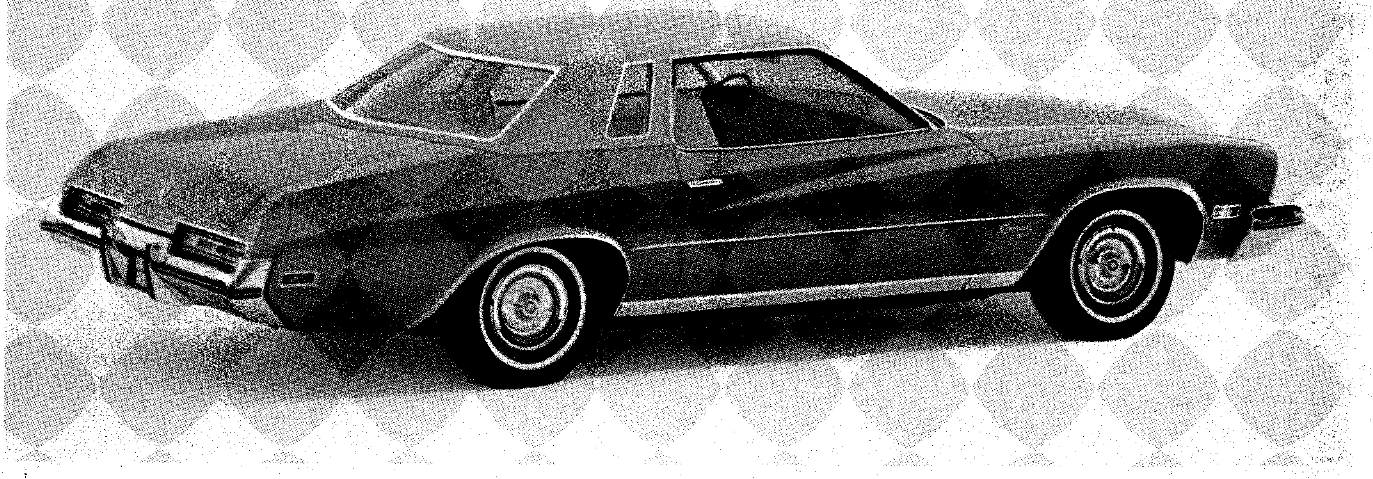

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some of the finest Mozart. The performances have been given Karajan's customary sensitive treatment, and the soloists are outstanding virtuosos. Mr. Koch's oboe is both full in tone, in the German manner, and capable of the utmost delicacy; Mr. Leister's clarinet offers enormous fluency and an admirable range of dynamics, from whispering pianissimos to rounded power; the Gothic-woodcut quality of Mr. Piesk's rich and varied bassoon is quite out of the ordinary, and his technical fluency is astonishing. The Sinfonia presents fascinating coloring in the Mozartian combinations—horn and bassoon sounding like two horns, clarinet and bassoon producing a totally different effect, and so on and so on. The absorbing business of color also extends to the alternation of phrases between various wind instruments. This is a memorable recording. Some of the concertos are obtainable in other versions, but it would be hard to beat Karajan's.

Schoenberg: Complete Songs for Voice and Piano, Volumes I and II, with Glenn Gould as pianist, Ellen Faull as mezzo-soprano, Helen Vanni as soprano, and Donald Gramm as bass (Columbia M-31311-31312 Stereo; four sides). To me, Schoenberg's later works represent the willful destruction of the great Western musical tradition. However, I have always considered Glenn Gould one of the keenest musical intellects among us, and no one could be more persuasive about the value of these songs. The recording contains some of the earliest ones, Opus 1 and Opus 2, dating from 1898 to 1900. These are conventional works in the lieder tradition, and I enjoy them—particularly the Opus 1, which here has the advantage of Mr. Gramm's great artistry. Then Schoenberg proceeds to lose me—gradually, I admit. The Six Songs, Opus 3, also written between 1898 and 1900, and sung expertly by Miss Vanni, already betray the beginnings of the kind of atonality I dislike. "Das Buch der Hängenden Gärten" (1908) is beyond me. It consists of rather hysterical rhetoric that seems spoken or screamed instead of sung, while the piano offers an atonal accompaniment. The same goes for Two Ballads, Opus 12 (1906-7), and Two Songs, Opus 14 (1907). I can get along with Eight Songs, Opus 6 (1905), which represent a transitional period, in which tonality is ambiguous. Finally, Three Songs, Opus 48 (1933), a twelve-tone work, seem devoid of meaning.

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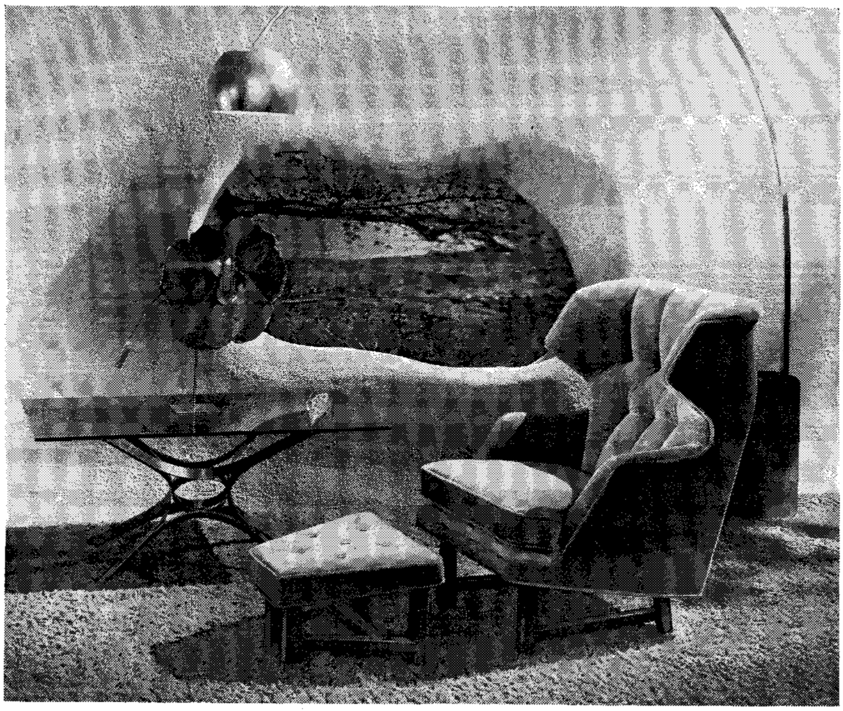
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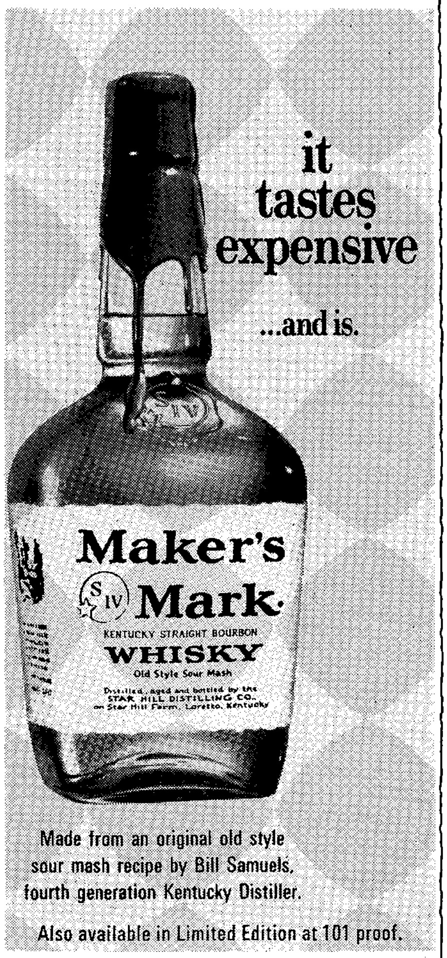

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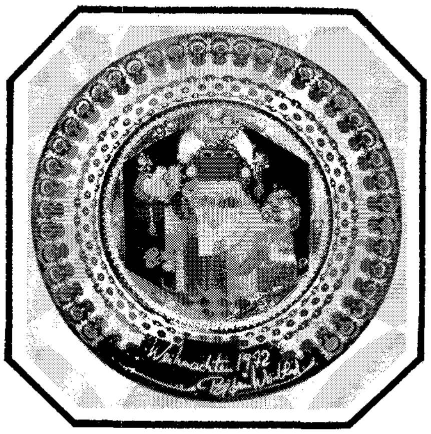
John Alldis Choir, Daniel Barenboim conducting, with Sheila Armstrong as soprano, Janet Baker as mezzo-soprano, Nicolai Gedda as tenor, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau as baritone (Angel S-36842 Stereo). This is an all-star cast, with one of the ablest younger conductors of the day, and the results are what could be expected. There is slight distortion here and there, and the diction is not always clear—all this, probably, because the recording was made in a church: All Saints, in London's Tooting. But these slight imperfections do not distract one from the majesty of Mozart's last work, written in part on his deathbed, and said to have been completed (though one would never detect any hand but the master's) by one Josef Eybler and Mozart's pupil Franz Xaver Süssmayr.

Brahms: Concerto No. 1 in D Minor, Opus 15, by an orchestra conducted by Hans Rosbaud, recorded at a performance in Baden-Baden circa 1951; Rachmaninoff: Concerto No. 3 in D Minor, Opus 30, by an orchestra conducted by John Barbirolli, a broadcast recorded on the air in 1937; Debussy: Fantasy for Piano and Orchestra, by an orchestra conducted by André Cluytens, recorded in 1955; Mozart: Concerto No. 27 for Piano and Orchestra in B Flat (K. 595), by an orchestra conducted by Victor Desarzens, recorded in 1948; Rachmaninoff: Concerto No. 2 in C Minor, Opus 18, by an orchestra conducted by Willem Mengelberg, recorded in 1940—all with Walter Gieseking, the great Franco-German pianist, as soloist (IPL 504, 505, and 506 Monaural). These recordings can be acquired only from the International Piano Library, at 215 West Ninety-first Street, by subscribers to the Library; the annual subscription is fifteen dollars. In this period of more or less standardized interpretations of masterpieces, it is both interesting and thrilling to hear these performances by one of the most impressive artists of the recent past, who took his Romantic liberties when he felt they were needed. The sound is sketchy and there is considerable distortion, but for anyone to whom the art of interpretation is important these records provide an extraordinary experience. Gieseking's style is broad and heroic, and at the same time refined and technically immaculate. His versions of these pieces are highly personal and sometimes quite unorthodox, but they draw the listener into complete agreement because, in this performer's hands, they are so obviously right. Gieseking takes the beginning of the Rachmaninoff Third at half the normal speed. (The composer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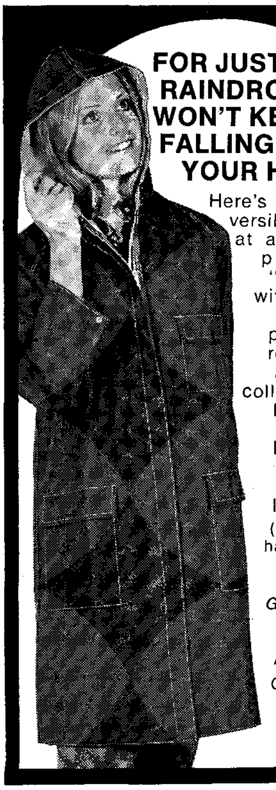
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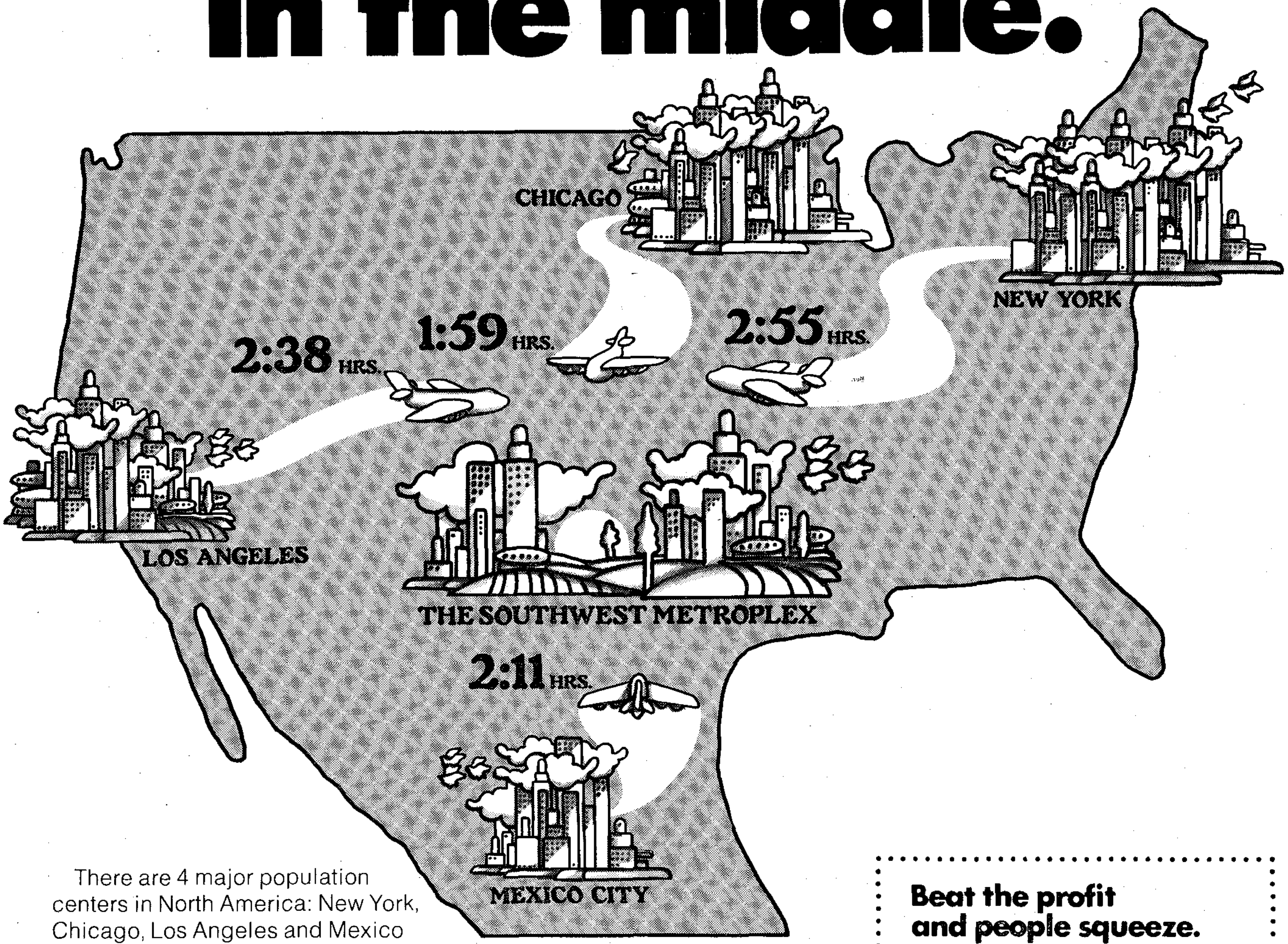

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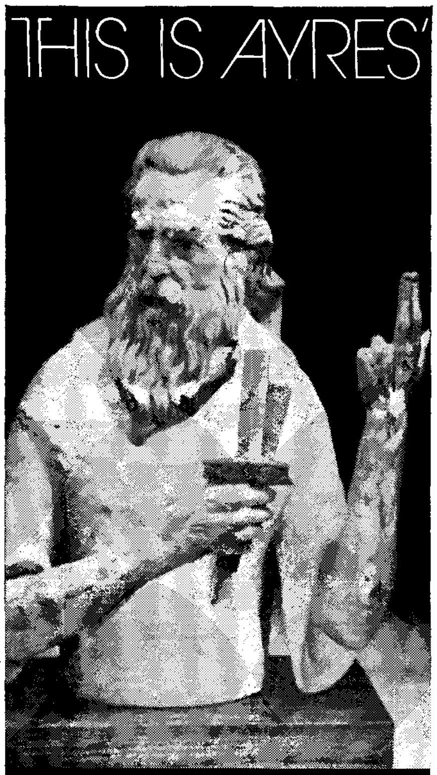

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was in the audience, and he thought that this was just fine.) Elsewhere, he is speedier than most of his colleagues, and always he is a master of rubato. Both the Rachmaninoff concertos are recordings of historic performances, and I have heard few, if any, other pianists play the Second as well. Mengelberg, by the way, turns out to be a marvellous orchestral accompanist. The Debussy and the Mozart are done with the utmost delicacy, and with that incredible facility in rapid pianissimo scale passages for which Gieseking was famous. Here is the compleat pianist, with unbelievable technical ability, aristocratic style, power, and subtlety. The quality of the reproduction does not matter; the pleasure comes from hearing these recordings as slightly faded prints from what you know all along is a superb negative.

Bach: The Six Brandenburg Concertos, by Anthony Newman (harpsichordist and conductor) and Friends (Columbia M2-31398 Stereo; four sides). No greater music has ever been written, and Mr. Newman and his Friends give it a faithful performance, very likely as performances of the sort sounded in Bach's own day. (A few early-eighteenth-century instruments are used.) The difficult brass parts are admirably and clearly played. There is infrequently a slight variance from true intonation; this, I imagine, is because of the archaic structure of the older instruments, but it is a very small fault, if it is a fault at all.

Dvořák: Symphony No. 8 in G, Opus 88, by the Hamburg Philharmonic Orchestra, Charles Mackerras conducting (Nonesuch H-71262 Stereo). Some may prefer the less freely exuberant versions by Szell and Karajan, but this is a first-rate interpretation of one of Dvořák's most spontaneous and joyful symphonies, and the Hamburg Orchestra plays brilliantly.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

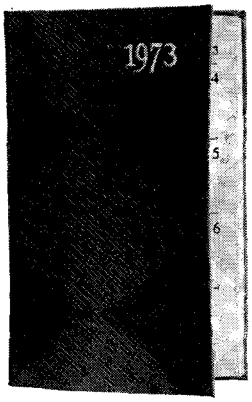
•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Athens* (*Greece*) *Daily Post*]

ESTIA says that one of the many subcommittees of the U.S. House of Representatives announced yesterday that the Pentagon refuses to order investigations to find out the truth of reports that the Americans in South Vietnam have interfered in political assassinations and tortures.

Well, this is the only time that the Pentagon has clearly understood that Communist propaganda which tends to prove that the American Army is competing the Vietcongs in assassinations and other crimes. And following the refusal that all the naive fifth columnists of the Subcommittee couldn't open their big mouths.



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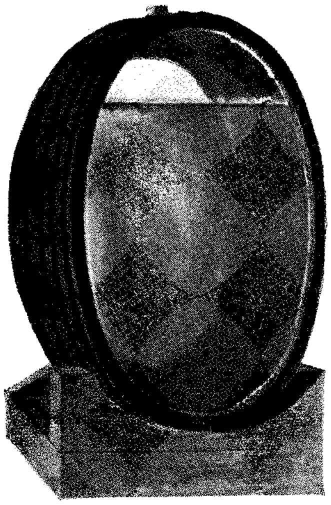
Flor–the remarkable cause of Sherry

Around the 1st Century B.C., a unique yeast started to materialize from the Spanish air quite suddenly, at vintage time. A snowy, whipped-cream-like surface bloomed over some, but not all wines. It looked like an enormous, white lily. So the Spanish called it *Flor* for flower. Gradually, all the lighter, finer wines thus began to flower...their bouquet changed, and their character deepened...they became dryer, crisper, and acquired more nose...the first Sherry was happening.



And now, 2000 years later at Almadén, this miracle is happening beautifully in California. Here's how it developed.

The Sherry grape

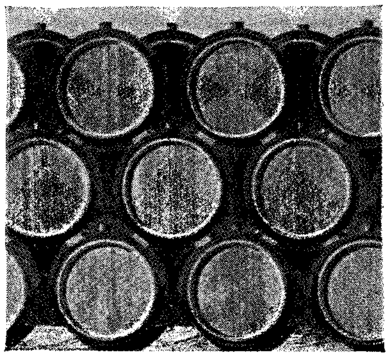
The golden Palomino grape–the essential start of the best Sherry, was brought over from Jerez, Spain and planted in the rich soil of California. It was a perfect fit. At this point, two essential ingredients for fine Sherry had been brought to Almadén: *Flor* yeast and the Palomino grape. Next we swung our attention to method, and realized that the Solera system–that process used originally in Spain –was the only way to produce highest quality Sherry. And that required special barrels.

White oak from Tennessee

The best wood for aging Sherry is white oak from Tennessee; even the Spaniards haven't found another oak as good. So we arranged to have white oak cut down and shipped regularly to Spain; there, with skilled hands, Spanish coopers shape it into butts or casks. These are returned to Almadén where they hold the wine in two important stages. The first is in what the Spaniards call a *Criadera* (literally, a nursery) where the dry, young Palomino wine takes on the *Flor* flavor. Next is the *Solera.*

The Solera System –2000 years old.

A vast, dim room holds tier over tier of small oak barrels–some 20,000 in all. The young wine is poured into the topmost tier. What is drawn off for Sherry comes from the bottom tier–and never more than a third of a barrel at a time; this is replenished from the barrel above, and that barrel from a still higher barrel. This is the Solera System: through the years, the young Palomino wine blends with the older wines, moving slowly, from barrel to barrel, until it takes on the richness and quality of its ancestors. It's easily the most expensive but definitely the best way to make Sherry. There are three Almadén Sherries, all made in this painstaking way, for you to try: *Cocktail Sherry*–as a dry aperitif to be served before dinner chilled or over the rocks; *Golden Sherry*–not quite so dry, to be served chilled on the rocks with walnuts; and *Cream Sherry*–for those who prefer a sweeter Sherry as a before or after dinner drink (or anytime for that matter).



The Port grape

The best Port grape of Portugal, the Tinta Madeira, is used for Almadén Port. Notice it on the label...you will find it on few, very few, American Port labels...it is always an indication of superior quality, of a true, varietal Port wine. Matured in oak, in the same Solera process as the Sherries, Almadén Ports achieve their maximum softness and flavor. They are made just as Port is made in Portugal. Try them: *Tinta Ruby Port* and *Tinta Tawny Port.*

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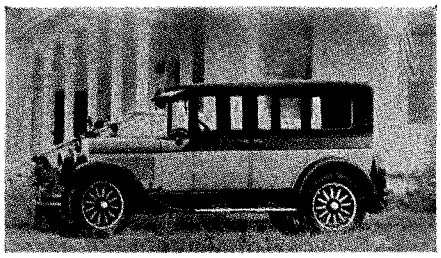

When we brought out the very first Chrysler, it had a revolutionary high-compression, six-cylinder engine. And it came with exotic features like four-wheel hydraulic brakes and a replaceable oil filter. Features a medium-priced car had never offered before.

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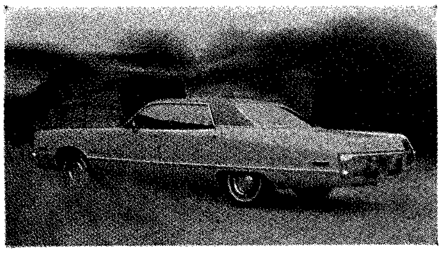

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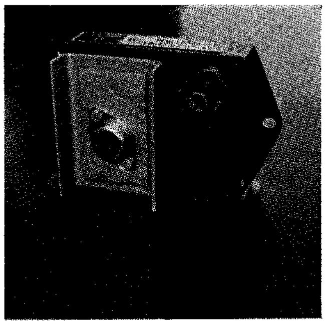

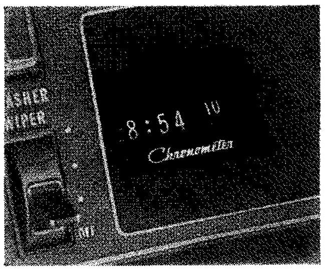

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Just as we believe the Chrysler should be an automobile of innovations, we believe it should last.

So, for instance, we dip the body into special solutions to help prevent rust and corrosion. For strength, we weld the body and frame together in places where the competition uses bolts.

We also feel the Chrysler should be a car you can afford. And with that in mind, we built the Chrysler Newport.

Which may be the best idea yet.

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Plymouth

Chrysler Newport
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U.S. JOURNAL: THE COASTLINE

SOME REFLECTIONS ON SAND AS REAL ESTATE

The Fight for a Foothold on Iwo Jima May Have Been the Bloodiest of All, but Martha's Vineyard Is No Picnic, Either

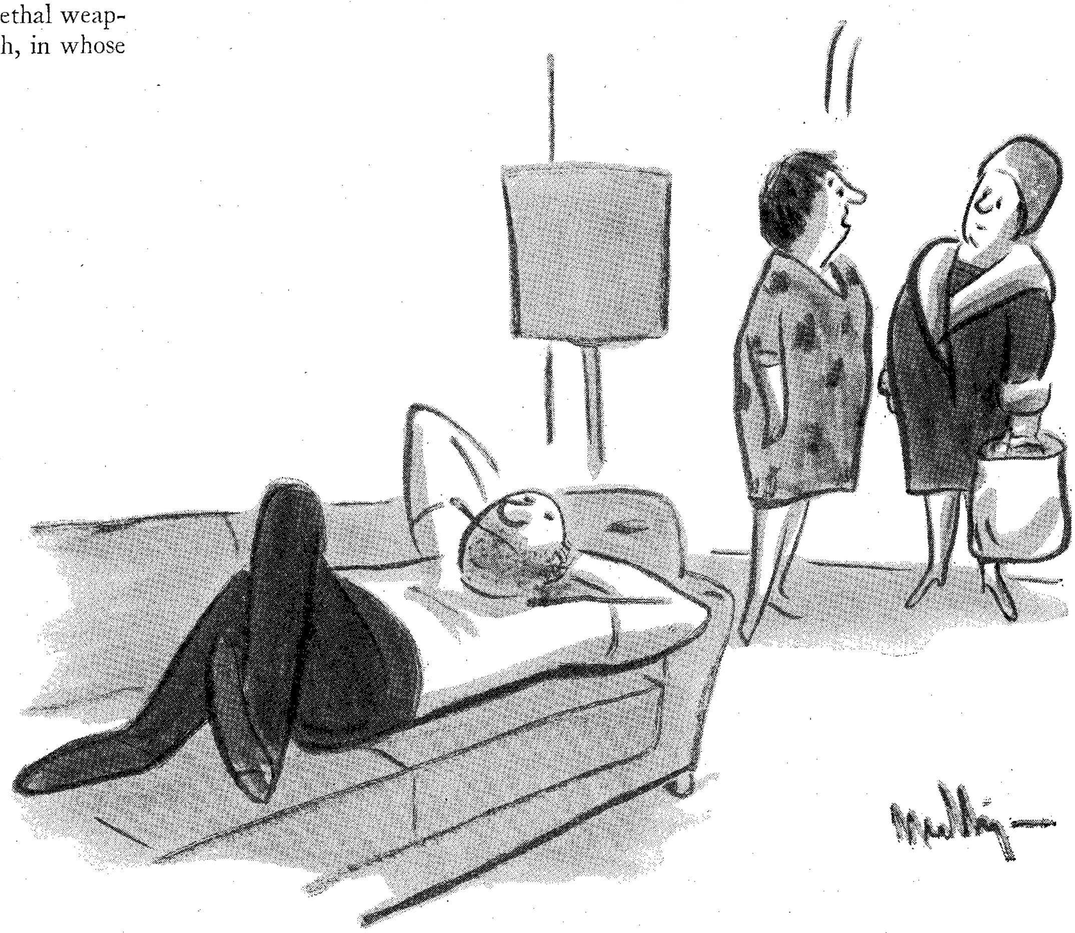
A LOT of good beach stories come from Martha's Vineyard, a Massachusetts island on which a number of writers and liberal intellectuals who own beach houses have the opportunity to spend undisturbed summers using their talents to compose "No Trespassing" signs. Two attractive young Englishwomen of my acquaintance were once sunning themselves on a vast Martha's Vineyard beach when a woman—one of perhaps a dozen other people scattered along the beach—approached and angrily told them that they were trespassing on private property. The angry woman, who had a child with her, was carrying a toy gun, which the Englishwomen took to be a real gun—a mistake they may have made because of being frightened by the woman's threatening manner or (the theory I favor) because people who are raised outside the United States are likely to be culturally deprived of a familiarity with lethal weapons. The owner of the beach, in whose name the intruders were challenged, happens to be a revered figure in the American civil-liberties movement.

In fairness to him, it should be said that the same fate would probably have befallen the Englishwomen if they had chosen a beach owned by any number of Socialist professors or left-wing novelists—most of whom could argue at length that anyone who calls them hypocritical is himself a hypocrite unless he happens to own a beach under threat of citizens bearing beer cans or hair curlers or motorcycles, or worse. Legally, there is nothing at all inconsistent about a civil libertarian having his private beach protected against the ravages of two young Englishwomen. The English may be brought up with some common-law notion about the beach being held in trust for the people, but in Massachusetts the beach is merely real estate that happens to be sand. Even if Massachusetts courts should rule that the entire beach belongs to the people—as courts in Oregon have—the non-property owner who did not happen to have a helicopter or an oceangoing vessel would still be faced with the problem of how to get on it without crossing private property. In Martha's Vineyard, the accepted method of gaining access to the beach is to buy a share in an access road. It's a simple real-estate transaction.

Among the Laws of Nature Is the Law That Beachfront Property Must Invariably Increase in Value

PROPOSITION 20, an initiative that was passed last week by the voters of California, is a land-planning proposal—a proposal, in other words, that endangers real-estate values. The initiative gives regional commissions the authority to control shoreline development through a permit system until an over-all land-use plan has been adopted by the state legislature. Its proponents, organized by a coalition of environmentalists, argued that the coastline, being a limited and unique resource, should be publicly controlled and protected. The opposition's principal slogan was "Conservation Yes but Confiscation No!" If someone owns undeveloped land on the shorefront, the anti-Proposition 20 literature said, a permit system based on environmental concerns could prevent him from developing it and thereby confiscate some of its potential value. The fact that the coastline is limited and unique does not mean that it is no longer real estate but merely that it is more valuable real estate.

The organization that spent a million dollars on newspaper and television advertisements trying to defeat Proposition 20 was called Citizens Against the Coastal Initiative—a name whose appropriateness rested largely on the fact that even corporation directors are citizens. The preliminary financial statement of Citizens Against the Coastal Initiative, which had to be filed six weeks before the election, showed that two hundred and eighty thousand dollars of its contributions had come from just ten land-development com-



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panies, utilities, and oil companies—twenty-five thousand from Pacific Gas & Electric here, thirty thousand from Standard Oil of California there. The financial statement filed by Citizens Against the Coastal Initiative just before the vote indicated that the California coastline was a cause of concern for citizens as far away as Denver (Continental Oil Company, five thousand dollars), and Connecticut (Combustion Engineering, fifteen thousand dollars), and even Wall Street (Lazard Frères, ten thousand dollars). The address listed in the advertisements for Citizens Against the Coastal Initiative turned out to be the office of Whitaker & Baxter, a political public-relations firm that has prospered in the specialty of seeing to it that large corporations are not too seriously oppressed by the average taxpayer. There was no reason for anyone in California to be surprised at that arrangement, of course. An argument over one thousand and seventy-two miles of prime real estate is obviously too important to be left to amateurs.

IN CALIFORNIA, THE AREA BETWEEN MEAN LOW TIDE AND MEAN HIGH TIDE BELONGS TO THE PUBLIC, BUT A BLANKET SPREAD THERE MAY FLOAT AWAY

A CONSTANT traveller around the United States often finds himself with a strong impulse to leave an explanatory note for future archeologists. "I know this artifact may strike you as odd," the note would start. "But I think I can prevent you from allowing it to mislead you about the nature of the society if only I write a few paragraphs putting the whole thing in perspective." I had the impulse to write such a note recently when I was on a beach at Malibu, California, standing in a people chute.

In Malibu, an expensive community just up the coast from Los Angeles, the houses between the road and the beach are linked together to form a solid wall, like riot police locking arms to protect a visiting dignitary. Wherever there is an empty lot, a fence runs across it to be grabbed by the house on the other side. (Riot police often use batons in the same way.) In 1970, a Los Angeles *Times* reporter named Philip Fradkin, assigned to do a piece on Malibu, revealed that the solid barrier protecting the beach actually contained eleven access paths that had been deeded to the public years before but had never been opened. The paths had been blocked with walls or fences

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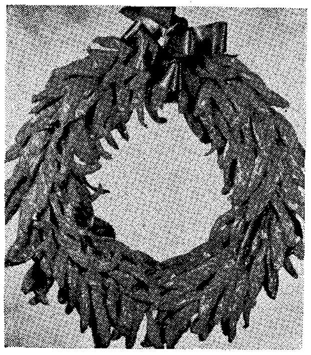

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No electricity. No running water. No sanitary facilities. Aurora's father earns $1.00 a day herding cattle. And there is about a 50% chance that Aurora will grow up illiterate. Because it costs money to go to school in Colombia. Money her father doesn't have.

But for $15 a month through Save the Children Federation you can sponsor a Colombian child like Aurora. Send her to school. Improve her living conditions. Help her neighbors rebuild the bridge that connects Plato to the town's only hospital.

Help people—indeed, help an entire community—to help itself.

For you there are many rewards. The chance to correspond with a child. To receive a photograph. And progress reports. And above all, to know you are reaching out to another human being. That's how Save the Children works. But without you it can't work. So please: clip this coupon and mail it today. Now you can turn the page.

Save the Children Federation, founded in 1932, is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Contributions are income tax deductible.

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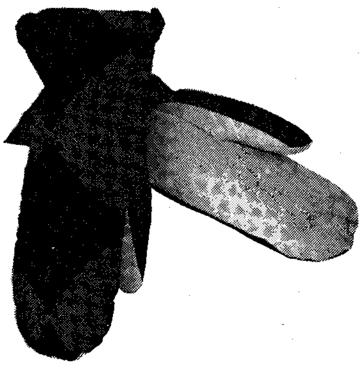
and decorated with "No Trespassing" signs, making them indistinguishable from the rest of the private-home barrier that runs between the road and the ocean. From Fradkin's piece, a simple, logical progression of events led to a people chute.

The county supervisors decided, by a vote of three to two, that the public had to be given use of its own property, but the Malibu homeowners who lived near the access paths mounted a fierce campaign in opposition. They said that the area around the paths lacked proper parking and rest-room facilities and police supervision. They said that there were adequate public beaches nearby. They said that permitting the public access to the beach next to their property would be "an invitation to trespassing," since anyone making use of it would be unlikely to remain on public land, which in California is only the section of the beach below the mean-high-tide line. (Asked how much of the beach the public could use once access was gained, the county attorney said, "If the public goes into the ocean at high tide, they would have to stay in the ocean.") In two law cases known collectively as Gion-Dietz, the California Supreme Court had ruled that beach land used freely by the public for five years became public land unless the owner could show that he had made a strenuous effort to keep the public out, and the Malibu homeowners claimed that constant use of their beaches by people wandering over from the access paths could therefore mean the loss not only of their privacy but of their property.

After some acrimonious hearings and a law case or two and a number of delays in construction, the access paths were finally opened. The county installed gates that could be locked after beach hours, concrete steps leading from the road down to the beach, and cinder-block walls on either side of the steps. In a number of cases, the people whose houses adjoined the paths continued the county's walls with fences of their own out onto the beach—fences festooned with "No Trespassing" signs and signs stating the precise distance to the mean-high-tide line and signs drawing the attention of the reader to County Ordinance 3593 and State Penal Code 602K(1). The path I stood on recently was only eight or ten feet wide, and the chain-link fence that enclosed it seemed dozens of yards long. On either side, visible through the fence, were miles of broad California beach. Straight ahead was

"TOASTERS"



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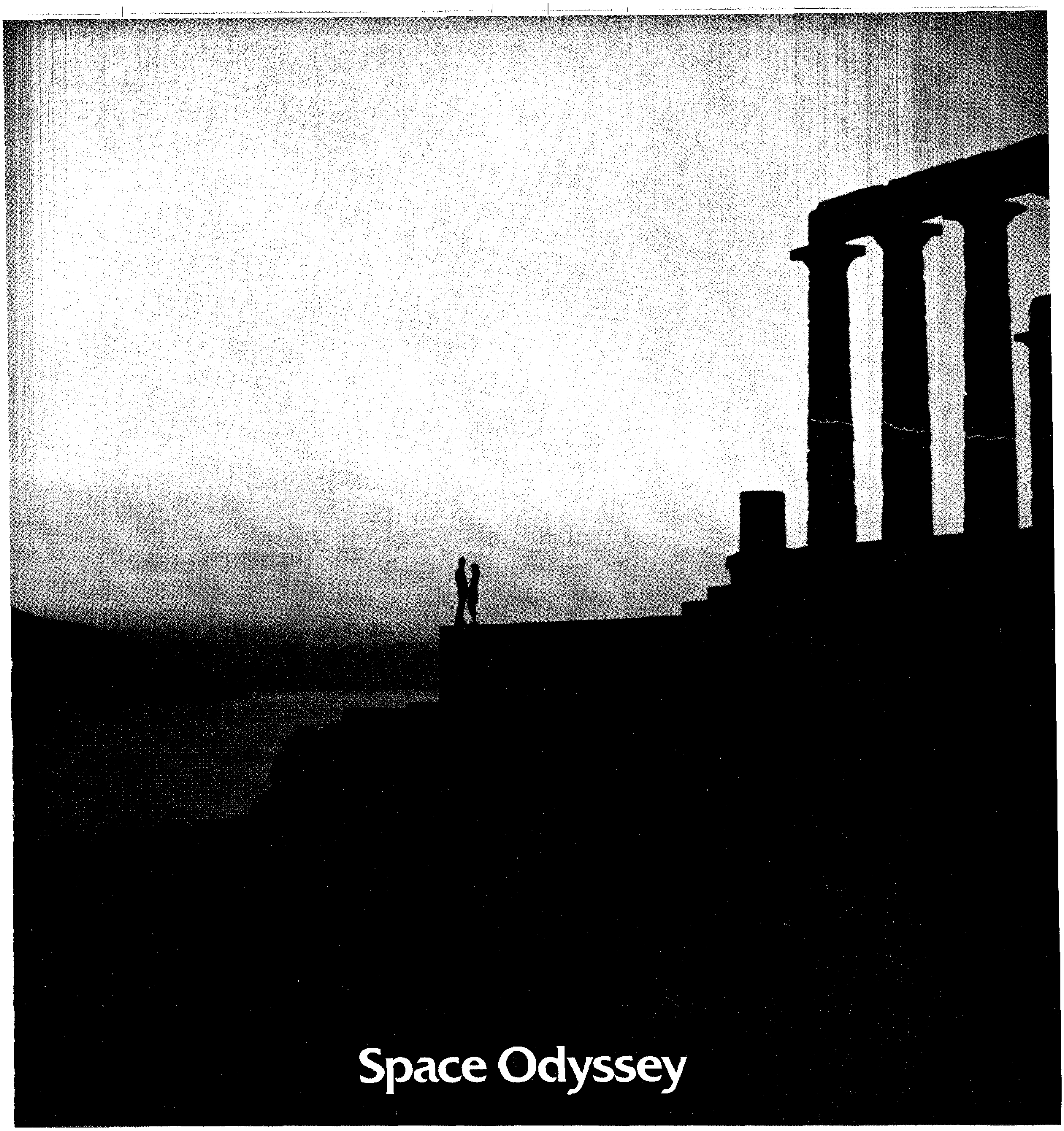

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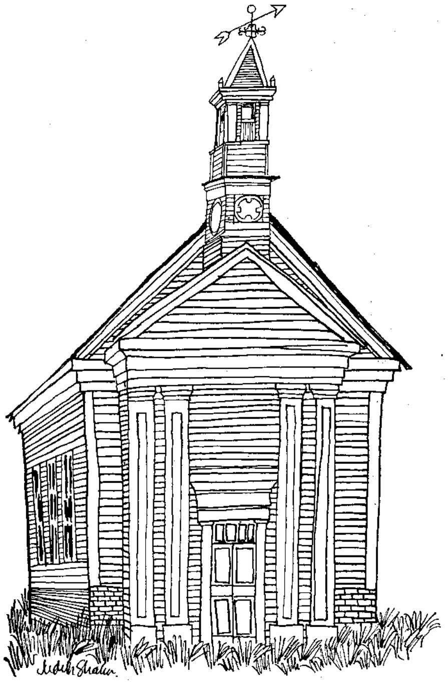
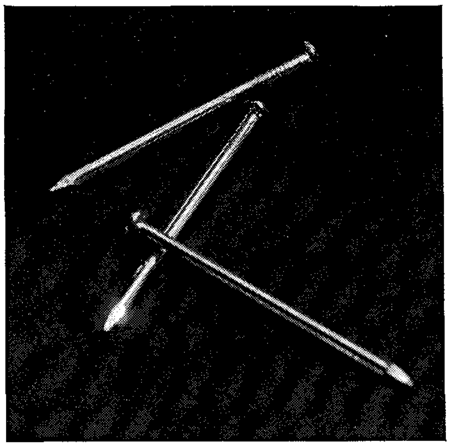
a ten-foot view of the Pacific Ocean. A people chute.

ONE MAN'S ENVIRONMENTALIST IS ANOTHER MAN'S ÉLITIST PRESERVATIONIST

THE environmentalist movement has always been vulnerable to accusations of élitism. Its early domination by upper-middle-class nature lovers sometimes gave it the tone of Planned Parenthood moved outdoors. Particularly when the issue under discussion is planning or zoning and the man from the Sierra Club is deriding "ticky-tacky" developments, it is easy for the general public to get the notion that environmentalists are overburdened with Good Taste. In fighting Proposition 20, Citizens Against the Coastal Initiative tried to portray environmentalists as snobs who cared more about geese and fish and unspoiled views than they did about ordinary people. Citizens Against the Coastal Initiative argued that Proposition 20 would mean a moratorium on construction and therefore on construction jobs, and its advertisements carried the names of labor leaders from building-trade unions. Spokesmen against Proposition 20 warned that the regional commissions it called for would be composed of "a handful of élitist preservationists" who have no interest in the state's economic progress. Calling the Proposition 20 forces élitist may have been a campaign device, but they seem to have been sincerely feared as preservationists. Between the announcement that the initiative would be on the ballot and Election Day, the Los Angeles *Times* reported, the build-





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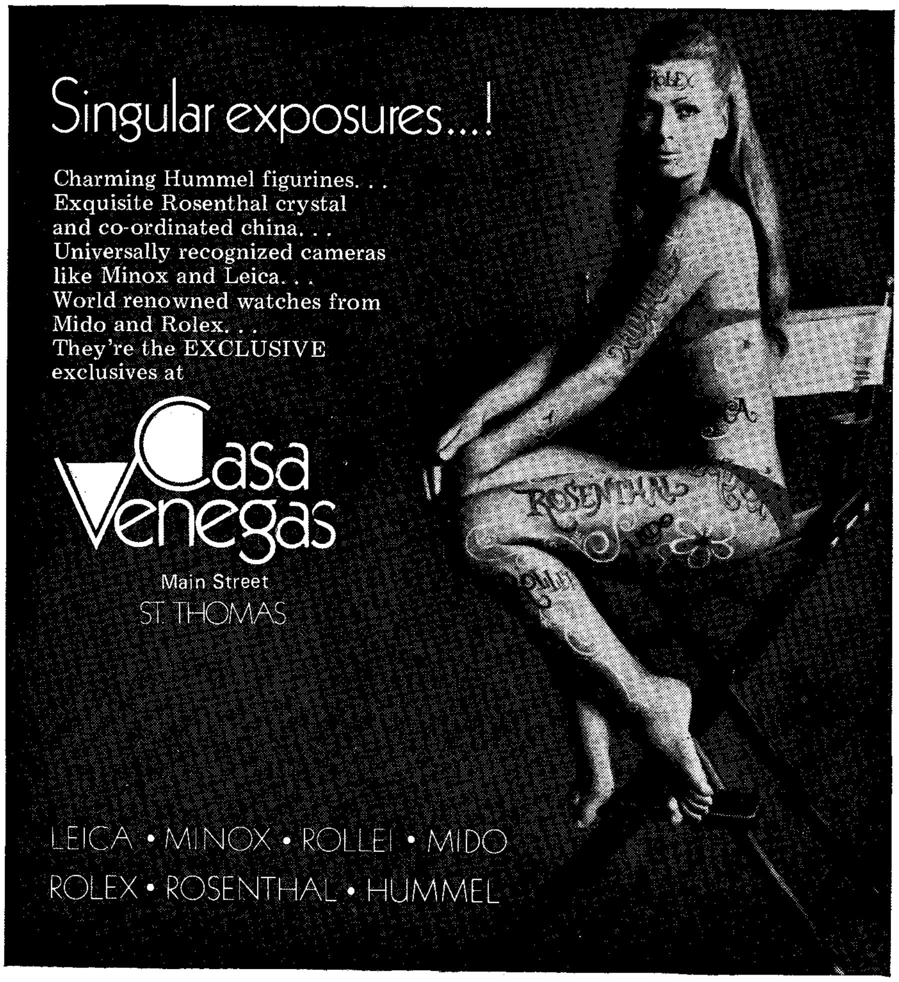

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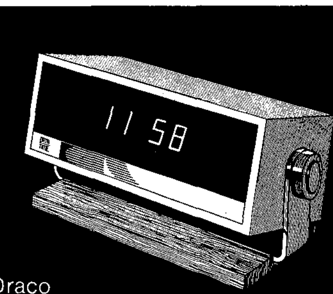
ing department of one shorefront city, Newport Beach, had so many applications for building permits that it had to ask the city council for three thousand dollars in overtime pay to clear up the backlog.

IN A SOFT ECONOMY, THE ONLY SAFE INVESTMENT IS IN A COMPANY MANUFACTURING "NO TRESPASSING" SIGNS

ONCE, when I was in a Canadian coastal village that had a few American residents, a local man asked me why it was that every single "No Trespassing" sign in the area belonged to an American. I explained to him that Americans may have a special feeling for property, the way the Irish are said to have a special feeling for poetry, and the French for wine. The Gion-Dietz decision was widely criticized in California for rewarding Scroogeism and taking the land of anyone civilized enough to have allowed his fellow-citizens to walk across it on the way to the beach. But another way to look at the Gion-Dietz decision is that the California justices, in all their wisdom, realized that permitting the general public access to one's property was an act so unnatural to an American that anyone who did it obviously did not consider the property his own.

ANY CITIZEN CAN USE THE BEACH AT EAST HAMPTON AS LONG AS HE IS WILLING TO LEAVE HIS CAR NEAR TIMES SQUARE AND WALK THE REST OF THE WAY

LAST spring and summer, there were some serious legal assaults on the practice East Coast towns have of reserving their beaches for local residents through parking stickers or beach fees or even identification bracelets. (I was tempted briefly to write one of my explanatory notes putting those bracelets in perspective, but then I decided they might be in perspective already.) A judge ordered the city of Long Beach, Long Island, to reopen a beach it had closed to outsiders the previous year. In a New Jersey suit that had the sound of a particularly joyful August softball game—Neptune City v. Avon-by-the-Sea—the state supreme court ruled that a municipality could not charge outsiders higher beach fees than it charged local residents. An American Civil Liberties Union lawyer in Connecticut asked a number of beach towns if they would kindly fill out forms listing such information as parking restrictions and



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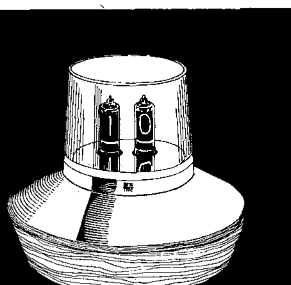

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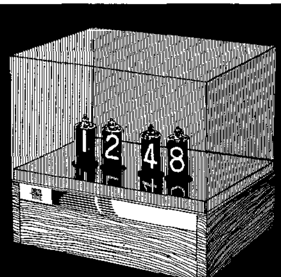

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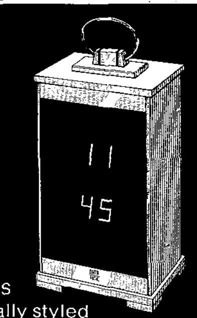

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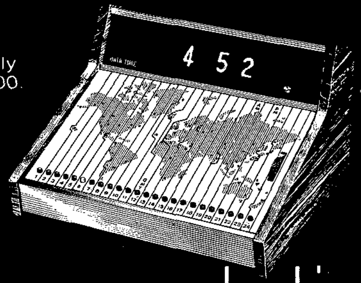

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amount of federal anti-erosion assistance, so that she could decide which of them to sue first.

The attorney who brought the Long Beach access case for the New York Civil Liberties Union is a young New York University law professor named Lawrence Sager. The issue underlying arguments about access to municipal beaches, as he sees it, is the same issue that underlies arguments about suburban zoning laws designed to keep out low-rent apartment houses: whether a municipality is a kind of property owners' association organized to protect the interests of those within its boundaries or whether it is an arm of the state with the same obligations the state government has for the welfare of all the people. The city council of a Long Island town that owns a beach of limited size takes the position that its own taxpayers come first. In the suburbs of New York, politicians line up to decry the unspeakable threat posed by the Urban Development Corporation—a creature of the state government whose most fearsome instrument is the power to override local zoning laws, presumably in order to inflict public-housing projects on innocent property owners. "The only thing cutting against their self-interest is their social conscience," Sager says. "And that has just not been enough."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

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To which quietly Kaufman added, "Not while you're alive."—*"George S. Kaufman, An Intimate Portrait," by Howard Teichmann, page 211.*

They were sitting around knocking President Roosevelt.... "He's his own worst enemy." "Not while I'm alive!" said Jules Bache.—*"Myself Among Others," by Ruth Gordon, page 140.*

Another show, someone was identified as "His own worst enemy." "Not while I'm around," F.P.A. interrupted.—*"The Memoirs of an Amnesiac," by Oscar Levant, page 163.*

"He is his own worst enemy."...

It is said that when this saying was applied in his hearing to someone whom Sir Winston Churchill disliked, he quipped: "Not while I live!"—*"Dictionary of Quotations," edited by Bergen Evans, page 198.*

I remember somebody once said to me, "George Szell is his own worst enemy." I said, "Not while I am alive."—*"5000 Nights at the Opera," by Rudolf Bing, page 177.*

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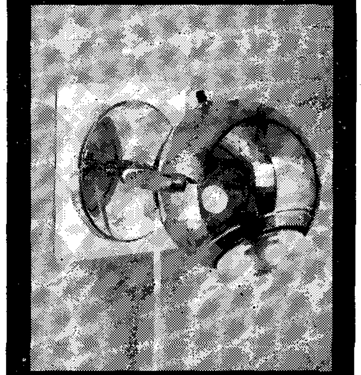

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Hyperbole and Narcissus

IT would be convenient to be able to say that Ken Russell's "Savage Messiah" is bad strictly on formal and technical grounds, but that would, I think, be fundamentally a lie. It *is* very poor technically, but that's not all that makes it bad. I want to be specific about my grounds, because so many people—and reviewers especially—have been falling back on narrow or simply trumped-up-for-the-occasion notions of form whenever the content of a movie presents problems. This was obvious last summer in relation to "The Candidate": those who were bothered by its smug, shallow cynicism and by what it says—that political life in the United States is *all* manipulation—generally said that it was badly done, and maybe even boring, while those who got onto the same wavelength as the movie (which is easy to do since it's shrewd and hip and lively) tended to find it marvellous fun, accepting, or not really caring much about, what it says. It's impossible to judge how much of the content of "The Candidate" or any other movie actually seeps into a viewer's consciousness; that depends on the individual viewer, and for some, perhaps for all of us, there may be a considerable cumulative seepage. It's just a dodge to say that if a film is exciting, it's good, and that's all there is to it—unless there's something in it that bugs one, in which case one decides that it's badly made. This can result in such bad jokes as the way the press of two continents lavished praise on the rancid, mechanical "Frenzy"—a movie so obviously engineered that the reviewers couldn't help seeing its "form."

Is there any other movie director with the flair and imagination and, yes, the force of Ken Russell who has so little actual command of what is generally considered "film technique"? "Savage Messiah" starts by lunging into the middle of a situation and then just keeps throwing things at you. It's more hurried than his other films, and not so visually lush. You feel as if it were rushing through the projector at the wrong speed and with the sound turned up to panic level. Russell edits with a cleaver, and the frenetic intercutting is choppy and rhythmless. Nothing is prepared for, and the disjointed scenes are played as if they all had the same value; he charges from one to the next, and his inventiveness gets buried under the avalanche. Yet all this could be considered a new approach, a way of breaking conventional molds. Maybe the shouting and the shock cuts and the emphasis on knockout episodes instead of on the over-all structure are simply an extension of his highly successful TV methods. There's no expansiveness in his vision here; he reduces the big screen to the TV screen. But this constant battery of sensations may be perfectly acceptable to those who have grown up with TV; in fact, preferable.

Ken Russell's admirers say they experience sensual intoxication from his highly theatrical, whirling lives of celebrated, scandalous artists. And those who are intoxicated are willing to accept his passionate, compulsively ambivalent romanticism—in which tumult and rapture are carried to madhouse pitch and everything is a joke, nothing is a joke. They find the extremities exciting; they get stoned on his excesses. But what if his visions of artists' lives—it's Henri Gaudier-Brzeska's turn this time—that are sometimes acclaimed as too shocking for Philistines are camp fantasies derived from Hollywood's wildest kitsch? What does it then mean if you're swept up by it? It doesn't necessarily mean that the picture that does it is art; it could just mean you've been softened. As a picture of bohemian life in Paris and London, "Savage Messiah" is about as convincing as "The Subterraneans" was about the Beats in San Francisco; but you understood the commercial pressures that shaped that, while with "Savage Messiah" the pressures are from Russell's insides. He's a one-man marketplace, a compulsive Hollywoodizer, and his images of the artist's suffering are frantic versions of Hollywood's. This movie is like a continuation of "The Music Lovers," but now it's all random buffoonery. Russell seems almost cursed by his subjects; he seems to want something from them, but each time he gets close to them he dances away. His movies are charged with sex, but it's androgynous sex, and sterile. There's a giddy violence to the sensations of dislocation that this new film produces. The abrupt contrasts score points against the characters. Russell celebrates the pandemonium and senselessness of art and life. Yet in the middle of this lurid debauchery the

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virginal hero seems to be saving himself for something: he's like Alice Faye singing "No Love, No Nothin'."

The actual Henri Gaudier, a gifted sculptor, born near Orléans in 1891, had been helped by scholarships as a boy, but he was proud and frail and starving in Paris, and, worst of all, desperately lonely, when he met Sophie Brzeska, a Polish woman, even more lonely than he—she'd been lonely all her life. Weakened by years of near-starvation, she was studying languages and trying to become a writer. He was eighteen and she was thirty-eight. For the next five years—until he died in battle in 1915, at twenty-three—they were platonic lovers, joining their names into Gaudier-Brzeska and living as brother and sister. Had he survived, Henri Gaudier-Brzeska might have become a major sculptor, but he is known to us as a minor artist and, of course, a legend. Considering the age difference between him and Sophie, and Sophie's background, her fear and reluctance to change the terms of their relationship from intellectual and artistic comradeship to the full, consummated, and legal marriage that he eventually wanted is perhaps not so strange; but their relationship—more mother and son than sister and brother—was painful and stormy. Sophie was a woman of passionate ideals who had had a bitter life; of middle-class background, she had been deserted by her suitors because she had no dowry, and her determination to be independent had gone sour in a series of jobs as a governess, including a long stint in the United States, where she had been stranded. Failure and deprivation had left her a high-strung, near-mad woman, and an angry woman. When Henri's work began to sell and he began to make friends—Roger Fry, Frank Harris, Enid Bagnold, Wyndham Lewis, Katherine Mansfield and Middleton Murry, Ezra Pound (who was a friend until Henri's death, and who wrote a small book about him)—her assertiveness often drove them away. Many people tried to help them, though they concealed their extreme poverty. Gaudier-Brzeska is known not only through his sculpture and drawings but also through his letters, which form a large part of the book that H. S. Ede put together in 1931 under the dubious but selling title "Savage Messiah."

The title seems so appropriate to Ken Russell, however, that some people have thought the film—written by Christopher Logue, from Ede's book—to be autobiographical. And in a sense it is, because Russell has wrested Gaudier-Brzeska's story from its place in

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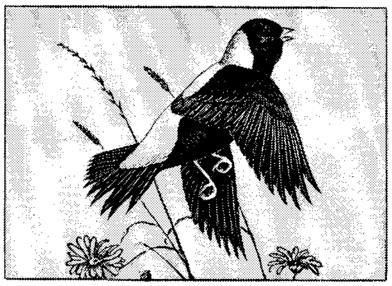

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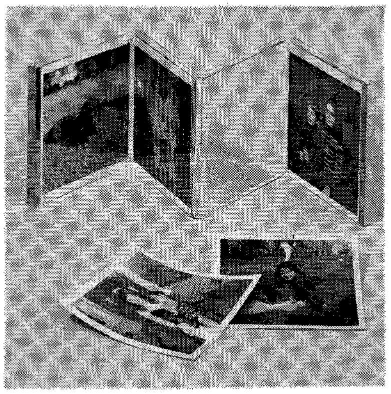
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art history and made it one more of his unstable satires on romanticism. Gentle, delicate-looking Gaudier, who was so embarrassed not to be sleeping with Sophie that he used to lie to people and say he was, and who once went to a prostitute but fled in disgust, becomes Russell's strutting, phallic artist assaulting society. His whole life builds up to the final Hollywood-style irony: he is taken up after death by the fashionable world, for its amusement. In a musical-comedy finale, Russell concocts a parade of rich and vapid young people with pink parasols who attend a posthumous exhibition of Gaudier-Brzeska's work and flirt and politely smile their approval. Russell seems drawn to the old movie story of the unappreciated "immortal" artist recognized after his death. But Gaudier-Brzeska never did become a major figure—he's hardly a household word now—and to suggest that his art was immediately taken up by smart young society people is to miss out on the meaning of his dedication to the avant-garde movement of his time, which was what kept him poor.

In Hollywood bios, the consummation of the artist's life was, of course, the romanticizing movie itself; Russell seems to be tormented by this convention—he keeps jabbing at it, angrily demonstrating that artists are not the ethereal dreamers those silly movies said they were, yet accepting the Hollywood myths of genius and "inspiration." This movie doesn't have the deliberate shocks and horrors of "The Music Lovers" or "The Devils"—the sores and the burning, bubbling flesh, and the Rube Goldberg machines inserted into women. This time, Russell's full energy—a kind of mad zip—goes into parodies that burst out where they don't belong. The most inventive sequence is a freakily decadent erotic entertainment in a Vorticist night club in London, with red lips protruding through the mouth hole of a painted nude, and singing. The canvas is then slashed by a suffragette; she proceeds to strip and do a number about votes for women. To anyone who knows anything about the Vorticist movement or the Bloomsbury group—or, for that matter, the suffragettes—Russell's jokes don't work, because they're so maniacally off target. The points aren't satirically valid; they're simply for kicks (though I imagine that Russell himself would defend them as valid, and would *also* say it's all meant to be a joke on us). Russell has his actors declaiming in a way that makes everything unbelievable, and we can't always judge whether this is intentional (he seems to have a very bad ear for speech); but he

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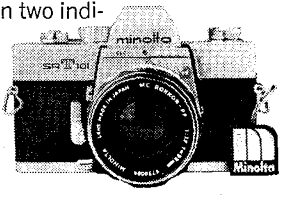

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sometimes deliberately uses Christopher Logue's stylish, overwritten dialogue as rant, flinging literary epigrams at the audience. His hyperbolic method—going from climax to climax—is itself a form of ridicule, and it's orgiastic. And I think this is a large part of his fascination: some people can't resist his movies, because they can hardly wait to see what mad thing he'll do next. His films are preceded by puffery about the biographical research and the authentic incidents. But he removes those incidents from their human context: the attraction for him and for the audience is the porn of fame. That's why artists' lives appeal to him; he's getting back at them for their glamour. His stars-of-the-arts subjects are taking-off places for his "Hollywood Babylon" extravagances. He's not trying to deal with the age any of his artist subjects lived in, or the appetites and satisfactions of that age, or the vision of a particular artist; but is always turning something from the artists' lives into something else—a whopping irony, a phallic joke, a plushy big scene.

A famous anecdote about how Gaudier-Brzeska boasted to Epstein that he had worked directly in stone, and then, when Epstein said he would come visit his studio the next day, stayed up all night and produced three small pieces of sculpture, which were casually lying about when Epstein arrived, is turned here into a promise to visit by a malicious, epicene art dealer named Shaw (played by John Justin, in 1940 the Thief of Bagdad), who fails to show up, enraging the young sculptor, who hurls the statue he has worked on all night through Shaw's gallery window. Russell is as crazed in his hatred of art lovers as some reactionary fantasists are about liberals. The world of the movie is made up of repulsive desiccated poseurs like Shaw (and Mme. von Meck in "The Music Lovers"), who are mocked for the sensuality in their love of art. To Russell, love of art is an affectation: these ghoulish art lovers really want the artist's flesh. Shaw has a wrinkled face and a rotting smile, and is covered with jewelry. Russell seems to share with Hollywood the view that a supercilious manner and an aristocratic style and homosexuality equal decadence. For him, decadence is glitzy camp—which at one level he must love, because he compulsively turns everything into it. He garbles until there is no base of truth left in a situation; his volatile mixture of bombast and venom and parody isn't an exaggeration of anything we can recognize; we no longer know what world we're in. That's why, at a cer-

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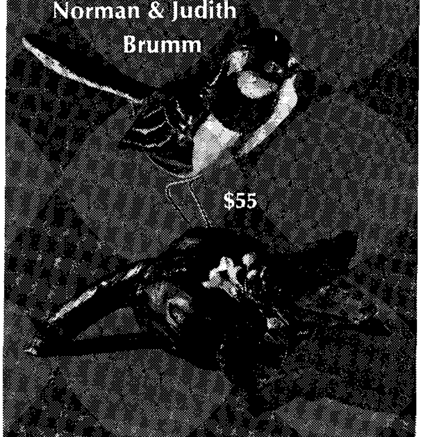

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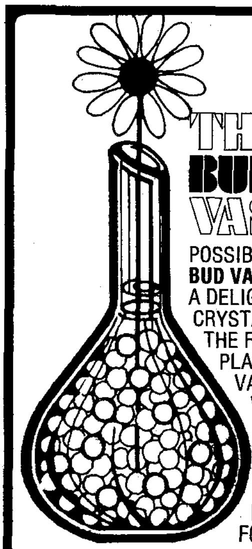

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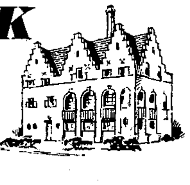

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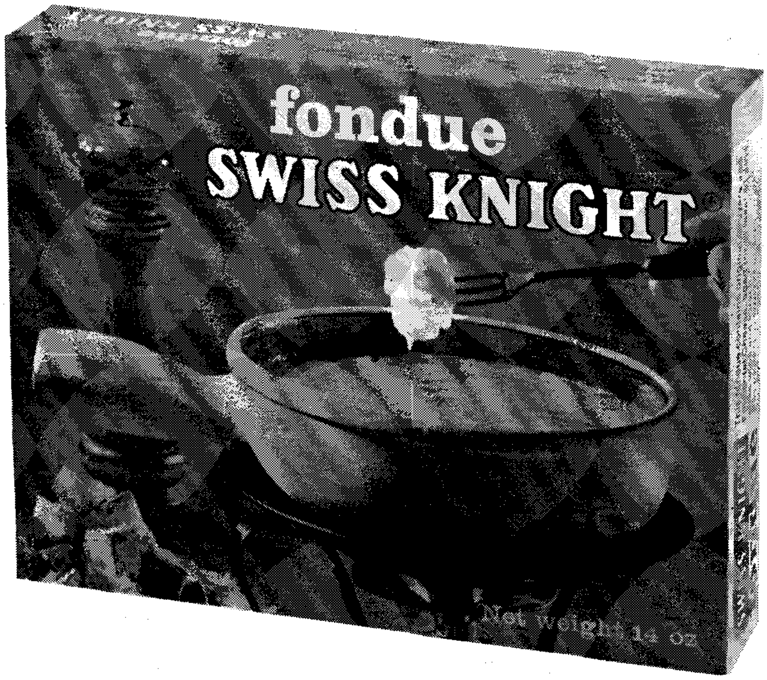
tain point in a Ken Russell movie, I always say to myself, "The man is mad." But it's why those who adore his movies say, "He's a genius." Genius is, of course, his subject—genius and possession. His possessed artists burn with an intensity that is so exhausting they seek death. But he can't help making them fools, too. He turns pop into highbrow pop. This is "art" for people who don't want to get close to human relationships, for those who feel safer with bravura splashiness.

While his heroes posture and suffer, the emotional tensions are in the female performances. Dorothy Tutin's Sophie Brzeska is the only reason to consider going to this movie, even though her Sophie exists only in bits. Perhaps Dorothy Tutin *had* to play the role so bracingly in order to survive, yet without the very special psychosexual dynamics that are at work for her here—as they were at work for Glenda Jackson's Gudrun in "Women in Love" and for some parts of Glenda Jackson's Nina in "The Music Lovers"—she wouldn't have this ambivalent force. Opposite her, Scott Antony is like a young, less talented Rock Hudson or Stewart Granger; he doesn't appear to be an actor at all—he acts young by jumping around—and his husky, almost buxom Gaudier is merely an embarrassment. But Dorothy Tutin makes something theatrical yet original and witty and psychologically stupefying out of the distraught Sophie's rant. Her long monologues and songs are witchlike, but Shakespearean-witchlike in their ferocious lilt. (Women have rarely delivered complex monologues from the screen, and, whether we think of that or not, probably her feat here startles us more than an actor's monologues would.) Sophie talks to herself and harangues everyone; her rhythmic tirades on the horrors of her past life and the treatment she has had as a woman are delivered at a mad speed and at a constant, loud, high pitch—and, for once in the film, the speed and the pitch are justified. Russell's fevered style doesn't allow her great scenes to grow out of anything; he even cuts away from her most extraordinary diatribe (while she's chopping half-rotten vegetables) to show us vacuous reaction shots of Scott Antony listening. Yet Russell's antipathy for and fascination with strong, hard-edged women makes her intermittent triumphs possible. When, in an idyll at the sea, she and Antony celebrate being together, dancing symbolically separate dances, she on the sand, he on the cliffs high above, her little jigging mazurka



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is so compelling that she wipes poor Antony off the screen.

There is a link between Russell's two authentic, flawed creations: Gudrun and Sophie. Katherine Mansfield (on whom D. H. Lawrence based his Gudrun) not only knew Sophie Brzeska but was so repelled by her that she had to break off her friendship with Henri Gaudier. In "Women in Love," Glenda Jackson was photographed and made up to look extraordinarily like Katherine Mansfield (the photograph of Mansfield in the new Quentin Bell biography of Virginia Woolf could be a study for the movie), and Dorothy Tutin exactly fits Ede's description of Sophie: "She was small, flat-chested, with a pointed chin, thin lips, tilted nose, sensitive nostrils, and high cheekbones, which rose up to meet the large eyelids sheltering strange tired eyes, eyes that often stared big and vacant, and then of a sudden melted into roguish intimacy. Her movements were rapid, abrupt, and angular." Gudrun and Sophie are alike, of course, and on the screen they're both shrews, comic, high-powered, and erotically nasty—Gudrun a strident, castrating female who drives Gerald Crich to suicide, and Sophie, who by her neurotic hatred of sex drives Gaudier to death in battle. (Russell seems to have no interest in the fact that Gudrun was an artist herself, and Sophie a failed artist.) Both are without a core and without any soft spots at all, yet both are glittering portraits. But what are we to make of them? Russell doesn't tell us, doesn't show us. You never get to see what brought Henri Gaudier and Sophie Brzeska together, and you never get to understand why he needed the woman who called him her little son. There's one quiet moment in a shelter on the beach when Henri and Sophie talk together and you actually begin to feel something; but Russell doesn't trust it, and he throws it away. He's in his full show-off glory with Scott Antony leaping on the huge stone blocks above the sea, trying to act like a genius.

What is the sum total of his vision but a sham superiority to simple human needs, a camp put-down of everything? Like a *Yellow Book* diabolist of the eighteen-nineties, Russell lusts for a purity he doesn't believe in. He turns Gaudier-Brzeska into the virgin-artist raped in life by his dilettante admirers and raped in death by the fashionable world. One can't just dismiss Russell's movies, because they have an influence. They cheapen everything they touch—not consciously, I think, but instinctively.

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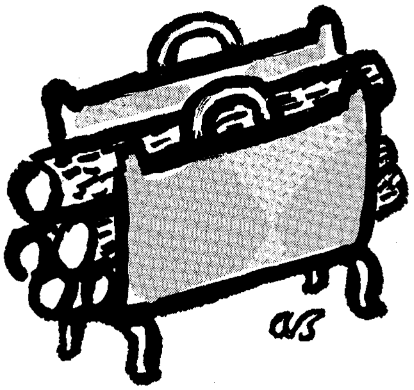
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

NOVEMBER 12

THE President is in Key Biscayne taking the sun and conferring with some of his most trusted aides, and with his neighbor Bebe Rebozo, on how to end tensions in the world, put a stop to "permissiveness" in American society, and reorganize the executive branch. Evidently, he plans extensive changes in the Administration lineup and batting order, but if he has told his press agents what he intends, he has instructed them to keep all they know in confidence until he makes the announcement himself. In the days before the election, inquiries into such matters at the White House were met with the response that much would depend on how the President read his "mandate"—assuming, of course, that he would be given one. But obviously the President has long taken it for granted that he would have a sweeping victory and that he could divine its meaning before a single vote had been cast or counted. Last Sunday—two days before the polls opened—he granted an exclusive interview to a reporter for the *Star-News* here, outlining the shape of the future that he intended to construct. He named no names, but he made it clear that a large number of people currently on the public payroll would shortly be seeking employment elsewhere, that there would be extensive departmental changes, and that strenuous efforts would be made to improve American society and restore the ancient verities—all these good things to be accomplished at no further financial cost to our already overburdened people. He seemed confident in his foreknowledge of the outcome, and in a relative sense he was right, though he neglected to mention, then or later, the distressing fact that the campaign failed to interest vast numbers of citizens, and that only a few more than half of those qualified cared to record either their support for or their opposition to him and the New Jerusalem he sees just down the road a bit. Nor, when it was all over, did he or any of his associates mention the fact that he would not have come close to breaking any records if Governor George Wallace, physically incapacitated himself, had disapproved of his followers' giving their support to Nixon.

It was, in any case, a striking victory, and although the Wallace vote helped, Nixon would have won anyway. Some of his backers used tactics that seem notable less for shrewdness than for lack of rectitude, but even without such help he would no doubt still have won. For one reason or another, George McGovern, a gentle, amiable, and competent man, generated little affection and less confidence among the American people, and his campaign was ineptly managed—partly through faults of his own, partly through a lack of skill and coördination among his staff. His political past, though honorable, was barren of the kind of accomplishments that Nixon could cite from his first term. Though he was no more "radical" than a dozen of his Senate colleagues, the label was pinned on him at the start of the campaign, and it stuck. He was defeated by a new coalition of ethnic groupings and economic interests, but there is no evidence that that coalition will endure or that Nixon has forged the "new majority" of which he so often spoke; indeed, it did not benefit others in his party. The Democrats are still the majority party, and the Congress that will meet in two months will be very much like its predecessor, and conceivably more reluctant to do the President's bidding. The Senate seems to have moved slightly to the left, and for two-thirds of its members Nixon is already a lame duck, since he will be unable to run when their terms expire. The House has added a dozen or so Republicans, but its organization will remain in Democratic hands, and a few of the freshman Republicans are known to be less than enthusiastic about the President, from whom they received little help. Congress is unlikely to have many differences with the Administration over foreign policy as that policy now appears to stand, though it seems probable that both houses will renew the efforts made in the last few years to have a larger voice in diplomatic and military affairs. There may also be increased sentiment to reduce the size and limit the role of the military establishment, and, despite objections raised by the Pentagon, to divert some of the money now spent in Vietnam to non-military expenditures. The President will resist this and will probably succeed, for even among House liberals there are many who attach great importance to the maintenance of American military supremacy, or, as Nixon so often puts it, to being No. 1 in the world.



The President may achieve little success in domestic affairs and may have to yield on a few questions of foreign policy, but this is by no means to say that he will be able to have little effect on American life and institutions during the next four years. No more important power is vested in him than the power to appoint federal judges, and although there are some Constitutional restraints on his authority, they are, by tradition, used sparingly. Already, he has largely remade the Supreme Court according to his view of what it should be, even though he has one appointment left to make before a majority will owe its seats to him; in any case, it is more likely than not that death or infirmity will provide him with that opportunity. It may well be that for the next fifteen or twenty years the country will have a "Nixon Court" and almost an entire federal judiciary reflecting his views. His object may be the restoration of "law and order," an eminently worthy goal but one rarely achieved by judges unless they are granted, and employ, totalitarian methods. No one expects the Administration to tolerate Fascist practices, but it is clear that a show of repression will be required to combat the "permissiveness" the President sees as so destructive a force in our lives. Whether the repression is effective depends on how extensively it is applied and to what degree the spirit of the law is violated by those charged with enforcement. Moreover, the Nixon concept of law and order has certain limitations, as do his notions of practical remedies. In his view, crime is largely a matter of physical violence against life and property, but he resists the governmental control of handguns, which, in the view of most criminologists, would be the most immediate and effective way of reducing the kind of crime he deplores. The sort of "order" he seeks to promote is the elimination of rioting, but he has proposed no solutions apart from harsher and more widely applied penalties. He has had nothing to say about fraud, graft, and other forms of crime in the worlds of business and politics, and there is nothing in the record to suggest that he recognizes their extent or their danger. His courts may yet have to deal with the Watergate affair and other alleged malpractices by members of his cam-

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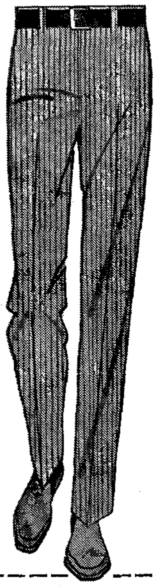

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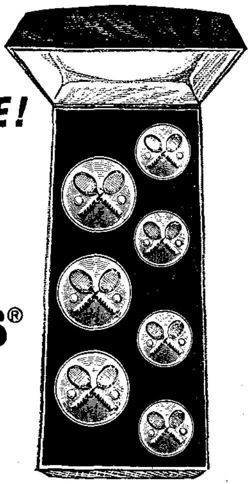
paign staff, but he has not thus far recognized the possibility of wrongdoing on the part of his associates. Yet it is hard to see how his courts can act in defense of the values he professes without damage to the Bill of Rights, and particularly to the first Article in it. The very prospect of a repressive judiciary has already brought fear to those who report or express opinion, though it has not as yet reduced the level of violence in the country, and is not likely to do so.

Nixon's most pressing concern in the days ahead will be with Vietnam, which was almost certainly the uppermost concern in the minds of most voters. There is reason to believe that during the campaign a good many voters were under the impression that the President, having withdrawn all ground-combat troops, had already fulfilled his early promises to bring the war to an end, and that what was then in progress between Henry Kissinger and the representatives of the two Vietnams was the settlement of the minor technicalities that must always be attended to at the end of such a conflict. But this, of course, was always far from the case, and still is. It is difficult—indeed, impossible—to learn here how serious are the remaining differences, particularly those between Washington and Saigon. Officials here maintain that President Thieu is merely playing games and that before long it will be seen that our government can apply all the pressure needed to make him go along with us. Maybe so, but past failures of American experts to understand the Vietnamese leaders breed little confidence in their assurances this time, and the President's reluctance to offend Thieu hardly squares with the opinion that Thieu is merely teasing. The most optimistic estimate one gets here is that the end will come in a month at the least and in two months at the most—the last figure being an estimate of the endurance of the President's patience. But experts have been wrong about this, too, and while it is unthinkable that the President could return American troops to the ground war, it is not in the least unthinkable that he could step up the war in the air. He might be restrained by the ensuing uproar in Congress and the possible consequences to his diplomacy in other parts of the world, but he cannot, apparently, bear the thought of accepting a peace that would, in his terms, be "dishonorable," or what President Thieu calls a "surrender." It may be quite a while before Congress has to decide what to do with what has for



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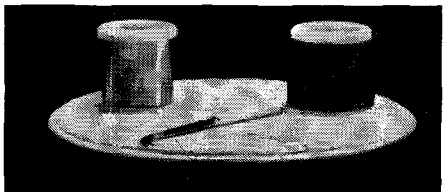

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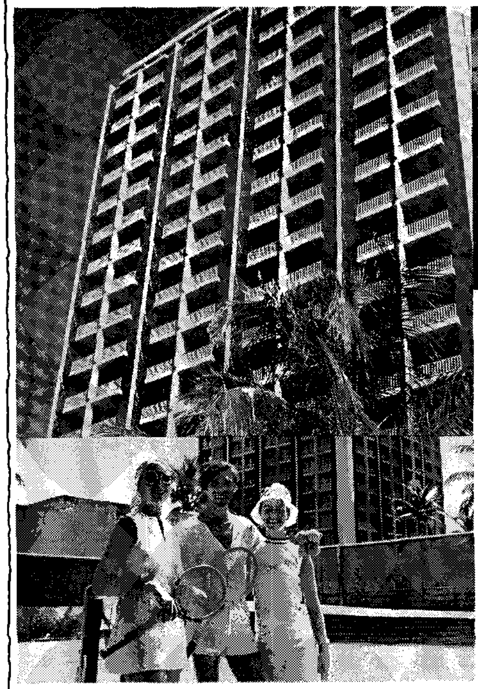
years been called the "Vietnam dividend"—the money to be saved by the conclusion of this detestable conflict.

AMERICAN political scholars have long held that the returns from a Presidential election reveal a good deal about the American mind and character. Not so much can be learned from studying voting patterns for lesser offices, for in most of these the considerations are more parochial, though, no doubt, if one takes the sum of them one may be able to piece together a portrait of the nation as a whole. But one can get the portrait almost immediately from a Presidential election, and the election held a few days ago was as revealing as any. For one thing, apathy is today about as rampant as it has ever been, and probably a bit more so. If not a single soul had voted against Nixon, his "new majority" would consist of less than half of all qualified voters. To some extent, this may be accounted for by the fact that neither candidate had much personal appeal. But even the small minority of real enthusiasts showed little of the old-time zeal. Crowds, even where they could be formed easily, were small, quiet, orderly. The only issue that provoked widespread feeling one way or the other was "busing," and a majority clearly opposed it. Mobility has made most regional differences negligible—the percentages showed something quite close to uniformity. Moral standards have been changing in a number of ways, but a majority still clings—rhetorically, at any rate—to those that Richard Nixon proclaimed from coast to coast. One really striking change is that there seems to be no notable concern with issues of "corruption." The people evidently expect it, and merely shrug when one politician attempts to pin a charge of it on another. Anti-war sentiment has grown, and unquestionably there are more pacifists among the young than ever before, but often it is not the institution of war that is despised. Rather, it is the possibility that a war will bring with it the death of one's loved ones. The destruction of life and property in a remote part of the world seems a moral outrage only to a minority. Anti-war sentiment among the young seems less selfish, but even among them it has tapered off markedly since the troop withdrawals. The "generation gap" seems real enough in certain ways, but it does not mean much in politics. The polltakers who predicted that the new youth vote would divide just about as the older



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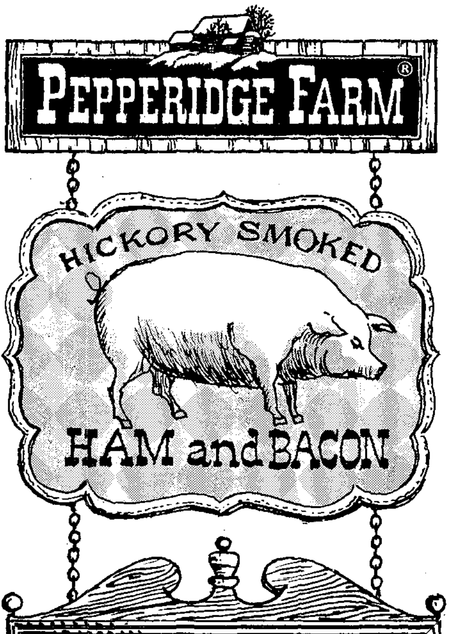
vote did were proved almost right. Among college students, McGovern was somewhat preferred over Nixon, but even this, it seems, was truer of the Ivy League schools than of most others. Working-class young people in most parts of the country seem to have followed their parents' lead.

A number of past studies have shown that a majority of Americans classify themselves as "conservatives," no matter what brand of politics attracts them. Scarcely more than a handful of intellectuals and labor leaders care to be known as "liberals," even if that term comes close to defining them. A far smaller band like to be known as "radicals." Though the terms have been practically drained of meaning, the popular concept of them still applies. Nixon revels in acknowledging his conservatism, and while he may get no particular credit for it, he certainly loses nothing. Not many politicians call themselves liberal, though the term "moderate" gives no offense, and fewer call themselves radical, which still, it would seem, is a term of opprobrium in American life. (Perhaps no single stratagem was of more value to Nixon than using it against his rival.) Regardless of all this wordplay, the differences between the candidates on issues were less than either claimed. McGovern was for getting out of the war five minutes after his inauguration, as Nixon would do if he felt he could; neither has any stomach for the enterprise, and both went on record against further adventures of this sort. Both campaigned as welfare statists, though Nixon counselled restraint on fiscal grounds, and McGovern, fully as conscious of the cost factors, wanted to get the money from the military budget and a more drastic tax reform than Nixon thought advisable. Both are for the elimination of racist practices, though Nixon was firmly against busing and McGovern had little to say on this vexed subject. They did not differ much publicly on the judiciary, though plainly this is the most significant area of difference in both policy and temperament; it cannot be held, though, that the same differences characterize their followers, for philosophies of jurisprudence received little attention in the campaign, and in the past have only infrequently been subjects of public debate.

THERE exists the possibility that Nixon, as he approaches the end of his long career in public life, will be emboldened to abandon the kind of



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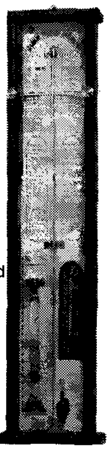

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narrow partisanship that can no longer be of any personal use to him. His Republican loyalties have been intense at Party rallies, but he has shown little in the way of real heat and passion, and, as a matter of fact, there was even this year a good deal of resentment of him among true loyalists because he put practically no effort into the congressional campaigns and at times confided to friends that there were Democrats whose election he preferred to that of certain Republicans. No doubt, he will never call himself anything but a Republican, but it would not surprise observers here if he shifted to something like a nonpartisan style and sought a place in history as a man as notable in his late years for magnanimity and vision as in his earlier years he was notable for the intensity of his personal ambition. There is now no way of advancing his career except by a show of dedication to causes larger than himself. In the past, there were advantages to surrounding himself with mediocrity—people whose lack of stature seemed to enhance his own. In the past, too, it was advantageous to follow Republican doctrine wherever it led. But even in the term now drawing to a close, his most singular accomplishments—mostly in foreign policy—have been of a kind no Democrat would dare for fear of Republican criticism. Undertaking them has considerably increased good will toward him both abroad and at home.

There have been as yet no signs of the emergence of still one more "new Nixon," and most people think there never will be. Since 1968, he has done extraordinarily well—politically—by playing domestic politics as he has played them most of his life, and a new kind of bid for recognition and admiration might seem as self-serving as so many of his other maneuvers have seemed. But he is a man who, whatever his failings, has always had a shrewd insight into his own character, and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that he will seek to give it one last new look as he moves toward elder statesmanship. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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She was served half the duck. The sauce was to the side, an adjunct, not a smotherer. And so rightly, for even the skin was incredibly tender, and the meat of the bird defied chewing, melted upon contact with one's gourmet salivations into pure ducky essence.—*Coatesville (Pa.) Brandywine Bugle.*

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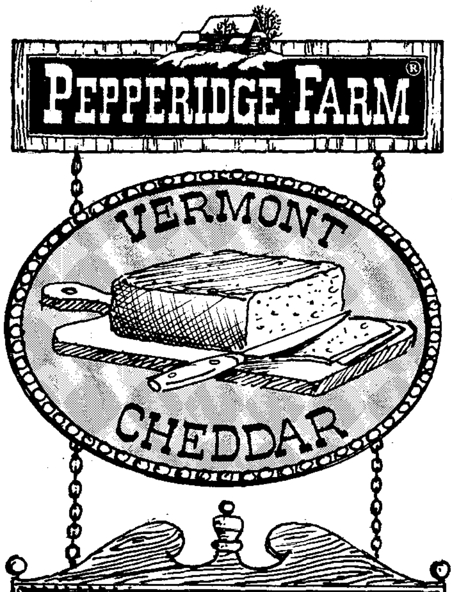

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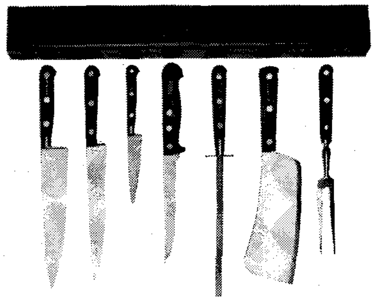
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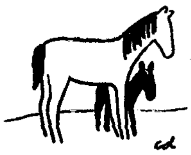

It was America, England, and England as the field came down to the winning post in the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel Race Course in Maryland last Saturday. John Schiff's Droll Role, with Baeza riding for all he was worth, was first to pass it, four lengths ahead of Roderick More O'Ferrall's Parnell. Nine lengths farther back, Ravi Tikkoo's Steel Pulse took third place from Countess Margit Batthyany's French filly San San, the favorite. It was the eleventh time in twenty-one runnings that a horse from this country has brought it off. A mishap marred the race, though I doubt that it had much bearing on the result. Boreen, from Ireland, fell on the backstretch, and Jumbo Jet, from Singapore, crashed into him. Happily, neither horse was injured, nor was either of the riders. The boy on Boreen was Buster Parnell. The one on Jumbo Jet was none other than Lester Piggott, England's top rider, who, when he falls, manages to land loosely, like a jumping-race jock—a trick he learned from his father, who rode in steeplechases.

The nine runners were saddled on the turf course, in front of the grandstand. Ten had been named, but Cougar II was scratched after rain turned the turf course soggy. Looking the lot over, it struck me that Jumbo Jet, a New Zealand-bred, was well named. "Big as a house," someone around the stable said. I'd guess he is over seventeen hands high, with a body built in proportion. My pick on looks was Parnell, a smooth, British type, and I could not find any fault in Steel Pulse, the winner of the Irish Sweeps Derby, who is trained by Scobie Breasley. (Racegoers will remember that Breasley rode Ballymoss in the 1958 International, finishing third.) I thought Riva Ridge was lighter in flesh than he was before the Jockey Club Gold Cup. San San, who is a filly of beautiful quality, looked extremely fit. She wore a snow-white sheepskin noseband, which set off her fine head to perfection. Belle Geste, second to Droll Role in the recent Canadian International Championship, was fairly jumping out of her skin with eagerness to run, and Chappie Chapman had to take her up the track to saddle her. She and Riva Ridge were

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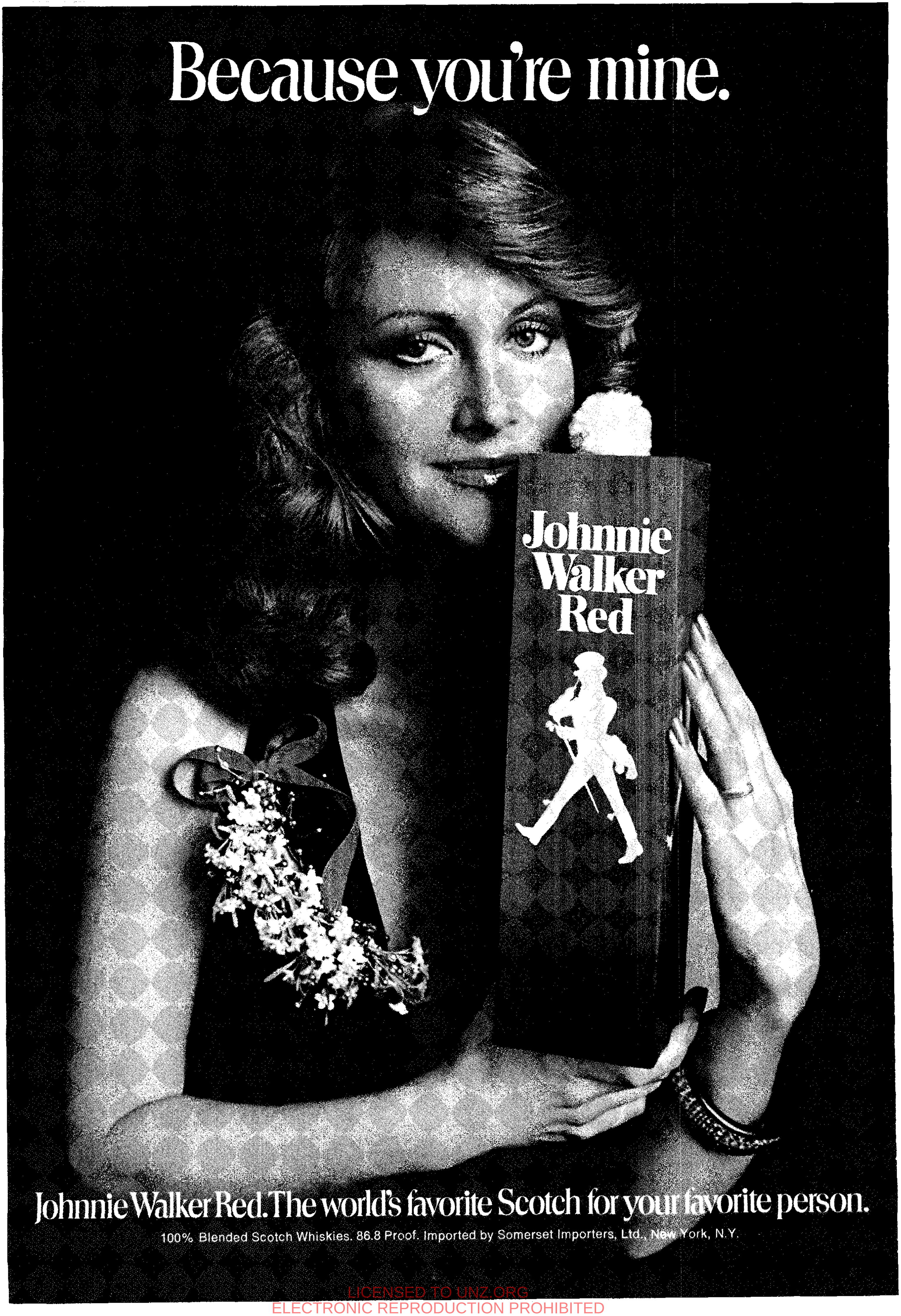

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quickest away, and raced in front together for at least six furlongs at a headlong pace in the heavy going. Suddenly Riva Ridge appeared to stumble, then righted himself quickly. But, not far behind him, Boreen also stumbled, crossed his legs or stepped in a hole, and went down, with Jumbo Jet right on top of him. Droll Role, rolling along, managed to avoid the tangle, and opened up a lead that he held to the end. As Carson, who rode Parnell, put it, "I thought I had him in the stretch, but he was just too much." I knew that San San was a slow beginner, but I'd had no notion she was that slow; she was last for nearly half the route. She did close a big gap, but that isn't winning.

Anyhow, as always, John Schapiro, who runs the show at Laurel, put on a good one.

NATURALLY, La Prevoyante won't be voted Horse of the Year—a two-year-old isn't supposed to get that honor—but I don't know why she shouldn't be. She's done something that none of the older horses have done this season—which is to win every time she runs. It seems that she was never out of a good gallop in the Gardenia Stakes at Garden State Park last weekend to score her twelfth straight. After Yonnie Starr unwinds her, she'll go into winter quarters. Good luck, lady!

THERE was racing at Aqueduct last week, but little of it is likely to be remembered. Perhaps that lively finish in the Stuyvesant Handicap, won by Icecapade, will be. Certainly the rainstorm the next day, and maybe the Knickerbocker Handicap last Saturday, in which Triangular, the odds-on favorite, gave his backers anxious moments before beating Dendron by a nose. And, of course, the farewell to Canonero II. I venture to say that there were more cheers for him, and for Rotz, who, wearing the King Ranch colors, paraded him down the stretch in his last appearance, than there were for Triangular.

HORSEMEN and horseplayers who go to Miami are delighted that the Hialeah meeting will run from January 17th through March 3rd. The switch with Gulfstream last year did nobody any good. —AUDAX MINOR

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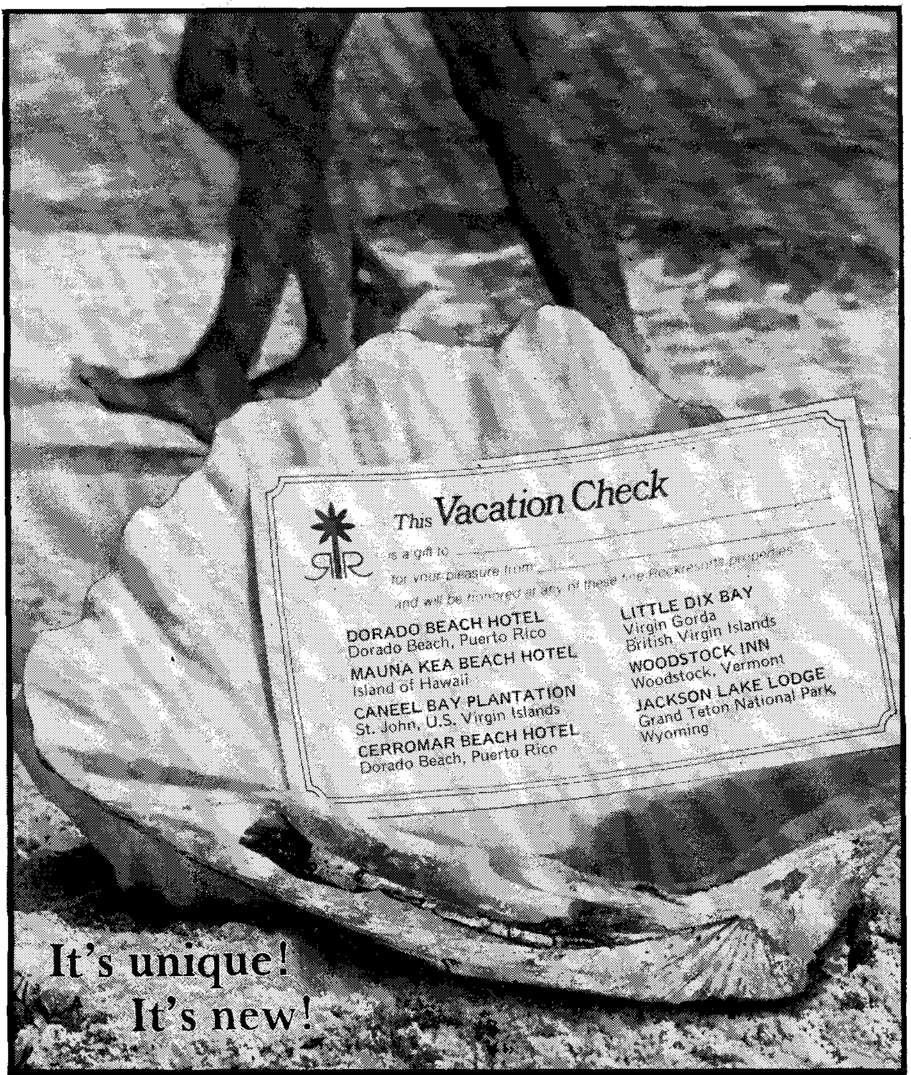

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BOOKS

The Translucing of Hugh Person

CONFESSIONS: I have never understood how they saw the woman in half. Any willful child can dumbfound me with card tricks learned from the back of a comic book. Mystery novelists find in me their ideal gull, obligingly misled by the fishiest red herring. In calculus, I never grasped the infinitesimal but fertile distinction between *dt* and Δt. And I do not understand Vladimir Nabokov's new novel, "Transparent Things" (McGraw-Hill). This is a confession, not a complaint; the world abounds in excellent apparatuses, from automobile engines to digestive tracts, resistant to my understanding. So be it. I am grateful. I am grateful that Nabokov, at an age when most writers are content to rearrange their medals and bank their anthology royalties, rides his old hobbyhorses with such tenacious mount and such jubilant tallyhos. A new book by him, any new book by him, serves as reminder that art is a holiday, however grim workdays grow in the sweatshops of reality. His exuberance is infectious, as readers of this hyperbole-pocked paragraph can at a glance diagnose. Well, to work.

If the critic attempts to consider "Transparent Things" as itself transparent, he can perceive several impulses pressing their faces against the glass. One is an impulse to make the most of language: a hearty impulse, even jolly, by no means above the coarse buffoonery of pun ("Giulia . . . wore a Doppler shift over her luminous body," "An electric sign, DOPPLER, shifted to violet") and alliteration ("ruts, rocks, and roots," "cracked that crooked cricoid"). The language bubbles, chortles, and in its abundance of simmering exactitude boils right over into mad exhortation:

> The tap expostulated, letting forth a strong squirt of rusty water before settling down to produce the meek normal stuff—which you do not appreciate sufficiently, which is a flowing mystery, and, yes, yes, *which deserves monuments to be* erected to it, cool shrines!

"Transparent Things's" hero, Hugh Person, is an editor of, among other authors, one "R." (a mirroring of the Russian Я, *ya*, meaning "I"), who, though more corpulent and less uxorious than Nabokov himself, does live in Switzerland, composes "surrealistic novels of the poetic sort," and regards the rest of the world as a grotesquely clumsy siege upon his artistic integrity. "Our Person, our reader, was not sure he entirely approved of R.'s luxuriant and bastard style; yet, at its best ('the gray rainbow of a fog-dogged moon'), it was diabolically evocative." Nabokov's is really an amorous style—foreplay in the guise of horseplay. It yearns to clasp diaphanous exactitude into its hairy arms. To convey a child's nocturnal unease, it can toss off the eerie metaphor "Night is always a giant," and with tender euphonic trippings it limns a woman's facial expression during intercourse as "the never deceived expectancy of the dazed ecstasy that gradually idiotized her dear features." Such a yen to evoke, to use the full spectrum latent in the dictionary, would teach us how to read again. If not always a comfortable, it is surely a commendable impulse.

Less so, perhaps, the murderous impulse visible through the workings of "Transparent Things." Since the book is something of a thriller, its plot should be left its secrets, but, needless to say, almost no character, major or minor, survives its last turn. Strangulation, conflagration, embolism, cancer—these are some of the methods employed. Characters who barely appear onstage have their offstage demises dutifully reported: a detective who researched an incidental infidelity is "at present dying in a hot dirty hospital on Formosa," a momentary lover of the heroine is smartly crushed under an avalanche in "Chute, Colorado." A more than Calvinist sense of rigor constricts the poor bright creatures into the narrowness of the killing bottle. When Muriel Spark, another deft dealer in fatality, conjures up a hotel fire, a building's collapse, or a multiple murder, an implacable God looms behind and the crime transcends the writer's will. Not so with Nabokov. He proposes, he disposes. A design must be completed. The sometimes touchingly vivid characters exist as spots of color bounded on all sides by a shimmering nothingness; their deaths come as a

"There! Beautiful, though I think we might let the waist out just a little."

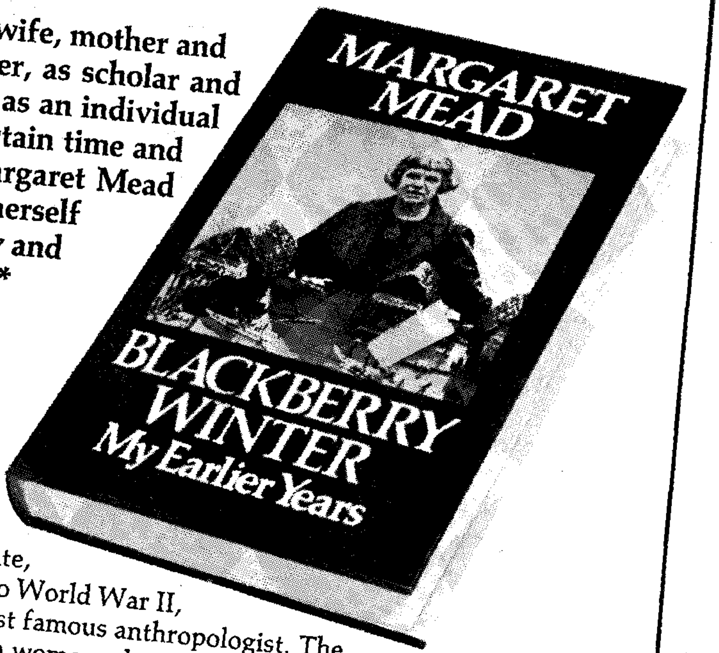
brisk rubbing out. And the reader, too, is put in his place, exterminated by the announcement that this is all an invention—*poof!* This announcement surfaces explicitly in "Transparent Things," as it does in "Invitation to a Beheading" and "Bend Sinister," but the gesture of withdrawal, of Prospero's retirement, of termination and disavowal, closes even such relatively straight fiction as "Pnin" and "Laughter in the Dark." Here, in a book that freely uses the second person and that calls its central figure (a professional reader) Hugh, the wish to personify in order to destroy carries well out into the reader's lap. You (Hugh) person, whoever you are, are nobody (*personne*): vanish, die.

A third impulse is to formulate, at the highest level of intelligence and subtlety, some statement about space/time, death, and being. And Nabokov tries to make the statement more succinct than he did in "Ada." R., dying, writes to his publisher:

> I believed that treasured memories in a dying man's mind dwindled to rainbow wisps; but now I feel just the contrary: my most trivial sentiments and those of all men have acquired gigantic proportions. The entire solar system is but a reflection in the crystal of my (or your) wrist watch. . . . Total rejection of all religions ever dreamt up by man and total composure in the face of total death! If I could explain this triple totality in one big book, that book would become no doubt a new bible and its author the founder of a new creed.

And Vladimir Nabokov writes, on the last page, "This is, I believe, *it:* not the crude anguish of physical death but the incomparable pangs of the mysterious mental maneuver needed to pass from one state of being to another." This at least helps explain this artificer's compulsive revelations of artifice; in the moment of a fictional world's collapse, one state of being yields to another. But are we to take this as an analogy for death? If death is total, is it a "state of being" at all? And—to examine the last sentence quoted—aren't adjectives like "incomparable" and "mysterious" the refuge of an incommunicable mysticism?

The central impulse behind the novel remains obscure. At first, it seems that the "transparency" of things refers to their dimension in time—an ordinary pencil found in a drawer is taken back to its birth as a rod of agglutinated graphite and a splinter buried in the heart of a pine tree. Then it seems that the transparency has to do with an artful overlapping of beds, bureaus, carpets catching a slant of sunshine, shuttlecocks, dogs, and so on, as



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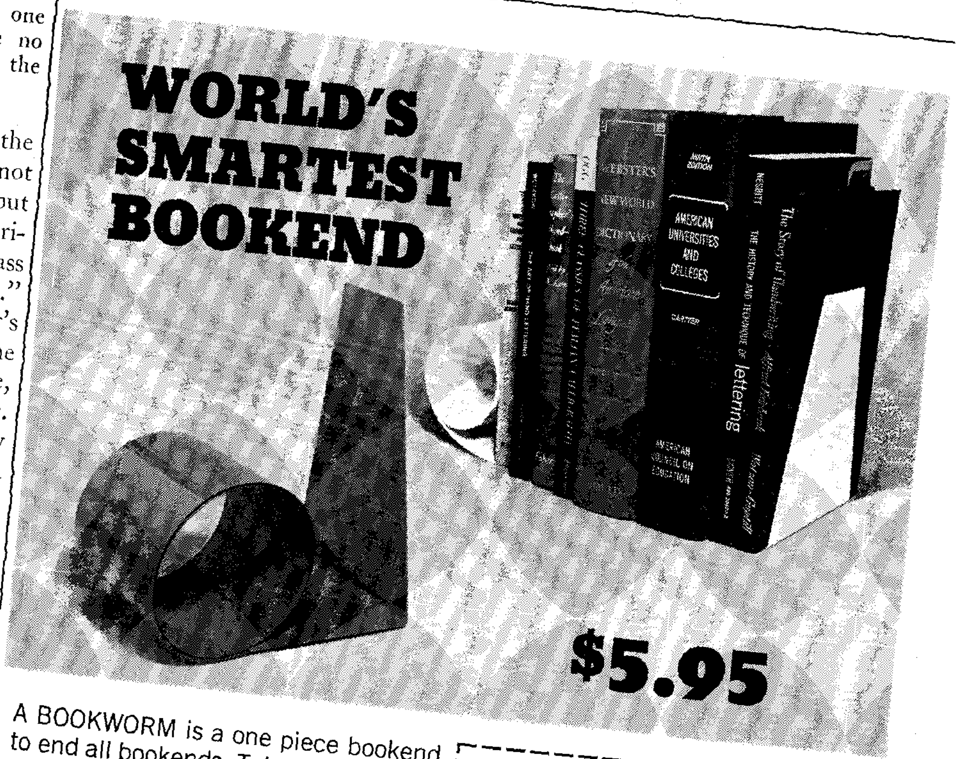

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Hugh Person returns several times, between the ages of eight and forty, to the Swiss village of Trux. Other things are transparent, such as book titles "that shone through the book like a watermark," and a loved one "whose image was stamped on the eye of his mind and shone through the show at various levels." But the culminating image of transparency ("the incandescence of a book or a box grown completely transparent and hollow"), though the author presents it as if it were the crown of his life's thought and passion, arrives as the answer to a conundrum that has not been posed. Alas, what we remember of "Transparent Things" are its agreeable opacities: the busy clots of choice adjectives ("frail, lax, merry America"), the erotic peculiarities of Person's charming and difficult wife, Armande (she likes to make love as fully dressed as possible, while maintaining a flow of cocktail chatter), the delicious, glacial scene of a ski resort particularized by "the glaze of the upper runs, the blue herringbones lower down, the varicolored little figures outlined by the brush of chance against the brilliant white as if by a Flemish master's hand." We close the book guiltily, having licked the sugar coating but avoided, somehow, swallowing the pill.

If an artistic life so variously productive, so self-assured, so hermetically satisfactory to its perpetrator could be said to have a failing, Nabokov has failed to get himself taken seriously enough. A sad shadow of modesty touches this narrative. "Mr. R., though perhaps not a master of the very first rank . . ."/ "This part of our translucing is pretty boring." Only "some of the less demanding reviewers in his adopted country" call R. a "master stylist." The book abounds, indeed, in wry self-portraits. The heroine's perverse sexual charades, in which her excitement derives "from the contrast between the fictitious and the factual," parody Nabokov's "*it*"—the "pangs" of the "maneuver" needed to pass from one state to another. A further "maneuver" with "pangs": Armande's Russian mother sits trapped by her own bulk in a chair, waiting for the "one precise little wiggle" that will "fool gravity" and, like "the miracle of a sneeze," lift her. Nabokov's own tricky legerity discourages solemn praise; he makes his acolytes and exegetes seem ridiculous as they compile their check lists of puns and chase his butterfly allusions. His aesthetic of gravity-fooling confronts us with a fiction that purposely undervalues its own humanistic con-

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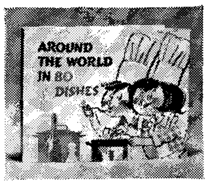

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tent, that openly scorns the psychology and sociology that might bring with them an unfoolable gravity. Joyce also loved puns, and Proust was as lopsided an emotional monster as Humbert Humbert. But these older writers did submit their logomachy and their maimed private lives to a kind of historical commonalty; the Europe of the epics and the cathedrals spoke through them. The impression created by Nabokov's works in Russian, I am told, differs from that given by his spectacular works in English; he can be compared to Dostoevski and Tolstoy in a way in which he cannot be with Thoreau and Twain. In his last three novels, especially, he seems more illusionist than seer. Though he offers us sensations never before verbally induced, and performs stunts that lift him right off the page, we are more amused than convinced. The failing may be ours; we are not ready, we are too dull of ear, too slow of eye, too much in love with the stubborn muteness of the earth to read the meaning behind his magic. He mutters from his sky, this comical comet, and hints, through his masks, of "a new bible." His measure is that we hope for nothing less from him.

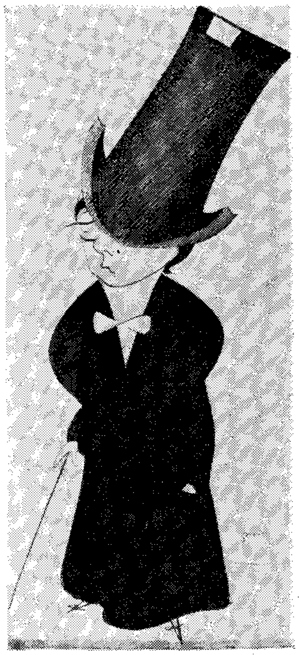
—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

WALKING DAVIS, by David Ely (Charterhouse). A very touching novel that has the defect of being on the passive side. Pierce Davis, twenty-eight years old, most ordinary among all the ordinary young men of the small town of Spark, Iowa, is commissioned to walk around the world by a big seed firm that hopes to get a lot of publicity out of his venture. Pierce's arrangement with the seed firm breaks down soon, but enough time has elapsed for him to discover that he likes walking, and, in addition, he has found in himself a vague sense that is very like the consciousness of having a mission—that he *must* walk around the world. He keeps on going, without money or recognition, and after he has confronted countless obstacles and passed through unheard-of dangers, he finally ends up where he started, having walked around the world. Mr. Ely has an easy, economical style that is very well suited to this account of how a rather fuzzy-headed young man is transformed into a notable figure of good will.

NOTE: "Sadness," a collection of short stories by Donald Barthelme, has



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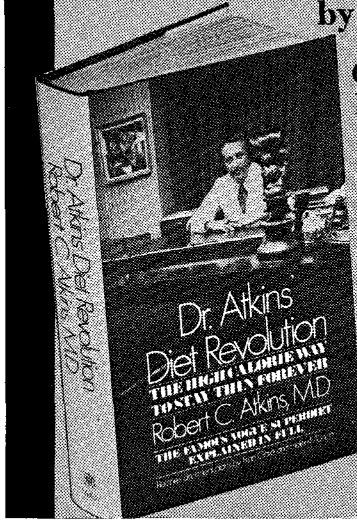
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been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, and "The Time Element and Other Stories," by John O'Hara, has been published by Random House. In both cases, many of the stories appeared originally in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

MEMO FROM DAVID O. SELZNICK, selected and edited by Rudy Behlmer, with an introduction by S. N. Behrman (Viking). The late David O. Selznick produced films for Paramount, R.K.O., and M-G-M before he was able to realize his lifetime dream of becoming his own boss—an independent producer—in 1935. Wherever he worked, he wrote memoranda: extensive and detailed commentaries, orders, suggestions, and arguments concerning every aspect of every film. The roster of Selznick's movies is impressive (e.g., "Nothing Sacred," "Rebecca," "Gone with the Wind," the last still among the most profitable ever made), and so is the collection of stars to whom he played Pygmalion (Ingrid Bergman, for one). But his cinematic successes are not the reason for this book's success. The fact is, Selznick was a natural writer—not a polished artist but a man with a remarkable way with language—and his memoranda express all varieties of emotion (worry, triumph, anger) as well as discussing practical decisions. Fifteen dollars. A Literary Guild selection.

LITTLE PRAYERS & FINITE EXPERIENCE, by Paul Goodman (Harper & Row). A collection of poems (little prayers) and aphorisms (finite experience), assembled by the author just before his death last summer. Mr. Goodman's faith, such as it was, consisted of doggedly trying to follow his own nature—in his books by constantly showing how oppressive institutions balked human creativity, and in his private life by becoming, in his forties, a lay therapist. The little prayers, apparently written at times of crisis, do not convey this, or much else, very well; Goodman was too pragmatic a writer to be a good poet, and the poems sound strained and lumpish. But the aphorisms show him at his thoughtful, combative, and humanitarian best.

THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE, by Colin M. Turnbull (Simon & Schuster). The author, a research anthropologist, has written a marvellous account of several years he spent

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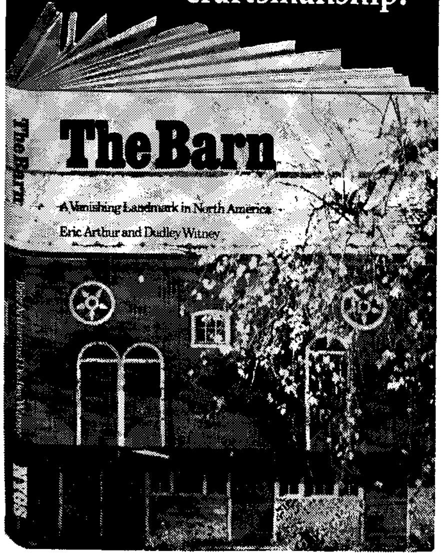
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among an unfortunate people, the Ik of Uganda. When all that area was colonial, the Ik were nomadic hunters who ranged through Kenya and the Sudan as well as Uganda; with independence, they became—though they did not know it—Ugandans, and were commanded to farm and forbidden to hunt. Their soil is very poor, and they are, besides, incompetent farmers; Mr. Turnbull found that starvation had destroyed every ordinary bond—between husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, and even between parents and children. A single-minded search for food has reduced Ik society to the Hobbesian war of each against all. Not that the Ik have lost their sense of fun: they laugh at each other's sufferings and are diverted by the cruelties they plot against each other. Mr. Turnbull was able to discover very little about Ik society as it was when they hunted, and he does not attempt to account for their disastrous response to change by considering whether earlier Ik institutions were exceptionally fragile, or whether the admittedly overworked government of Uganda failed in not teaching these hunters agriculture. Instead, after a wonderfully vivid, if horrifying, narrative, Mr. Turnbull launches into a foolish and inappropriate sermon, insisting that the rest of the human race is going down the same path.

WORLD WITHOUT BORDERS, by Lester R. Brown (Random House). An encyclopedic, lucid assessment of some of the world's persistent problems—hunger, population growth, deteriorating environment, unemployment, and the widening gap between the poor and the rich—and some carefully documented, highly plausible suggestions for solving them. (Mr. Brown, an authority on world food problems, was probably responsible for preventing a famine in India in 1965 by accurately predicting that year's crop failure in time for a food rescue effort to be organized.) A few of the facts to be found in this book: most of the people in the world are still hungry most of the time; despite every government's effort to educate its citizens, two-fifths of the world's adults still could not read in 1970, and the number of illiterate people in the world is actually greater today than it was twenty years ago; while the degradation of our environment continues apace, the few feeble steps that have been taken

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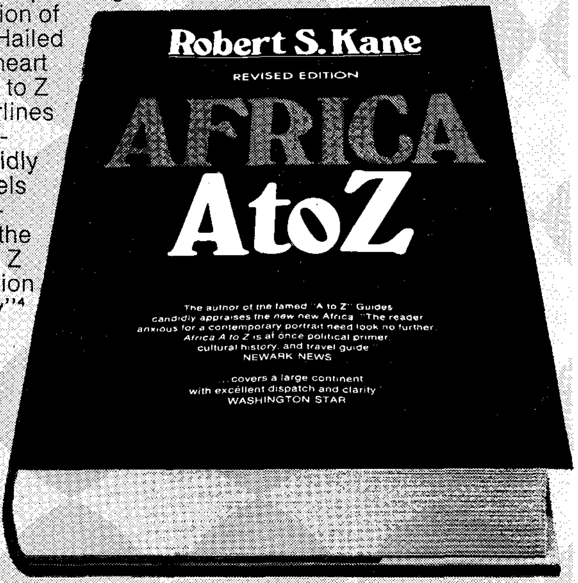
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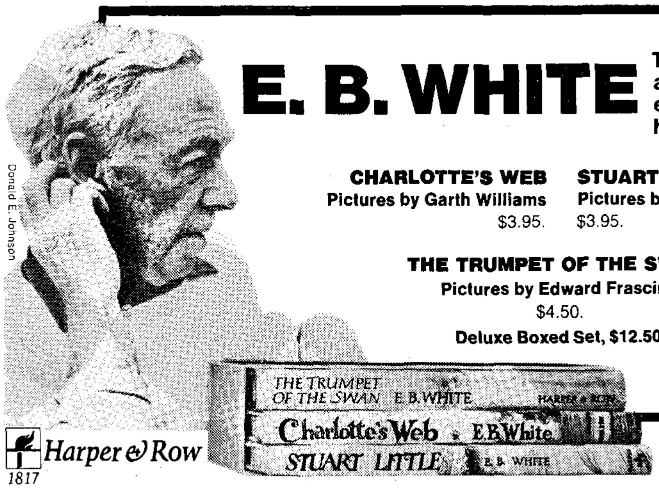
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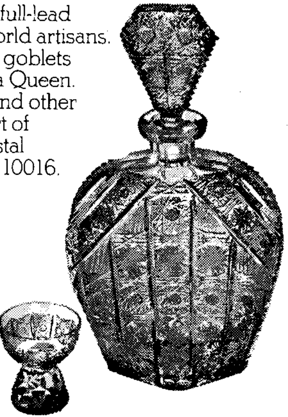

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to improve matters have been largely pointless, since at present there is simply no practical way for nations to coördinate their efforts—for example, while rich nations can afford to ban DDT, one of the cheapest pesticides available, poor ones cannot. Few of these and countless other ills discussed by Mr. Brown exist independently of the rest, and, he says, a drastic redistribution of the world's resources and the creation of enlightened supranational institutions are necessary to cope with them. Above all, he persuasively argues, people must somehow be reeducated to accept the fact that the day of the militaristic nation-state is over, and that a unified global society is the only hope for survival.

WINSLOW HOMER, by John Wilmerding (Praeger). An engrossing, brilliant book that synthesizes most of the existing—and often contradictory—views of the great nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century American painter. Homer was a profoundly secretive man who lived alone, left few clues behind, and, while alive, advised any biographers to look at his paintings for additional data. Mr. Wilmerding has done just that, and, without telling us much more in the way of personal detail than that Homer was born poorish, died blind, loved the sea, and dressed well, he succeeds in conveying a strong sense of who he was. He accomplishes this by tracing Homer's development from sentimental *Harper's Weekly* illustrator, to realistic depicter of Civil War scenes, to genre painter, to the bold landscape and marine painter whose last works anticipate abstract art. He also shows how Homer's travels to France and England and his love of the Maine coast influenced him; how other painters (Manet, Corot, the Pre-Raphaelites) and photographers (Mathew Brady) affected or did not affect him; and how his strongest work, like Melville's, always depicted men engaged in an elemental struggle with nature. A hundred and ninety-nine superb illustrations, fifty-one in color.

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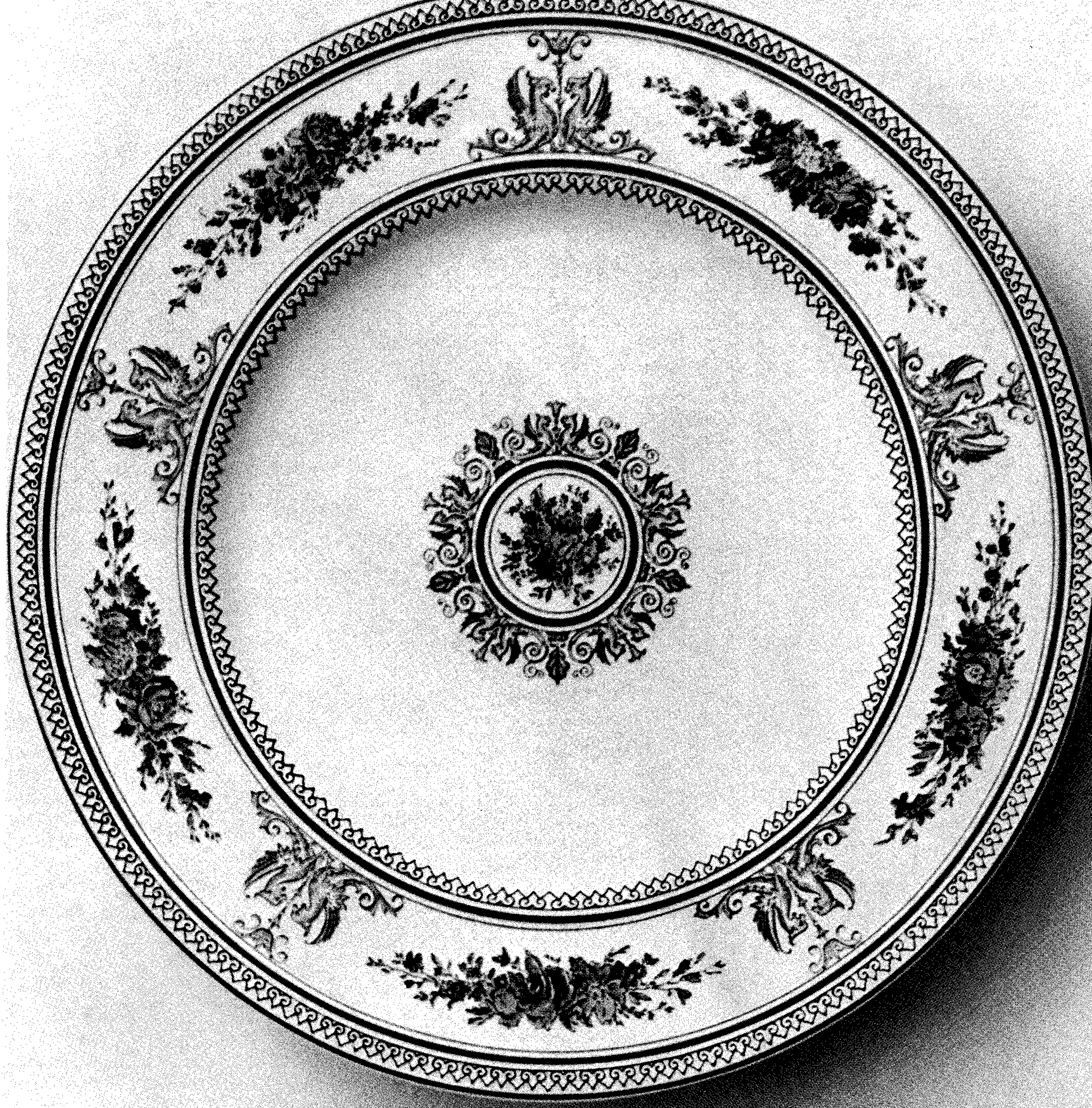

1880: It took 29 people 10 weeks to complete a single plate.

1972: It takes 29 people 10 weeks to complete a single plate.

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The pattern you see here is Columbia Enamelled. Each of the many colors in the highly decorated motif is carefully painted on by a skilled artisan. (The same person who begins a plate sees it through to the end. In this way, each brush-stroke on that plate has the same weight and feeling to it.) Then the trim (it's 22K) is brushed on—by hand, of course.

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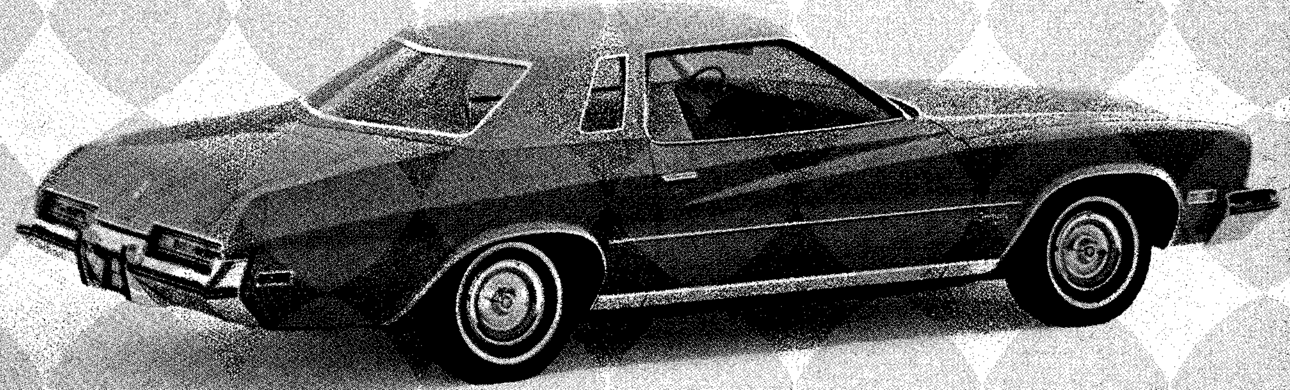

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